

THE
Beau's Receipt for a Lady's Dreſs.

HANG a ſmall bugle cap on, as big as a crown,
Snout it off with a flow'r, vulgo dict. a Pompoou,
Let your powder be gay, and braid up your hair,
Like the mane of a colt to be ſold at a fair.
Like the mane, &c.

A ſhort pair of jumps, half an ell from your chin,
To make you appear like one juſt lying-in;
Before your breſt pin a ſtomacher bib on,
Ragout it with curlets of ſilver and ribbon.

Your neck and your ſhoulders both naked ſhould be,
A-la-mode de Vandyke, blown with chevaux de frize,
Let your gown be a ſack, blue, yellow, or green,
And frizzle your elbows with ruffles ſixteen.

Furl off your lawn apron with flounces in rows,
Puff and pucker up knots on your arms and your toes,
Make your petticoats ſhort, that a hoop 8 yards wide
May decently ſhew how your garters are ty'd.

With fringes of knotting your dicky cabob,
On ſlippers of velvet ſet gold a-la-daube;
But mount on french heels when you go to a ball,
'Tis the faſhion to totter, and ſhew you can fall.
Throw modeſty out from your manners and face,
A la-mode de francois, you're a bit for his Grace.

45 b. 28. 102.

The Lady's Receipt for a Beau's Dreſs.

SINCE, Sir, you have made it your ſtudy to vex,
And audaciouſly laugh at the dreſs of our ſex,
Pray don't be ſo blind to the faults of your own,
But let them, I ſay, in the next lines be ſhewn.

Inſtead of ſmall caps, you muſt then add ſmall wigs,
The tail of which moſtly reſembles a pig's;
Put a hat upon that, and point it up high,
Juſt like to an arrow that's aim'd at the ſky.

At the corner of which, I pray don't forget,
Hang a taſſel of ſilver, to make it compleat;
Let the ſtock be well plaited, in fanciful forms,
Whilſt a fine diamond heart the ſhirt boſom adorns.

Let the ſword-hilt be cover'd with ribbon good ſtore,
Leſt the roughneſs around make the tender hand ſore;
Yet no need is for that, for they'll certainly fly
The place where they think any danger is nigh.

His coat is to be but a foot from his waiſt,
And fix'd as tight too as if it were lac'd;
In his pocket a houſewife and pincuſhion place,
Not forgetting a glaſs to ſhew his ſweet face.

With ſtockings of ſilk, nothing leſs can ſuch pleaſe,
Bind his legs round with ſilver an inch above knees,
Hang a taſſel to that, or elſe it won't do,
And in length it muſt reach half way to his ſhoe.

His bright buckles of ſtone, of five guineas price,
To adorn his neat feet, and make him more nice:
Thus dreſt and equipt, 'tis plain to be ſeen,
He's not one jot better than monſieur Pantin.

The CRIES of *LONDON.*

Tune, *The Merry Chriſt-Church Bells.*



HARK! how the cries in every ſtreet
Make lanes and allies ring:
With their goods and ware both nice and rare,
All in a pleaſant lofty ſtrain;
Come buy my gudgeons fine and new.
Old cloaths to change for earthen ware.
Come taſte and try before you buy,
Here's dainty poſlin pears.
Diddle, diddle, diddle dumplins, ho!
With walnuts nice and brown.
Let none deſpiſe the merry, merry cries
Of famous London-town.

Any old cloaths, ſuits, or coats:
Come buy my ſinging-birds.
Oranges or lemons. Newcaſtle ſalmon.
Come buy my ropes of onions, ho!
Come buy my ſand, fine ſilver ſand.
Two bunches a penny turnips, ho!
I'll change you pins for coney-ſkins.
Maids, do you want any milk below?
Here's an expreſs from Admiral Hawke,
That admiral of renown.
Let none deſpiſe the merry, merry cries
Of famous London-town.

Maids, have you any kitchen-ſtuff?
Will you buy fine artichoaks?
Come buy my brooms to ſweep your rooms.
Will you buy my white-heart cabbages, ho!
Come buy my nuts, my fine ſmall nuts,
Two cans a penny, crack and try.
Here's cherries round, and very ſound.
Maids, ſhall I ſweep your chimnies high?
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, goes the tinker's pan,
With a merry chearful ſound.
Let none deſpiſe, &c.

Here's fine herrings, eight a groat.
Hot codlins, pies, and tarts.
New mackerel! have to ſell.
Come buy my Wellfleet oyſters, ho!
Come buy my whitings fine and new.
Wives, ſhall I mend your huſbands horns?
I'll grind your knives to pleaſe your wives,
And very nicely cut your corns.
Maids, have you any hair to ſell,
Either flaxen, black, or brown?
Let none deſpiſe, &c.

Work for a cooper, maids give ear,
I'll hoop your tubs and pails.
Come Nell and Sue, and buy my blue.
Maids, have you any chairs to mend?
Here's hot ſpice-gingerbread of the beſt,
Come taſte and try before you buy.
Here's elder-buds to purge your bloods.
But black your ſhoes is all the cry.
Here's hot rice-milk, and barley-broth.
Plumb-pudding a groat a pound.
Let none deſpiſe, &c.

Here's fine roſemary, ſage, and thyme.
Come buy my ground-ivy.
Here's fatherfew, gilliflowers and rue.
Come buy my knotted marjorum, ho!
Come buy my mint, my fine green mint.
Here's fine lavender for your cloatns.
Here's parſley, and winter-ſavory.
And heart's-eaſe, which all do chooſe.
Here's balm and hiſſop, and cinquefoil,
All fine herbs, it is well known.
Let none deſpiſe, &c.

Here's pennyroyal and marygolds.
Come buy my nettle-tops.
Here's water-creſſes and ſcurvy-graſs.
Come buy my ſage of virtue, ho!
Come buy my wormwood and mugwort.
Here's all fine herbs of every ſort.
Here's ſouthernwood that's very good,
Dandelion and houſeleek.
Here's dragon's-tongue and wood-ſorrel.
With bears-foot and horehound.
Let none deſpiſe, &c.

Here's green coleworts and brocoli.
Come buy my radiſhes.
Here's fine ſavoys, and ripe hautboys.
Come buy my young green haſtings, ho!
Come buy my beans, right Windſor beans.
Two-pence a bunch young carrots, ho!
Here's fine noſegays. Ripe ſtrawberries.
With ready-pick'd ſallad alſo.
Here's collyflowers and aſparagus.
New prunes two-pence a pound.
Let none deſpiſe, &c.

Here's cucumbers, ſpinnage, and French beans.
Come buy my nice ſallery.
Here's parſnips and fine leeks.
Coma buy my potatoes, ho!
Come buy my plumbs, and fine ripe plumbs.
A groat a pound ripe filberts, ho!
Here's corn-poppies and mulberries.
Gooſeberries and currants alſo.
Fine nectarines, peaches, and apricots.
New rice two-pence a pound.
Let none deſpiſe, &c.

Buy a rabbit, wild duck, or fat gooſe.
Come buy a choice fat fowl.
Plovers, teal, or widgeons, come buy my pigeons.
Maids, do you want any ſmall-coal?
Come buy my ſhrimps, my fine new ſhrimps,
Two pots a penny, taſte and try.
Here's fine ſaloop, both hot and good.
But Yorkſhire muffins is the cry.
Here's trotters, calf's feet, and fine tripes.
Barrel figs three-pence a pound.
Let none deſpiſe, &c.

Here's new-laid eggs for ten a groat.
Come buy water'd cod.
Here's plaice and dabs, lobſters and crabs.
Come buy my maids and flounders, ho!
Come buy my pike, my fine live pike.
Two-pence a hundred cockles, ho!
Shads, eels, and ſprats. Lights for your cats.
With haddocks, perch, and tench alſo.
Here's carp and tench, mullets and ſmelts.
Butter ſix-pence a-pound.
Let none deſpiſe the merry, merry cries
Of famous London-town.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in *Bow-Church-Yard, London.*

An Excellant new Song lately compoſed,

INTITULED,

The PEARL of the *Iriſh* Nation.

To its own proper Tune.

HARD was my Lot, for to be ſhot
by *Cupid*'s cunning Arrow;
Both Night and Day, I fall away
through perfect Grief and Sorrow:
To the Hill and Dale I oft reveal,
and breath forth my Lamentation;
Which I endure for that Virgin pure,
the Pearl of the *Iriſh* Nation.
Her Beauty ſo bright has dazl'd my Sight,
and alas! my poor Heart it is wounded:
No Way can I find for eaſe my Mind,
by *Cup* I am ſo wounded:
Great is my Pain that I ſuſtain,
and ſad is my Grief and Vexation;
And all for the Sake of a beautiful Dame,
the Pearl of the *Iriſh* Nation.
Though many there be that daily I ſee,
of beautiful charming Creatures,
With red roſy Cheeks and ruby Lips,
and likewiſe comely Features:
But yet there is none abroad or at home,
in Country, Town, or Plantation,
That can compare with that Virgin fair,
the Paerl of the *Iriſh* Nation.
No Way can I find to eaſe my Mind,
but ſpeends my Time in weeping:
I ſigh and I groan, I ſob, and moan
while others ly by me aſleeping.
To ſome lonelome Place I'll go for a Space,
and there I'll make my Habitation;
Since I cannot gain that beautiful Dame,
the pearl of the *Iriſh* Nation.
I know there is ſome that think that I mourn,
and make my whole Moan for the Lilly;
Perhaps is ſo, but the Caſe of Wo.
is for the Roſe that grows in the Valley:
She's rare to be ſeen like *Venus* the Queen,
for Modeſty, Vertue, and Patience:
My Heart is inlink'd with that beautiful Pink,
the Pearl of the *Iriſh* Nation.
Alas! there is none can eaſe my Moan,
but only that charming Creature;
Her Cheeks like the Roſe which ſweetly grows
hard by the Banks of the *Cedar*;
Her Name to declare this Time I forbear,
tho' my Heart be fill'd with Vexation.
Yet you may ſuppoſe, ſhe's called the Roſe.
the Pearl of the *Iriſh* Nation.
Theſe Lines I intended for to have pen'd,
and ſend to my deareſt Jewel,
To let her know how great is my Wo,
and if that ſhe chance to prove cruel:
Like a Pilgrim I'll go through Froſt and through
I'll forſake my former Station; (Snow
Since I cannot gain that beautiful Dame,
the Pearl of the *Iriſh* Nation.
I'd tranſport to *Spain*, from thence to *Lorain*,
I'll o'ercrees croſs the wide Ocean;
Since Sorrow and Pain through her Diſdain,
hath happen'd to be my Fortune;
If Hunger and Cold ſhould on me take hold,
or cauſe me to die in the Station;
The Woods ſhall not ring, nor hear me to
of the Pearl of the *Iriſh* Nation. (ſing,
Though I am ſad, yet if that I had
but Part of the Gifts of *Ovid*,
With a willing Mind to what I'm inclin'd,
and freely I have diſcloſed;
My Name I'll rehearſe and put it in Verſe,
ſince I have made a Declaration:
For I vow, and I ſwear, my Heart is inſnar'd
by the Pearl of the *Iriſh* Nation.
P is a Part, and *A* is an Art,
and *T* is a Teacher of Strangers:
R, *I*, C. is the Number of Three,
and *K* is the Keeper of Chambers;
The *K* ſhall be King when *E* cannot reign
and *L* moſt ly by in his Station;
The *T* ſhall be young when it is new ſung,
ſhe's the Pearl of the *Iriſh* Nation.
Virgins moſt kind, when you read theſe Lines,
and ye have the ſame peruſed;
If I have ſaid ought out of the Way,
pray you let me be excuſed.
An Anſwer pray ſend to what I have penn'd,
ſince I have mad a Declaration;
For I vow and ſwear, my Heart is inſnar'd
by the Pearl of the *Iriſh* Nation.

The Second Part.

O Then replyed this beautiful Bride,
her Anſwer it was with Diſcretion.
My Parents they ſay, will turn me away,
if I join with your Profeſſion
Out of this Land, as I underſtand,
they'l turn me where I will ſee no Man,
If I attempt without their Conſent
to marry a Man that's a *Roman*.
My Dear, ſaid he, if you will agree
this Day with me to marry;
There's Gold and Land at your Command,
therefore let us not tarry;
For let your Friends ſay what they can,
I am obliged to no Man:
There's Gold and Land at your Command,
altho' I am a *Roman*.
Alas! why do you ſlight me ſo?
is it for my Religion?
You are ungrateful if you do
hold me in ſuch Deriſion:
For if all the *Grecian* Gold were mine,
on you I would beſtow it:
Therefore your Heart to me reſign,
before your Parents know of't.
O then! ſhe ſaid, as I am a Maid,
this Day I'll freely marry,
Therefore let us not be afraid,
let us no longer tarry:
For let my Friends ſay what they can,
I'll never be rul'd no Man;
My Heart and Hand's at thy Command
altho' thou be a *Roman*.
This loving Couple married were,
in Plenty, Peace, and Pleaſure;
Near *Caſtleblany* as we hear,
enjoying Store and Treaſure:
This young Man free from Care and Strife,
enjoys his charming Jewel;
She proves a vertuous loving Wife,
altho' her Friends were cruel.

FINIS.

The Great TRIBUNAL; or, CHRIST's glorious appearing in Judgment. Being, a contemplative Deſcription of Reſurrection.





HERE Chriſtians may behold as in a Glaſs,
What will e'er long ſurely be brought to paſs,
The great Appearance of our bleſſed Lord,
On his bright Throne the Righteous to reward.

With Cherubims of Angels compaſs'd round,
No murmuring, but a ſweet harmonious Sound,
Of Hallelujahs to the King of Kings,
Under the ſhadow of his bleſſed Wings.

Care of his twelve Apoſtles he did take,
And all that ever ſuffered for his Sake,
Shall taſte his Love, thoſe are the Saints he'll own,
And place them neareſt to his bleſſed Throne.

Behold! he ſends his Angels out before,
To reap and gather in his Winter-ſtore,
Of bleſſed Saints prepar'd for glory bright,
In whom our Lord has Joy, and great Delight.

The weighty Wheat ſhall be preſerv'd with Care,
It cannot be blown away with breathing Air:
But for the Chaff, hot Fire will it conſume,
The non-repenting ſtubborn Sinners Doom.

Before this mighty Judge, the Quick and Dead,
Muſt all appear, and as their Lives they led,
In Righteouſneſs they ſhall rewarded be,
In laſting Joy, or endleſs Miſery.

At this Tribunal-ſeat in the laſt Day,
No Fear or Favour ſhall be found to ſway,
That Judge, but all muſt anſwer for their Sins,
Committed againſt God, the beſt of Friends.

The greateſt Princeſs both of Birth and Fame,
And all that would not hearken to his Name:
When at the Bar at laſt they ſhall appear,
How will they tremble with a ſlaviſh Fear.

Before this mighty Judge two Flocks ſhall ſtand,
One on his Right, the other on his Left-hand;
For to receive their Sentence good or bad,
Conſider this while Grace is to be had.

The Juſt he calls with Bowels of his Love,
Unto the everlaſting Joys above,
Prepar'd for them; but the Wicked they,
To endleſs Sorrows ſhall be forc'd away,

The Mouth of burning Tophet open ſtands,
Whilſt Furies with hot Scourges in their Hands,
Drive howling Sinners to the gloomy Cell,
Where Lucifer does with his Legions dwell.

What dreadful Howling, Shrieks, and diſmal Cries,
Would then be heard when juſt before their Eyes,
One ſees another dragg'd down by the Hair,
Into the burning Pit of ſad Diſpair.

To groan under the fearful Wrath of God,
The ſharpeſt Scourge, the moſt ſevereſt Rod,
That ever Juſtice to the World might deal,
Dreadful it is to hear, but worſe to feel.

While the Arch-angels do the Trumpet ſound,
The Dead ariſes up then from the Ground:
Are taken up into the Clouds above,
There to enjoy the bleſſed Lord of Love.

The loneſome Grave, and eke the ſilent Tomb,
That narrow Space of unconfined Room,
Shall open, that the Dead may all ariſe,
For their appearing at the great Aſſize.

The roaring Seas, with Waters over-ſpread,
In the laſt Day ſhall yeild up all their Dead;
That they may come to the Tribunal-ſeat,
Where Juſtice ſhall that mighty Work compleat.

Mens Hearts ſhall tremble in that dreadful Day,
The Heavens melt, the Earth ſhall paſs away
With all the Pleaſure, Pomp, and worldly Store,
But Grace and Truth ſhall laſt for evermore.

In this laſt Day the Sun ſhall give no Light,
The Stars ſhall fall the Moon be darken'd quite;
And Men with wringing Hands be ſtrangely hurled,
To ſee the Revolution of the World.

Some will to lofty Hills and Mountains call,
And craggy Rocks, beſeeching them to fall,
Upon their Heads, to hide them from his Face,
Who comes to Judge them for their ſinful Race.

But thoſe who are by Faith ſeal'd to their God,
Thoſe that the Paths of Righteouſneſs have trod,
By Angels ſhall be carefully convey'd,
From Grace to Glory, for their Peace is made.

Clouds of the Lord's Elect with Patience wait,
And find the Way to the Celeſtial-gate;
By Angels guided, where they enter in,
With Joy to think, they never more ſhall ſin.

The Church of Chriſt, his dear beloved Spouſe,
Tho' Grief may be ſometimes upon her Brows,
And eke her Sweets be mix'd with bitter Gall,
A Crown of Glory makes amends for all.

Since here we have preſented to our View,
A Shadow of thoſe Things that muſt enſue:
The Laws of God let us no more tranſgreſs,
That we may live and die in Righteouſneſs.

Licenſed and entered according to Order,

FINIS.

An Old BALLAD of *WHITTINGTON* and his CAT.

Who from a poor BOY, came to be THRICE LORD-MAYOR of *LONDON*.





HERE I muſt tell the praiſe of worthy Whittington,
Known to be in his days Lord-Mayor of London.
But of poor parents born was he, we hear,
And in his youth brought up in Somerſetſhire
Poorly then up to London came this ſimple lad,
And with a merchant ſoon a dwelling had:
And in the kitchen plac'd, a ſcullion for to be,
And a long time he paſs'd his labour drugingly.

His daily labour was turning ſpits at the fire,
To ſcour pots for a poor ſcullion's hire.
Meat and drink his pay, of coin he had no ſtore,
And to run away in ſecret thus he bore:

So from the merchant Whittington ſecretly
Into the country run, to purchaſe liberty.
But as he went along in a fine ſummer's morn,
London bells ſweetly rung, Turn again Whittington
Evermore ſounding ſo, Turn again Whittington,
For thou in time ſhalt be Lord mayor of London,
Whereupon back came Whittington with ſpeed,
A ſervant to remain, as the Lord had decreed.

Still bleſſed be the bells, this was the daily ſong,
That my Good fortune tell; moſt ſweetly have they rung.
If God ſo favours me, I will not be unkind,
London my Love ſhall ſee, and my bounty find.

But for this happy chance, this ſcullion had a cat,
That did his fame advance, and him wealth go.
Whittington had no more but his poor cat then,
Which to the ſhip he bore like a valiant man.
Venturing the ſame, ſays he, I may get ſtore of gold,
And the Mayor of London be, the bells have me told
Whittington's merchandize carried unto the land,
Troubled with rats and mice as we do underſtand,
The king who there reign'd, as at dinner ſat,
Daily in fear remain'd of many a mouſe and rat:
Meat that on trenchers lay, no way could they keep
ſafe,



But by rats torn away, fearing no whip or ſtaff.
Hereupon they brought, Whittington's fine cat,
By the king was bought, heaps of gold given for that.
Home again they hie, with their ſhip laden ſo,
Whittington's wealth by his cat began to go.

A ſcullions life he forſook, to be a merchant good,
And ſoon began to look how his credit ſtood.
After he was choſe Sheriff of the city we hear,
And then quickly roſe, as it doth appear.
For the citys grace, Sir Richard Whittington,
Came to be in his days thrice Lord Mayor of London.



His Fame to advance, thouſands he lent the king
To maintain war in France, glory from thence to
bring.
And after a feaſt, which he the King did make,
He burnt the note in Jeſt, and would no money take
Priſoners cheriſh'd were, widows comfort found
Good deeds far and near by him were done,
Whittington's College is one of his charities,
Newgate he built, where many priſoner lies.
Many more deeds were done by Whittington,
Which joy and comfort bring to thoſe that look on.
Somerſet, thou haſt bred the flower of charity,
Altho' he's dead and gone, yet he lives laſtingly.
Call him back no more to live in London,
Thoſe bells that call'd him back, Turn again
Whittington.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church
Yard, London.

Poor ROBIN's DREAM:

Commonly called

POOR CHARITY.

Tune *The New Pack of Cards.*







HOW now! good Fellow, what all amort?
I prithee tell me what is the news?
Trading is dead, and I'm ſorry for't.
Which makes me look worſe than I uſe.
If a Man has no Employment whereby to get a Penny,
He has no Enjoyment, if that he wanteth Money,
And Charity is not us'd by any.

I have nothing to ſpend, nor I've nothing to lend,
Having nothing to do, I tarried ar home,
Sitting in my Chair. I drew near to the Fire,
Where I fell aſleep like an idle Drone.
And as I ſlept, I fell into a Dream,
I ſaw a Play acted without e'er a Theme,
But I could not tell what the Play did mean.

But afterwards I did plainly perceive,
And ſomething more I did underſtand;
The Stage was the World wherein we live,
And the Actors were all Mankind.

And when the Play's ended, the Stage down they fling.
There will be no Difference in this Thing
Between a Beggar and a King.

The firſt that acted I do proteſt
Was Time with a Glaſs and a Scythe in his Hand,
With the Globe of the World upon his Breaſt,
To ſhew how the ſame he could command.
There's a Time for to work, and a Time for to play,
A Time for to borrow, and a Time for to pay,
And a Time that will call us all away.

Conſcience in Order firſt takes Place,
And very gallantly plays his Part:
He fears not to fly in a Ruler's Face,
Although it cuts him to the Heart:
He tell them all, that this is the latter Age,
Which put the Actors into ſuch a Rage,
That they kick'd poor Conſcience off the Stage.

Plain-Dealing preſently appears,
In Habit like to a ſimple Man.
The Actors at him did mock and jeer;
Pointing their Fingers as they ran.
How came this Fellow into our Company?
Away with him, many a gallant did cry,
For Plain-Dealing will a Beggar die.

Diſſimulation mounted the Stage,
But he was cloathed in gallant Attire.
He was acquainted with Youth and Age;
Many his Company did deſire:
And they entertain'd him in their very Breaſt,
For there he could have Harbour, and quietly reſt,
Since Diſſemblers and Turn-Coats fare the beſt.

Then cometh in poor Charity:
Methought ſhe looked very old.
She quiver'd and quak'd moſt piteouſly.
It griev'd me to think ſhe look'd ſo cold.
She had been in the City, and in the Country,
Amongſt the Lawyers, and the Nobility,
But there was no Room for poor Charity.

Then comes in Truth, not cloathed in Wool,
But like unto a Youth in his Lawn Sleeves.
And ſaid the Land it it full, full, full,
Too full of Rebels, worſe than Thieves.
The City's full of Poverty, the Country full of Pride.
Fanaticks full of Envy, who Order can't abide,
And the Uſurer's Bags are full beſide.

Hark! how Bellona's Drums they do beat,
Methinks they go rattling throngh the Town.
Hark! how they thunder through the Street,
As though they'd ſhake the Chimnies down.
Then came in Mars, the great God of War.
Ahd bid us Face about, and be as we were,
But when I awoke, I ſat in my Chair.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow Church-Yard, London.

Where may be had,
The greateſt Choice of Hiſtories, Old and New Ballads, Patters, &c. better printed than at any other Place.

A CHOICE
Pennyworth of WIT.

HERE is a Penny-worth of Wit,
for thoſe that ever went aſtray
If warning they will take by it,
I will do them good another day.

It is a Touch-ſtone of true Love,
Betwixt a Harlot and a Wife,
The former does deſtructive prove,
The latter yeilds the Joys of Life.

As in this Book you may behold,
Set forth by Mr. *William Lane*,
A wealthy Marchant brave and bold,
Who did a Harlot long maintain.

Although a Virtuous Wife he had,
Likewiſe a youthful Daughter dear,
which might have made his heart ful glad
Yet them he never would come near.

The Traffick which he Traded for
On the tempeſtuous Ocean wide,
His Harlot had it brought to her,
But nothing to his Virtuous Bride.

The fineſt Silks that could be bought
Nay Jewels, Rubies & Dimond Rings,
He to his wanton Harlot brought,
With many other coſtly things.

She ſtill receiv'd them with a ſmile
When he came from the roaring Seas,
And ſaid with words as ſmooth as Oil,
My deareſt come and take thy eaſe.

To thy ſoft Bed and Linnen fine,
Thou art right welcome, Love ſaid ſhe,
Both I and all that here is mine,
Shall ſtill at thy Devotion be.

He brought 200 *l.* in Gold,
And after that 300 more,
Rich Chains and Jewels manyfold,
And bid her lay them up in ſtore.

Aye that I will thou need'ſt not fear,
And ſo embrac'd him with a kiſs,
Then took the wealth and ſaid my dear,
I'll have a ſpecial care of this.

Then did they banquet many days:
Feaſting on Delicious Fare,
Thus by her falſe deluding ways,
She drew him in a fatal Snare.

When he had liv'd ſome time on ſhore
He muſt go to the Seas again,
With Traffick to encreaſe his ſtore,
The wanton Harlot to Maintain.

To whom he ſaid, My Joy and Dear,
What Venture will you ſend.
A good return thou needſt not fear,
I'll be thy Factor & thy Friend.

In Goods my dear I'll ſend above,
Ten Pounds thou ſhalt take on Board
I know that unto me my dear,
A trible gain thou wilt afford.

This ſaid next to his wife he goes,
And ask'd her in a ſcornful wiſe
What Venture ſhe would then propoſe
To ſend by him for Merchandize.

I'll ſend a Penny love by thee,
Beſure you take great care of it;
When you're in Foreign Parts ſaid ſhe,
Pray Buy a Penny-worth of Wit.

She laid the Penny in his Hand,
And ſaid I pray now don't forget;
When you are in another Land,
To Buy a Penny-worth of Wit.

He put the Penny up ſecure,
And ſaid I'll take a ſpecial care,
To lay it out you may beſure:
So to his Miſs he did repair.

And told her what he was to Buy,
At which ſhe laugh'd his Wife to ſcorn
On Board he went immediately
And ſo to Sea that very Morn.

PART II.

NOw they are gone with merry hearts
The Merchant and his jovial Crew
From Port to Port in Foreign Parts
To Trade as they were wont to do.

At length when he had well beſtow'd
The Cargo which was outward-bound,
He did his Trading veſſel Load
With the Rich Treaſure which he found.

As he his Merchandize ſtill ſent,
They turn'd to Gems and Golden Oar,
Which crown'd his labour with content,
He never was ſo Rich before.

The wanton Harlots venture then
Did turn to great Account likewiſe
For e'ery Pound ſhe ſhould have Ten,
Such was his lucky Merchandize.

For joy of which the Merchant ſay
One merry bout my Lads ſhall have
A ſplendid Supper I'll provide,
Of all the Dainties you can crave
Before we ſet to Sea again.
Which ſaid they to a Tavern went,
Where they did drink and feaſt amain,
Till Crowns and Pounds were ſpent.

The Merchant then with laughter mov'd;
Said he for Wit had never thought,
My Harlot's venture is improv'd,
But of my Wife's I never thought.

One ſingle Penny, and no more
She has a venture ſent by me,
I was to lay it out therefore
In what you think a Rarity.

She bid me uſe my utmoſt Skill
To Buy a Penny-worth of Wit,
But I have kept the Penny ſtill,
And ne'er ſo much as thought of it.

Where ſhall I go to lay it out
True Wit is hard and ſcarſe to find
But come my Lads lets Drink about,
My Wife's ſmall venture I'll not mind.

There is a Proverb often us'd,
Wit's never good till bought full dear,
Therefore I well may be excus'd
There's little for a Penny here.

An Aged Father ſitting by
Whoſe venerable Locks were Grey
Strait made the Merchant this reply,
Hear me a word or two I pray.

Thy Harlot in Proſperity,
She will embrace thee for thy Gold,
But when in want or poverty
you'll nought from her but frowns behold.

And ready to betray thy Life,
When Wretched, Naked, Poor and Low;
But thy true Hearted Faithful Wife,
Will ſtand by thee in Wealth or Woe.

If thou wilt prove the truth of this,
Stript off thy Gudy Gay Array
And ſo return to thy Lew'd Miſs!
Declare that thou waſt Caſt away.

Thy Riches buried in the Main,
Beſides as you paſt thought the wood
One of your Servants you have Slain
For which your Life in danger ſtood.

Beſeech her for to Shelter thee
Declare on her you do depend,
And then alas! Full ſoon you'll ſee,
How far ſhe'll prove a Faithful Friend.

Then if ſhe frowns go thy wife
Tell her this Melancholly Theam
who labours moſt to ſave thy Life,
Let them be moſt in thy Eſteem.

Father the Merchant then reply'd,
you muſt this ſingle Penny take,
And when I've paſt the Ocean wide,
A proof of it i mean to make.

So loving Friend, for ought I know,
may this ſingle Penny prize,
It may be the beſt I do beſtow
In my fine wealthy Merchandize.

So taking Leave, away they went,
Both he and his fine Hearts of Gold,
Unto them he ſaid, I muſt prove the ſame,
When I my native Land behold.

PART III.

WIth full ſpread Sails away they went,
Neptune the Golden Cargo bore,
Thro' roaring waves to their content
At length they reach the *Britiſh* Shore,

The Merchant put on poor array
The very worſt of ragged Cloaths
And then without the leaſt delay
He to his wanton Harlot goes.

When ſhe beheld him in Diſtreſs
She cry'd what is the matter now
Said he I'm poor and penny-leſs
With that he made a courtious Bow.

Crying no Man was ne'er ſo croſt
As I have been ſweet Hearts delight
My Ship and all my Cargo loſt
Without thy help I'm Ruin'd quite.

My loſs is great yet that's not all
One of my Servants I have Slain
as we did both at Variance fall,
Some Shelter let me here obtain.

I dare not go anear my wife
whom I have worng'd many Years
Into thy Hands I put my Life
Take pitty of my melting tears.

You bloody Villian ſhe reply'd
Don't in the leaſt on me depend
Begone or as I live ſhe cry'd
I'l for an Officer will ſend.

I'll give you neither Bread nor Drink
Nor any ſhelter ſhall you have
Of Nafty Louſy Rags you ſtink
Begone you baſe Pernicious Slave.

Don't think that I'll your counſe keep
Or harbour any ſuch as you
He turn'd aſide and ſeem'd to weep
and bid the wanton Jilt adieu.

Then to his loving wife he came
Both Poor and Naked in Diſtreſs
He told her all the very ſame,
Yet ſhe reciev'd him ne'er the leſs.

My Dear ſhe cry'd ſince it is ſo,
Take comfort in thy loving wife,
All that I have ſhall freely go
To gain a Pardon for thy Life.

I'll lodge thee in a Place ſecure,
Where I will daily Nouriſh thee,
Believe me Love thou may'ſt be ſure
To find a conſtant Friend in me.

When he this perfect Proof had made,
Which of them two did Love him beſt,
Unto his vertuous Wife he ſaid,
My Jewel ſet thy Heart at Reſt.

Behold no Servant have I Slain,
Nor have I ſuffer'd any Loſs;
Enough I have us to Maintain,
The Ocean Seas no more I'll croſs.

My Leading Ship lies near the Shore
With Gold and Jewels Richly frought
So much I never had before
Thy Penny-worth of VVit I've bought.

Once more he to his Harlot goes.
VVith Fourteen Sailors brave and bold,
All Cloath'd in new and Coſtly Clotaths
Of Silk and Rich Embroider'd Gold.

The Miſs when ſhe his Pomp beheld
Did offer him a kind Embräce
But he with wrath and anger fill'd,
Did ſtrait upbraid her to her Face.

But ſhe with ſmiles theſe words expreſt,
I have a faithful love for thee
VVhat e'er I ſaid was but in Jeſt
VVhy did'ſt thou go ſo ſoon from me.

'Twas time to go for as I'm told
You have another Love in ſtore
VVhom you have furniſh'd with my Go
And Jewels which I brought on Shore.

It's falſe ſhe ſaid I have them all
VVith that the Merchant ſoon reply'd
Lay them down before me then I ſhall
Be ſoon convinc'd and ſatisfy'd.

Then up ſhe run and fetch'd then down
His Jewels Gold and Rubies bright
He ſeiz'd them all then with a Frown,
He bid wanton Jilt good Night.

When he had took the Golden Purſe
and ſwept up every Precious Stone
She cry'd what will you Rob me thus
Yes that I will of what's my own.

You wanted to betray my Life
But thank'd be God there's no ſuch fear.
Thoſe Jewels ſhall adorn my VVife
Henceforth your Houſe I'll never come near.

Home he return'd to his ſweet Wife,
and told her all that he had done
Ever ſince they lead a happy Life
and he'll no more to Harlots run.

Thus he the wanton Harlot bit,
That long had his Deſtruction ſought,
This is a Pennyworth of Wit,
The beſt that ever Merchant bought.

Printed at the Office in Grubſtreet.



The Tombs in Weſtminſter Abbey, As Sung by Brother Popplewell in the manner of Chanting in a Cathedral.

HERE lies William of Valence, a right good Earl of Pembroke, [book,
And this is his monument which you ſee I'll ſwear upon a
He was earl marſhall of England, when Henry the third did reign,
About five hundred years a-go, but never will be ſo again.
Here the Lord Talbot lies, the Town of Shrewsbury's earl
Together with his counteſs fair who was a moſt delicate girl
Next to him there lieth one Sir Richard Peckſhall hight,
Of whom we only this do ſay that he was a Hampſhire Knight
Here lies the third King Edward's brother, of whom our records tell, [or Hell;
Nothing of note, nor ſay they whether he be in Heaven
This ſame was John of Elderſtone, he was no Coſtermonger
But Cornwall's Earl; and here's one died becauſe he could live no longer.
Now think your penny well ſpent good folks and that you're not begull'd, [ſador's child,
Within this cup doth lie the heart, of a French Ambaſ-
But how the Dev'l it came to paſs, on purpoſe or by chance
The bowels they lie underneath, but the body is in France.
Here lies Oxford counteſs, and there alſo the Lady Burleigh her mother, (one another;
And there her Daughter a counteſs too, lie cloſe by
Theſe once were bonny dames, and though there were no coaches then, [by the men.
Yet cou'd they jog their tails themſelves, or get them jogg'd
Oh! who is me thoſe high born ſinners, that now do pray ſo ſtoutly, [devoutly;
Living they never pray'd at all, yet their ſtatues pray
This fair monument which you ſee, I'd have you to underſtand,
It is of a virtuous lady fair who died of a prick in her hand.
In this fair monument which you ſee, adorned with ſo many pillars, [George Villiers;
Doth lie the counteſs of Buckingham, and her huſband Sir
This old Sir George was Grandfather, and the Counteſs she was Granny, (King James.
To the great Duke of Buckingham, who led by the noſe
Here lies Sir Robert Eatam a Scootish Knight, this man was ſecretary, (Queen Mary;
He ſcribbled compliments for two Queens, Queen Ann and
This ſame was Mary Queen of Scots, whom Buchanan doth ſo belpatter,
She loſt her head at Fotheingay, whatever was the matter.
Henry the ſeventh lies here entomb'd, with his fair Queen beſide him,
He was the founder of this Chapel, Oh! may no ill betide him
And here they ſtand upright in a preſs, with their bodies made of wax, [their backs.
A globe and a wand in either hand, and their robes upon
To another Chapel now come we, the people follow and chat
This is the Lady Cottington, the people cry who's that;
Why Sir Thomas Bromley lieth here, Death wou'd not him reprieve, (alive.
With his four ſons, and daughters four, that once were all
Here lies Sir John Fullerton and that is his Lady I trow,
And that is Sir John Pickering whom none of you did know.
Here lies the earl of Torrington, the world ne'er ſaw a madder, (a ladder,
His Counteſs fair she lies beſide him, and now you go up
Richard the ſecond lies here entomb'd, with his fair Queen, Queen Ann, [Man;
Edward the third lies here hard by, and he was a gallant
This is the ſword of John of Gaunt, a blade both true and truſty: [look ſo ruſty,
The Frenchman's blood was ne'er wiped off which makes it
Harry the fifth lies here entomb'd with his fair Queen, Queen Eleanor, [knew before
To our fifth Edward she was wife that's more than you
Now down the ladder come we again, the man goes firſt with a ſtaff, [ple laugh,
Two or three tumble down the ſtairs, and all the peo-
Sir Robert Vere lies here entomb'd, who the Spaniards hide ſo curried, [buried;
Four colonels brave ſupport his tomb, and here his bodies
That ſtatue up againſt the wall with one eye, is Major General Norris,
He bang'd the French moſt cruelly, as affirm'd in ſtories,
Here lies Sir John Holles, who was a Major General,
To Sir John Morris that brave blade, and now you may depart all,
For now the ſhow is at an end, all things are done and ſaid
The Citizens pay for their Wives, and the Apprentices kiſs the Maids.

45. l. 29. 1165.

JOHN DAVIDSON,

MERCHANT,

At NEWBIGGING, *near* DRUMLITHIE,

Sells the FOLLOWING GOODS at the loweſt Prices.

MY Cuſtomers all of different Ranks,
To you I do return my Thanks,
For all your former Favours granted,
A grateful Senſe I never wanted.

That you may be the better ſorted,
I've bought my Goods the laſt imported:
And what I ſell, that you may know,
Is noted in the Bill below.

HEre's Lint and Tow, both white and blue,
All Sorts of Cards, both old and new;
Powder-Sugar, Starch, and Soap,
Garden-Seeds of laſt Year's Crop.
Fine Pearl-aſhes, Corks, and Spice,
Sugar-candy, Cards and Dice,
White-Iron Mugs to hold your Drink,
Writing Paper, Pens and Ink.
Barley here inſtead of Grotts,
Honey-canes and Chamber-Pots,
Napkins made at Aberdeen,
Ginger too, both white and green.
Engliſh Wool, and Factory Backs,
Wafers, and ſome Sticks of Wax.
Brimſtone, and the Flour of ſuch,
With other Things to cure the Itch.
Tar and Iron, Salt and Lead,
Raiſins, Allum, and Ginger-bread,
Rock-Indigo that's good and true,
With † What d'ye ca't, for haſty Blue.
Snuff-Boxes, Bibles, Carliſle Hooks,
New Teſtaments and good Prayer Books,
Good Epſom here and Glauber Salts,
With other Phyſick, free of Faults.
Senna Leaf, Rhubarb, and Pills,
Roſin, Birſe, and Timber Heels,
Oxycrotion, Wax of Bees,
Empty Caſks, and Dry-ware Trees,
Garters, Tapes, Bone-Combs and Horn,
Fine Tobacco, twiſt or ſhorn,
Story Books of unco' Stuff,
And I ſell *John Cuſhnie's* Snuff.
New Engliſh Hops, none better grows,
Fine pickt Ropes and other Tows,
Here's good ſalt Butter in whole Kitts,
Horſes Girths and ſnifflle Bits.
Turpentine Oil, and fine ſweet Sack,
Burgundy Pitch, and good Lampblack,
Metal Pots both great and ſma',
And Carron Hoops juſt fit to ca'.
Train Oil I have and alſo Green,
Spectacles to fit your Een,
Sleeve Buttons, Needles, Pins and Awls,
Copperas and Aleppo Galls.
Melaſſes, Cinnamon, and Glue,
Saddle-Tacks, and Saffron too;
Black Beer, Vinegar, and Honey,
Goods for Truſt or Ready-Money.
Freſh Rye Graſs, and Clover Seed,
Buckram, Cords, and colour'd Thread,
Metal Buttons, Hair and Horn,
All ſorts that's in the Country worn.
Earthen Plates, and ſmall brown Mugs,
White Iron Mills, and bigger Jugs,
Moyhair and fine ſilk Threads,
Carvy too and Annile Seeds.
White Soap, Gunpowder, Flints and Shot,
And Timber Cats, they're but a Groat,
Dram Glaſſes, Vials, Wheeling Wire,
Tobacco Pipes, and other Geir.

† Brazil and Verdigreaſe.

Fine white Thread and Cambrick Knitting,
Good Cheques to ſell that ſit for Metting,
A foreign Herb ſometimes they drink it,
With many other uſeful Trinket.
All ſorts of Gun-ſtones here enew,
White Iron Cakes, and Button Blue,
Of Liquoriſh I have a ſhare,
And Weaver's Bruſhes, ſeveral Pair.
Leather Points of good Sheep-hides,
Twenty other Things beſides,
All ſorts of Nails and Stobs I keep,
Wi' guid Woo' Sheers to clip your Sheep.
Moſt kinds of Stone Ware here you'll find,
With Cups and Saucers fit for Tea,
Large white Bowls, and Quart Decanters,
Tea Pots too for thoſe that's Wanters.
Gimblets here of any ſize,
‡ Of Chamber Pots I'll tell you twice;
You'll may be think I do't for ſport,
But I can ſhew you any ſort.
Glaſgow Napkins great and ſmall,
Button Moulds and Vitriol,
Nutmegs and Sugar allo'greaſe,
Fine ground Muſtard and Scots Cheeſe.
For want of Good if you ſhould fret,
§ At any Time I'll ſell dry Skate,
The beſt Wheel Bands I e'er did handle,
With Muſtard Boxes and White Candle.
I've fineſt Flour of Engliſh make,
And if you pleaſe, the ſame I'll Bake;
That is a Branch I ſtill purſue,
Here's Loaves and Biſkets always New.
Likewiſe your Meal, Bear, Rye, or Oat,
I'll Bake a Firlot for a Groat;
I keep an Oven always warm,
But with your Meal pray ſend me Barm.
And Wives and Laſſes far and near,
To you I've other ſort o' Geir;
And I may ſwear and not be cheated,
That a' the Pariſh cou'd no' beat it.
It's Factory Lint from Gordon's Mills,
Whoſe Character the Mearns fills,
And my Advice I give you a',
Come take it e'er the Prices fa',
Now when you have read o'er this Liſt.
There's other Things that I have miſt;
Quick Silver, different Kinds of Saw,
Amongſt the reſt, one for the Claw,
Brazilicon, Dipalme, Hemp,
Harveſt Gloves for thoſe that Kemp,
More uſeful Things I might adviſe,
Troth here's good Ointment for the Eyes.
Now if you'll be ſo very good,
As come to me, I think you ſhou'd;
If you've but little for to ſpend,
I'll thank you kindly, come or ſend.
Now tho' I have ſome Things forgot,
What Goods I have is a' new bought,
I'm at a Word, I like no Prigging,
My Name's *John Davidſon* at *Newbigging*.

‡ Stone and Earth ones of all Sorts.
§ Sold at 2s. per lib.

EXETER: Printed by R. TREWMAN, behind the Guildhall.

An Excellent Sonnet of the Two Unfortunate LOVERS

HERO and *LEANDER*.

GIVING

An Account how *Leander* fell in Love with the famous *Hero*; but being diſappointed by her cruel Father, who confined her in a Tower, *Leander* reſolving to ſwim over the *Helleſpont* to fetch her away, a mighty Storm aroſe, and he was drowned near her Window; for Sorrow of which, ſhe leaped into the Sea to him.

To the Tune of, *Gerherd's Miſtreſs.*





Hero.

HOW fares
My fair *Leander*? O vouchſafe to ſpeak,
leaſt my Heart break,
I baniſh'd from thy ſweet Company;

'Tis not
Thy Father's Anger can abaſe my Love;
I ſtill will prove
Thy faithful Friend until ſuch Time I die:

Though Fate and
Fortune do conſpire to interrupt our Love,
In ſpight of Fate
And Fortunes hate I ſtill will conſtant prove:

And though
Our angry Friends in Malice now our Bodies part
No Friends nor Foes,
Nor Scars nor Blows, ſhall ſeperate our Hearts.

Leander.

What Voice
Is this that calls *Leander* from her Bower?
from yonder Tower,
The Eccho of this Voice doth ſure proceed.

Hero.

Leander
'Tis thy *Hero* fain would come to thee,
if it might be;
Thy Abſence makes my tender Heart to bleed

But oh! this pleaſant
River *Helliſpont*, which is the People's wonder
Thoſe Waves ſo high
Do injury, by parting us aſunder:

And though there's Ferry
Men great ſtore, yet none will ſtand my Friend,
To waft me o're to
That fair Shore where all my Grief ſhall end.

Leander.

Hero
Though I am thy conſtant Lover ſtill,
and ever will
My angry Father is thy Enemy:

He ſtill
Doth ſtrive to keep us aſunder; now and then,
poor Ferry-Men,
They dare not waft thee over leſt they die:

45.6.22 1/2

Nor yet
Dare they convey me unto my dear *Hero* novv,
My Father's Rage
Will not aſſvvage, nor vvill the ſame allovv,

Be patient
Then dear *Hero* novv, as I am true to thee,
Even ſo I truſt
Thou art as juſt, and faithful unto me.

Hero.

Is there
No Way to ſtay an angry Father's Wrath,
whoſe Fury hath
Bereav'd his Child of Comfort and Content?

Leander.

O no,
Dear *Hero*, there's no Way that I do knovv,
to eaſe my Woe,
My Days of Joy and Comfort novv are ſpent,

You may
As vvell go tame a Lion in the Wilderneſs,
As to perſuade
My Father's Aid to help me in Diſtreſs.

His Anger
And this River hath kept us aſunder long,
He hath his Will,
His Humour ſtill, and vve have all the vvrong.

Hero.

'Tis not
Thy Father's Anger, nor this River deep,
/the vvhich ſhall keep
Me from the Embracements of my deareſt Friend

For through
This Silver Stream, my Way I mean to take,
even for thy ſake,
For thy dear ſake my deareſt Life I'll ſpend,

Though Waves and
Winds ſhould both conſpire mine Enemies to be
My Love's ſo ſtrong,
I fear no Wrong can happen unto me:

O meet me
In the Garden vvhere this pleaſant River glides
Lend me thy Hand,
Dravv me to Land, vvhatever me betides.

Novv muſt
I make my tender ſlender Arms my Oars,
help vvatery Povvers,
Ye little Fiſhes teach me hovv to ſvvim;

And all
Ye Sea-Nymphs guard me unto yonder Banks,
I'll give you Thanks,
Bear up my Body, ſtrengthen every Limb!

I come
Leander novv prepare thy lovely Arms for me,
I come dear Love,
Aſſiſt me *Jove*, I may ſo happy be.

But oh! a mighty
Tempeſt roſe, and he vvas drovvn'd that Tide,
In her fair Sight,
Her Heart's delight, and ſo vvith Grief ſhe dy'd.

But vvhen
Her aged Father theſe Things underſtands,
He vvrings his Hands,
And tears his Hoary-Hair from off his Head.

Society
He ſhuns, and doth forſake his Meat,
his Grief's ſo great,
And oft doth make the lovvly Ground his Bed:

O my *Leander*,
Would that I had dy'd to ſave thy Life,
Or that I had
When I vvas ſad, made thee brave *Hero*'s Wife.

It vvas
My Treſpaſs, and I do confeſs I vvrong'd thee,
Poſterity ſhall
Knovv hereby, the Fault lay all in me.

But ſince
The Waves have caſt his Body on the Land,
upon the Sand,
His Corps ſhall buried be in ſolemn vviſe;

One Grave
Shall ſerve them both & one moſt ſtately Tomb
ſhe'll make him Room,
Although her Corps be Breathleſs where ſhe lies.

Ye Fathers
Have a ſpecial care novv, vvhatſoe'er you do,
For thoſe that parts
True loyal Hearts, themſelves vvere never true:

Though Fate and Fortune
Croſs poor Lovers, ſometimes as vve do knovv
Pray underſtand,
Have you no Hand, even in their overthrow.

Newcaſtle upon Tine, Printed by *J. White*.



The French Prophet.

Or, A New Touch of the Times.

I Am an old Prophet, and newly come over,
to tell you the Truth I was born in France,
Laſt Monday was Se'nnight I landed at Dover,
The Truth is the Truth, and is no Romance:
Then chear up your Hearts, your Spirits raiſe,
And remember the Nation is now in its Prime;
Then let us be jolly, and drown Melancholly,
I warrant, brave Boys, we have golden Times.
When the Name of Cuckold is quite forgot,
And Wheat ſhall be ſold for a Groat the Coomb;
When Drunkards forget to handle their Pot,
And the City of London is joined to Rome:
When Vintners neglect to uſe their Chalk,
And Poets forget to make their Rhimes;
When Pimps are all rotten, and whoring forgotten,
I'll warrant, &c.
When Conſcience is prized more than Gold,
And the Tower of London runs upon Wheels;
When fractious old Women forget to ſcold,
And the Monument has a fine Ring of Bells:
When Norwich Caſtle goes to Chriſt Church,
And all for to hear St. Peter's Chimes;
When Lovers leave lying, and Birds leave off flying,
I'll warrant, &c.
When Cucumbers grow upon Sycamore Trees,
An Knavery is turn'd out of Doors;
When a Miſs of the Town refuſes a Crown,
And Swearing and Lying are uſed no more;
When a Quack doth come to viſit a Whore,
And the Kingdom of England is all of one Mind;
When Pigs forget grunting, and Cats ride a hunting,
I'll warrant, &c.
When Landlords they refuſe their Rents,
And Taylors make their Bills too ſhort;
When Bakers make their Bread too large;
And are made to ſtand in the Pillory for't;
When a Welſhman eats no toaſted Cheeſe,
I'll warrant, &c.
When Malice and Envy are laid quite aſide,
and honeſty lov'd by rich and poor;
When Charity's lov'd more than Pride,
And Millers forget to take Toll any more:
When Sailors refuſe to take their Pay,
And the Rich to the Poor grow loving and kind;
When Women leave Waſhing, and Cows go a Fiſhing,
I'll warrant, &c.
When Maids chuſe a ſingle Life,
And will not be married at twenty Years;
When Eels have got Legs, like Shoemakers Pegs,
And Willow Trees bear Warden Pears:
When Sugar and Salt are both of a Taſte,
And Miſers become both free and kind;
And Candlemas falls on the Eeventh of May,
I'll warrant, &c.
When Houſes are with Pancakes til'd,
And Vinegar runs like Water Springs;
When Mankind are all of a Mind,
And England is bleſt with a King or a Queen,
When Cocks ride out in Boots and Spurs,
And Mackerel are catch'd without Net or Line;
When the Cheats of the Nation are quite out of Faſhion
I'll warrant, &c.
When Paul's Church goes for a Man of War,
Mann'd with old Women to fight for the Nation;
When Bakers forget to gripe the Poor,
And Whoring is clearly out of Faſhion;
When Beaus they do a hunting ride.
And Winter is paſt without Froſt or Rhime:
Theſe Things they may be, but few will them ſee,
Until the Devil is grown lame and blind.

The Kind VIRGIN's Complaint
AGAINST
A Young MAN's Unkindneſs.

Of young Man's Falſhood ſhe doth complain,
Reſolving never to love Man again;
Experience tells her Men love but for Faſhion,
That makes her rail againſt them in ſuch a Paſſion.

To the Tune of, Cupid's *Courteſy*, &c.



I AM ſo deep in Love,
I cannot hide it,
It breaks me of my Reſt,
And of my Quiet:
For when I ſee his Face,
It ſo inflames me,
That I muſt love him ſtill,
Though the World blame me.

O fie upon this Love,
It will undo me;
I'll never love Man again,
Should the Gods woo me:
Now if that once I can,
Shake off this Paſſion,
I'll ne'er love Man again,
Only for Faſhion.

There's no Belief in Man,
Though they ſeem civil;
For when they ſit like Saints,
They think moſt Evil:
Therefore be rul'd by me,
Never truſt a Man;
But if you needs muſt love,
Pray love a Woman.

I wiſh blind *Cupid* had
Been found a ſleeping,
When like a crafty Lad
He came ſo creeping,
To wound my tender Heart,
And pierce my Marrow,
I felt his fatal Dart,
To my great Sorrow.

Never poor Virgin was
In ſuch a Taking,
I oft look'd in my Glaſs,
Pleaſure forſaking:
My Cheeks were pale and wan,
My Lips did tremble,
Becauſe I lov'd a Man
That did diſſemble.

Oh! what a ſimple Girl
I was for certain,
For to love Lord or Earl,
I would not hearken:
Not one in twenty Score,
But is deceitful;
Therefore I'll love no more,
Men are ungrateful.

It is their conſtant Trade
To cog and flatter;
Or to delude a Maid,
Her for to banter:
But if they prate and lie,
I'll not believe them;
Such Love I'll never try,
Although it grieves them.

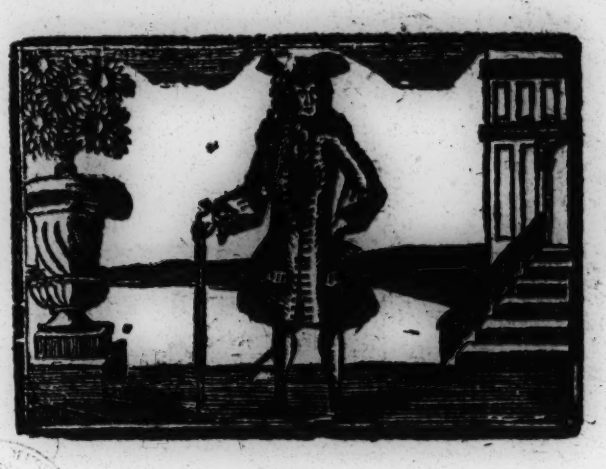
They'll profeſs, and pretend
Much of Affection,
Until they make you bend
To Love's Subjection:
Of your Hearts craftily
They will bereave you,
Till a new Face they 'ſpy,
Then they will leave you.

Their Words they are but Wind,
Like Winter Weather,
Unconſtant and unkind,
Light as a Feather:
I tell you flat and plain,
I'll not abide it,
To love a Man again,
Once having try'd it.

Blame me not, though I be
Something in Paſſion;
For now I plainly ſee,
It is the Faſhion,
For ſuch falſe-hearted Men,
Are grown ſo common,
That when I love again,
I'll love a Woman.

Why ſhould a Woman dote
On ſuch a Bubble,
That's good for nothing, but
To procure Trouble:
Every Day I will pray
For to live ſingle,
That my Affections may
With no Man's mingle.

Ladies, take my Advice,
You have rare Features,
Always be coy and nice
To ſuch falſe Creatures;
No Man will conſtant prove,
No not my Brother,
Then if you need muſt love,
Love one another.



THE

Swaggering Man.

I AM a blade that hath no trade,
Moſt people do adore me,
And I can hector, ſwagger, and lie,
And drive a town before me.
I have a wife of wanton ſtrife,
She drives me to trapan, Sir,
I nothing ſay, but hike my way,
There goes the Swaggering Man, Sir.

With my ſilk hoſe, and ſquar[illegible]ed ſhoes,
I hector, ſwear, and ſwagger;
And every coxcomb that I meet,
I puſh him with my dagger.
At cards and dice I am the man,
I am the noted gameſter;
I love my health, and cock my felt;
There goes the Swaggering Man, Sir.

O then I go to the Royal Exchange,
Where merchants they are walking;
All this ſeems ſomething odd to me,
They idly are talking;
But if a purſe, or a gold watch,
Come by the ſlight of hand, Sir,
I nothing ſay, but hike my way,
There goes the ſwaggering Man, Sir.

From thence I to the tavern go,
Where a waiter does attend me,
I call for liquor of the beſt,
The ladies do commend me.
Behind the door there ſtands my ſcore,
The ſhot they do demand, Sir,
I nothing ſay, but hike my way,
There goes the Swaggering Man, Sir.

From thence I go to Pater-noſter-row,
Where they deal in ſilk and ſattin;
I pay for one and hike off three,
All this is no falſe latin;
But if I am catch'd, O then I'm ſnatch'd,
And obliged to give an anſwer,
I'm guilty found, and muſt come down,
From being a Swaggering Man, Sir.

But now I have ſpent, all my means,
Among thoſe rakiſh fellows;
And am at laſt condemn'd and caſt,
To hang upon yon gallows:
I ſail to Tyburn in a cart,
My body to advance, Sir,
The ladies cry as I paſs by,
Don't hang the Swaggering Man, Sir.



The WEAVER and CHAMBERMAID.

I Am a weaver by my trade,
And fell in love with a chambermaid :
And if I could but her favour win,
Then I would weave and ſhe ſhould ſpin.
My father ſcornfully to me ſaid,
How could I fancy a chambermaid ?
Where there were ladies both fine and gay,
Dreſs'd like ſome godeſs or queen of may.
What care I for a lady gay,
Had I but my chambermaid,
A chambermaid altho' ſhe be,
Happy is the man that enjoyeth ſhe.
I ſlip'd up to my love's chamber door,
Where oft times I had been before ;
But I neither durſt ſpeak, nor yet go in,
To that pleaſant bed that my love lies in.
How can you call it a pleaſant bed ?
Where no one is but a chambermaid ;
A chambermaid altho' ſhe be,
Bleſs'd is the man that enjoyeth ſhe:
Shall I go, love, or ſhall I ſtay ?
Shall I tarry till the break of day ?
With heavy ſighs to me ſhe ſaid,
Why was I born to die a maid ?
So I put my ſhuttle into her hand,
And bid her uſe it at her command,
She took it kindly, and uſed it free,
So ſhe learn'd to weave along with me.
When that ſhe had learned her trade,
Smiling unto me ſhe ſaid,
My loom is ready you may begin,
You ſhall weave, and I will ſpin.

Robin Hood's Golden Prize:

Shewing how he Robed two Prieſts of Five Hundred Pounds.

Tune —— *Robin Hood* was a tall young Man, *&c.*









I Have heard talk of Robin Hood,
Derry, derry down,
And of brave Little John;
O Fryar Tuck, and will Scarlet,
Lockſly, and Maid-marrion.
Hey down, derry, derry down.

But ſuch a Tale as this before,
I think was never known;
For Robin Hood diſguis'd himſelf,
and from the Wood is gone.

Like to a Fryar, bold Robin Hood,
was accoutred in his array;
With Hood, Gown, Beads, and Crucifix,
he paſs'd upon the way.

He had not gone paſt miles two or three,
but it was his chance to eſpy
Two luſty Prieſts clad all in black,
come riding gallantly.

Benedicte, then ſaid Robin Hood,
ſome pity on me take;
Croſs you my Hand with a ſingle groat,
for our dear Lady's ſake.

For I have been wandering all this day,
and nothing could I get;
Not ſo much as one poor cup of Drink,
nor bit of bread to eat.

Now by'r holy Dame the Prieſts replyed,
we never a penny have;
For we this morning have been rob'd,
and could no Money ſave.

I am much affraid, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
that you do both tell a Lie;
And now before you do go hence,
I am reſolv'd to try.

When as the Prieſts heard him ſay ſo,
then they rode away amain;
But Robin Hood betook him to his heels,
and ſoon overtook them again.

Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
and pull'd them down from their horſe:
O ſpare us Fryar, the Prieſts cryed out,
on us have ſome Remorſe.

You ſaid you'd no money, quoth Robin Hood,
wherefore without delay,
We three will fall down on our Knees,
and for money we will pray.

The Prieſts they could not gain ſay,
but down they kneel with ſpeed:
Send us, O ſend us, then quoth they,
ſome money to ſerve our need.

The Prieſts did pray with a mournful chear,
ſometimes their hands did wring;
Sometimes they wept and tore their hair,
whilſt Robin did merrily ſing.

When they had been praying an hours ſpace,
the Prieſts did ſtill lament;
Then, quoth bold Robin Hood, let us ſee,
what money Heaven hath us ſent.

We will be ſharers all alike,
of money that we have;
And there is never a One of us,
that his Fellow ſhall deceive.

The Prieſts their hands in their pockets put,
but money they could find none;
We'll ſearch ourſelves, ſaid Robin Hood,
each other One by One.

Then Robin Hood took pains to ſearch them,
and he found good ſtore of Gold;
Five hundred pieces preſently,
upon the Graſs he told.

Here is a brave ſhow, ſaid Robin Hood,
ſuch ſtore of Gold to ſee,
And you each One ſhall have a part,
'cauſe you pray'd ſo heartily.

He gave them Fifty pounds a-piece,
and the reſt for himſelf did keep:
The Prieſts they durſt not ſpeak one Word,
but ſighed wond'rous deep.

With that the Prieſts roſe up from their Knees,
thinking to have parted ſo:
Nay, ſtay, ſays Robin Hood, one thing more
I have to ſay e'er you go.

You ſhall be ſworn, ſays bold Robin Hood,
upon this holy Graſs,
That you will never tell Lies again,
which way ſoever you paſs.

The ſecond Oath that you muſt make,
that all the days of your lives,
You never ſhall tempt Maids unto ſin,
nor lie with other Mens Wives.

The laſt Oath you ſhall take, is this,
be charitable to the Poor;
Say you have met a holy Fryar,
and I deſire no more.

He ſet them on their horſes again,
and away then they did ride;
And he return'd to the merry Green Wood,
with great Joy, Mirth and Pride.

LONDON: Printed and ſold by *L. How*, in *Petticoat Lane.*



The Laſs of Ocram.

I Built my Love a gallant ſhip,
And a ſhip of Northern fame,
And ſuch a ſhip as I did build,
Sure there never was ſeen,
For her ſides were of the beaten gold,
And the doors were of block tin,
And ſure ſuch a ſhip as I built,
There ſure never was ſeen.
And as ſhe was a ſailing,
By herſelf all alone,
She ſpied a proud merchant man,
Come plowing o'er the main,
Thou faireſt of all creatures,
Under the heavens ſaid ſhe,
Art the Laſs of Ocram,
Seeking for Lord Gregory.
If you are the Laſs of Ocram,
As I take you for to be,
You muſt go to yonder iſland,
There Lord Gregory you'll ſee.
It rains upon my yellow locks,
And the dew falls on my ſkin,
Open the gates Lord Gregory,
And let your true love in.
If you're the Laſs of Ocram,
As I take you not to be,
You muſt mention the three tokens
Which paſs'd between you and me.
Don't you remember, Lord Gregory,
One night on my father's hill,
With you I ſwaſt my linen fine,
It was fore againſt my will;
For mine was of the Holland fine,
And yours but Scotch cloth,
For mine coſt a guinea a yard,
And yours but five groats.
If you are the Laſs of Ocram,
As I think you not to be,
You muſt mention the ſecond token,
That paſs'd between you and me.
Don't you Remember, Lord Gregory,
One night in my father's park,
We ſwaffed our two rings,
It was all in the dark;
For mine was of the beaten gold,
And yours was of block tin,
And mine was true love without,
And yours all falſe within.
If you are the Laſs of Ocram,
As I take you not to be,
You muſt mention the third token,
Which paſt between you and me.
Don't you remember, Lord Gregory,
One night in my father's hall,
Where you ſtole my maidenhead,
Which was the worſt of all.
Begone you baſe creature,
Begone from out of the hall,
Or elſe in the deep ſea
You and your babe ſhall fall.
Then who will ſhoe my bonny feet,
And who will cloſe my hands,
And who will lace my waſte ſo ſmall,
Into a landen ſpan,
And who will comb my yellow locks,
With a brown berry comb,
And who's to be father of my child,
If Lord Gregory is none?
Let your brother ſhoe your bonny feet,
Let your ſiſter cloſe your hands,
Let your mother lace your waiſt ſo ſmall,
Into a landen ſpan;
Let your father comb your yellow locks,
With a brown berry comb,
And let God be father of your child,
For Lord Gregory is none.
I dreamt a dream dear mother,
I could wiſh to have it read,
I ſaw the Laſs of Ocram,
A floating on the flood.
Lie ſtill my deareſt ſon,
And take thy ſweet reſt,
It is not half an hour ago,
The maid paſs'd this place.
Ah! curſed be you mother,
And curſed may you be,
That you did not awake me,
When the maid paſs'd this way;
I will go down into ſome ſilent grove,
My ſad moan for to make,
It is for the Laſs of Ocram,
My poor heart now will break.

The St. GILES's Frolick, or SMITH's Ramble for New Adventures.

I The other night was drunk,
And ſomewhat merry,
Went in ſearch of a punk,
Not finding any.
To St. Giles I did ſtroll,
Whores there is plenty,
At every corner of the Street,
Not leſs than twenty.
Sweep ſoot O, mop ſpinning Nan,
Huging and billing,
Nan you whore let's have a dram,
Yes, Tom I am willing:
To a gin ken, ſtrait they went,
I laugh'd till my ſides ached,
To hear them bawl bring half a pint,
Of old ſtrip me naked.
Next down a cellar I did peep,
Hearing a growling,
A hang'd man cover'd with a ſheet,
The Pats o'er him a howling,
O harrah dear why would you die,
And leave your dear honey,
I wiſh the tief you'd ne'er come nigh,
Nor never touch'd his money.
Next in Church-lane one I know well,
At black Rachel ſnatches,
In Summer time noſegays ſhe ſells,
In winter time matches.
He hugg'd and kiſt and call'd her dear,
The black bitch did finny,
Whilſt he was bobbing at her ware,
She nailed all his money.
Then I roll'd to Maynard Street,
Some whores I heard ſcolding,
Through a key hole I did peep,
Such a ſcene beholding.
Says Beſs to Kate, I think of late,
We have got our hire;
Of pox and itch ſuch moan did make
Anointing by the fire.
In Monmouth Street a drunken buck
Met with a madam,
Soon as the bargain they ha' ſtruck,
She to a Watchman had him.
Let me you're Watch box occupy,
I'll bug to you a ſhilling,
Here damn you, don't the bit deny,
The ſcout cry'd I am willing.
Short's Gardens I next did ſee.
Two whores a fighting,
You bitch ſays one, you ſlanged me,
In the bit dividing
The parrole upon my ſoul,
Did to the round houſe take them,
Half naked they were drag'd away,
With cold ſhivering and ſhaking.
Down Holborn-Hill, homeward I ſteer'd,
I ſaw a rig funny,
A blackmoor there met a whore
And ſwore he'd feel her c—— y.
'Twas on a butcher's block, O lork
He gave poor bunn the cholick,
A growing day, I came away
Well pleaſed with my frolick.

RALPH and *NELL*'s Ramble to *OXFORD*.





I Heard much talk of Oxford town,
And fain I would go thither,
When plowing and ſowing time was done,
It being gallant Weather.
Vather did to it agree,
That Nell and I ſhould go.
But Mother cry'd, That we ſhould ride,
So we had Dobbin too.

Zo I goes unto ziſter Nell,
And bids her to make ready,
And put on her Zunday cloſe,
As vine as any Lady;
'Tis a gallant day, the morning grey,
And likely to be fair:
Therefore make haſte, and ſoon be lac'd,
And I'll go bait the mare.

So upon the Mare we got,
And away we rid together;
And every body that we met,
We aſk'd how far 'twas thither?
'Till at the laſt, when on the top
Of Chiſledon we did riſe,
I ſomewhat ſpy'd like ſteeples and cry'd,
Zooks, Nell, look yonder it is.

But when as nearer to't we came,
We zee volks infant thick;
I heard a little baſtard zay,
Look here come country Dick.

Another baſtard call'd me Ralph,
And how it's honeſt Joan?
Nay Roger too, and little Sue,
And all the folks at home.

Zo we rode on, and nothing ſaid,
But looked for an alehouſe;
At laſt we zee a hugeous ſign,
As big as any gallows:
It was Two Dogs, ſo in we rode,
And called for the hoſtler;
Out came a luſty fellow then
I wan't he was a Wreſtler.

Here take this horſe, and ſet'en up,
And gi'en a lock of hay;
For we are come to zee the town,
And tarry here all day.
Yes, Sir, ſaid he, and call'd the maid,
That ſtood within the entry;
She had us into a room as clean,
As tho' we had been gentry.

Zo we zet down, and bid them fetch
A flaggon of their beer:
But when it come Nell ſhook her head,
And zed, 'Twas plaguy dear.
Zays ſhe to me, If we ſtay here long,
'Twill ſoon make us go a begging,
For I am zure it cannot be
Zo much as old Martin's flaggon.

Zo we got up, and away we went,
To zee the gallant town,
And at the gate we met a man
In a pitiful ragged gown:
As for his ſleeves, I do believe,
That they were both torn off,
And inſtead of a hat he wore a cap,
'Twas a trencher cover'd with cloth.

And as we were going along the town,
I thought I had found a knife,
I ſtooped down to pick it up,
But was ne'er ſo ſham'd in my life;
For the under ſides was all beſhit
With an errant Chriſtian's turd;
The boys fell a hallowing an April Fool!
But I zed never a Word.

As we went thro' a narrow Lane,
One catch'd vaſt hold of ziſter,
He'd parſon's cloſe, and he did'nt know us,
But fain he would have kiſt her.
He was ſo plaguy vine, but to my mind,
He look'd much like a Wencher;
I up with my ſtick and gi'en a lick,
I believe it ſplit his trencher.

Then we went into a very vine place,
And there we went to church,
I kneeled down to ſay my prayers,
And did not think any hurt:
In the middle of the prayerst juſt up ſtairs,
Was bagpipes to my thinking;
And the folks below fell a ſinging too,
As tho' theyh ad been drinking.

I did not like the doing there,
And zo I took my hat;
I did not think they zo had done,
In ſuch a place as that:
But Nell was for ſtaying till they had done
Becauſe ſhe lik'd the tunes, (playing,
But ſhe was ſure ſhe ne'er did hear
Old Crundall play ſuch at home.

Then we went into a vine garden,
All upon a hill;
And juſt below a Dial did go,
Much like a Waggon Wheel;
But bigger by half, which made me laugh
'Twas like a garden Knot:

When the zun ſhine bright, it went as right,
As our parſon's clock.

Then we went out of this vine place,
And went into an other;
Which was vorty times as vine
As any of the other:
Bleſs me! our John quite all along
There's book pil'd up like mows:
Vaith Nell, that I wiſh my mother was here,
If it was not for the cows.

And in the middle ſtood two things,
As round as any ball;
They told us 'twas the picture of
The World, the Zee and all;
And thoſe who knew how to turn them right,
And how to turn them round,
Could tell us what a clock it was
In the World under ground.

And many more things they could tell
That was as moſt as ſtrange;
As when the zun ſhould ſet and riſe,
And when the moon ſhould change,
I did not care to ſtand ſo near,
When all thoſe things I heard;
For I thought in my heart it was the Black-
And I was a little afraid. [Art,

The zun being low, than we began
To think of going home;
But one thing more we ſaw before
We got quite out of town,
We went apace, for being in haſte,
For fear of being benighted;
Two hugeous men ſtood ſtrutting within,
And Nell and I was frighted.

Nell had a colour as red as a roſe,
And durſt not go no furder,
They had bloody weapons in their hands,
And ſtood ready there for murder.
So we went back and got the mare,
And away went trotting home,
With ſtories enough to tell vather and mother
And little ziſter Joan.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow Lane, London.

THE

Fair MAID of the *WEST*;

Who ſold her Maidenhead for a High-crown'd Hat.





I Pray attend unto this Jeſt,
A youthful Maiden in the Weſt,
She was gay and handſome too,
As I truth may tell to you.

And therefore now I pray attend,
Unto theſe lines which I have penn'd,
And if you do not ſay the ſame,
I think you will be much to blame.

Upon a day it happened ſo,
That ſhe would to market go,
Taking her money great and ſmall,
To buy a high-crown'd hat withal.

As ſoon as e'er ſhe did come there,
Unto a ſhop ſhe did repair;
Where ſoon a youthful batchelor,
Did fix his wanton eyes on her.

Kind Sir, ſaid ſhe, a hat I'd have,
And pray let me have what I crave,
One that is fine and light to wear;
He ſtrait did fit her to a hair.

What is the price? ſhe then reply'd,
Seven Shillings I have deny'd;
I will fit you well he ſaid,
Becauſe you are a handſome Maid.

I'll let you have it for a crown,
If that you'll let me lay you down
Upon my ſoft and downy bed,
There to enjoy your Maidenhead.

She ſeem'd to bluſh and ſtand a while,
At length ſhe anſwered with a ſmile,
What Maidenhead and money too,
No, kind ſir, that will not do.

He ſtrait did whiſper in her ear,
I will befriend thee now my dear,
Let me enjoy my heart's delight,
And you ſhall have the Hat outright.

This maid ſhe did no longer ſtand,
But ſtruck the bargain out of hand:
And having given the youth content,
She took her Hat and away ſhe went.

Now as ſhe paſt along the way,
She to herſelf theſe words did ſay,
With a fine Hat I now am ſped,
And all for a ſilly Maidenhead.

Then coming to her mother ſtrait,
This hopeful bargain to relate.
O Mother! O mother! as I'm true,
I have a Hat and Money too

Why Huſſey, her Mother then reply'd,
How was the haberdaſher paid?
He had my Maidenhead ſaid ſhe,
Which was a great plague unto me.

The good old wife flew in a rage,
And nothing could her wrath aſſuage,
Thruſting her daughter out of doors,
And ſaid, ſhe'd never own her more.

If this ſame Hat ſhe did not take,
And to the town again make haſte,
And give it him with whom ſhe had lain,
And bring her Maidenhead back again.

With ſighs and tears ſhe did lament,
As to the market town ſhe went,
To tell the ſhopkeeper therefore,
He muſt her Maidenhead reſtore.

For why, my mother won't agree,
That I ſhould part with it, ſaid ſhe.
Why then come in, I will freely part
With it to thee with all my heart.

As ſoon as ſhe did it receive,
Poor heart ſhe did no longer grieve,
But made a curtſey to the ground,
Becauſe ſhe had this kindneſs found.

Then home again this laſs did hie,
And told her mother preſently,
An honeſt man he ſeem'd to be,
For he reſtor'd it willingly.

Well daughter had it not been ſo,
It might have been your overthrow;
But ſince he did it you reſtore,
See that you play the fool no more.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow Lane, London.

An Excellent BALLAD of

KING JOHN

AND THE

ABBOT of CANTERBURY.

To the Tune of, *The King and Lord Abbot.*





I Will tell you a Story, a Story anon,
Of a noble Prince, and his Name was King *John:*
For he was a Prince, and a Prince of great Might,
He held up great Wrongs, and he put down great Rights.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I'll tell you a Story, a Story ſo merry,
Concerning the Abbot of *Canterbury:*
And of his Houſe-keeping, and high Renown,
Which made him repair to fair *London* Town.
Derry down, &c.

Now! now! Brother Abbot, 'tis told unto me,
That thou keepeſt a far better Houſe than I:
And for thy Houſe-keeping, and high Renown,
I fear thou haſt Treaſon againſt my Crown.
Derry down, &c.

I hope, my Liege, that you owe me no Grudge,
For ſpending of my true gotten Goods.
If thou do not Anſwer me Queſtions Three,
Thy Head ſhall be taken from thy Body.
Derry down, &c.

When I am ſet ſo high on my Steed,
With my Crown of Gold upon my Head,
Amongſt all my Nobility with Joy and much Mirth,
Thou muſt tell me to one Penny what I am worth?
Derry down, &c.

And the next Queſtion you muſt not flout,
How long I ſhall be riding the World about?
And the next Queſtion thou muſt not ſhrink,
But tell to me truly what I do think?
Derry down, &c.

Oh! theſe are hard Queſtions for my ſhallow Wit,
For I cannot Anſwer your Grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three Days Space,
I'll do my Endeavour to anſwer your Grace.
Derry down, &c.

O three Days Space I will thee give,
For that is the longeſt Day thou haſt to live:
And if thou doſt not Anſwer theſe Queſtions right,
Thy Head ſhall be taken from thy Body quite.
Derry down, &c.

And as the Shepherd was going his Sheep among,
He eſpy'd the old Abbot came riding along;
How now! Maſter Abbot, you are welcome home,
What News have you brought from good King *John?*
Derry down, &c.

Sad News, ſad News, I have thee to give,
For I have but three Days Space for to live;
If I do not Anſwer him Queſtions Three,
My Head ſhall be taken from my Body.
Derry down, &c.

When he is ſet ſo high on his Steed,
With his Crown of Gold upon his Head;
Amongſt all his Nobility with Joy and much Mirth,
I muſt tell him to one Penny what he is worth.
Derry down, &c.

And the next Queſtion I muſt not flout,
How long he ſhall be riding the World about:
And the third Queſtion I muſt not ſhrink,
But tell him truly what he does think.
Derry down, &c.

O Maſter, did you never hear it yet,
That a Fool may learn a wiſe Man Wit:
Lend me but your Horſe and your Apparel,
I'll ride to fair *London* and anſwer the Quarrel.
Derry down, &c.

Now I am ſet ſo high on my Steed,
With my Crown of Gold upon my Head,
Amongſt all my Nobility with Joy and much Mirth,
Now tell me to one Penny what I am worth?
Derry down, &c.

For thirty Pence our Saviour was ſold,
Amongſt the falſe *Jews* as you have been told;
And Nine and Twenty's the Worth of thee,
For I think thou art one Penny worſe than he.
Derry down, &c.

And the next Queſtion thou may'ſt not flout,
How long I ſhall be riding the World about?
You muſt riſe with the Sun, and ride with the ſame,
Until the next Morning he riſes again.
Derry down, &c.

And then I'm ſure you need not doubt,
But in Twenty-four Hours you'll ride it about:
And at the third Number thou muſt not ſhrink,
But tell to me truly what I do think?
Derry down, &c.

All that I can do, and 'twill make your Heart merry,
For you think I'm the Abbot *Canterbury*,
But I'm his poor Shepherd, as you may ſee,
And am come to beg Pardon for him and me.
Derry down, &c.

The King he turned him about and did ſmile,
Saying, Thou ſhalt be Abbot the other while.
Oh! no, my Liege, there is no ſuch need,
For I can neither Write nor Read.
Derry down, &c.

Then four Pounds a Week will I give unto thee,
For this merry true Jeſt thou haſt told to me:
And tell the old Abbot when thou comeſt home,
Thou haſt brought him a Pardon from good King *John*.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne: Printed and Sold by *John White*.

A New BALLAD

Of the Three Merry Butchers,

And ten High-way Men, how three Butchers went to pay five Hundred Pounds away, and hearing a Woman crying in the Wood, went to Relieve her, and was there set upon by these ten High-way Men; and how only stout *Johnson* fought with them all, who killed eight of the ten; and at last was killed by the Woman he went to save in the Wood.

To an Excellent New Tune.





I'LL tell you of a Story of lovely Butchers three,
The e's *Wilson*, *Gibson*, *Johnson*, mark well what I shall say,
For they took Five Hundred Pounds, Sir, to pay it all away,
For they took five Hundred Pounds, Sir, to pay it all away.

As they rid on the road, and as fast as they could trig,
Strike up your hearts, says *Johnson*, we'll have a merry jigg:
With a high ding ding, with a ho ding ding, with a high ding,
Ding dee, and God bless all good People from evil Company.

As they rid on the Road, Sir, as fast as they could hye,
Strike up your hearts, says *Johnson*, for I hear a Woman cry
With that he stept into the Wood and looks himself all rou
And there he spy'd a Woman with her hair bound to the gr

O Woman, O Woman, qd *Johnson*, hast thou no evil Comp
O no, O no, says the Woman, and alas, how can that be?
For there came ten swaggering Blades by, and thus abuse
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Johnson being of a valiant heart, he bore a valiant mind.
He wrapt his Cloak about her for to keep her from the wind,
With a high ding ding, with a ho ding ding, with high ding,
Ding dee, and God bless all good People from evil Company.

Strike up your hearts, says *Johnson*, for it's dark all in the sky,
she put her finger in her Ear and gave a screeking cry;
with that there came ten swaggering blades with their weapons ready drawn,
And they boldly came to *Johnson*, and bolder bid him stand.

I will not fight, says *Wilson*, for I had rather die;
Or I to fight, says *Gibson*, for I had rather fly,
Come on, come on, says *Johnson*, and fight a man so free,
Or stand you still behind my back and I'll win the victory.

then *Johnson's* pistols they flew off till five of them was slain,
and then he drew his hanger out with all his might and main,
And plaid it about so manfully, 'till three more he had slain,
And plaid it, &c.

Come on, come on, says the other two and let us make away,
For if we do not hold him to't our lives he takes away,
O no, O no, quoth the Woman and alas, how can that be,
for if you do not hold him to't then hanged you shall be (not mind,
Johnson fighting these two thieves before, the woman he did behind,
And fighting these two thieves before, she knockt him down
O woman, O woman, quoth *Johnson*, alas, what have you done,
You have kill'd the bravest Butcher that ever *England* won.

Just as she had killed him there came one Riding by,
and saw the deed that she had done, and seiz'd her presently,
she was condemn'd for to be hang'd in Iron chains so strong,
at the place where she did *Johnson* that great and mighty wrong.

London, Printed for *J. Bissel*, and Sold by *J. Foster*, at the Sign of the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-Corner*.

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A

HYMN

To the Victory in

SCOTLAND

I Sing the Praiſe of Heroes brave,
Whoſe *Warlike Merit* conqueſt gave,
And ſcorn'd to trample on a Foe,
But beat them firſt, then let *them* go:
After a Battle ſharp and bloody,
Beyond the Reach of Humane Study,
Obtain'd between ſtrong *Rocks* & *Trenches*,
By Dint of Sword, and vaſt Expences.
'Gainſt ſturdy *Scots*, and *Spaniards* proud,
A Victory moſt Men allow'd.
Where all their Foes were quite confounded,
While Cannons roar'd, and Trumpets ſounded,
Beat here and there, and God knows *whither*,
Loſt in a Fog, in Sun-ſhine Weather:
Confuſion every where proclaim'd
Such Wonders which can ne'er be nam'd
Abundance ſlain, which ſome call dead,
Who in the fright roſe up and fled.
More ſtronger yet if News be right,
The Fray did laſt from five till Night,
And thoſe who brought the Tidings hither
Say dead and Living fled together.
Nay perfect Miracles abounded,
The dead Men riſe and kill'd the wounded
Yet when the Battle it was done,
There was not found ſo much as one
NorNone can tell which way they're gone.
No antient Hiſtory can declare,
Such Actions in Feats of War,
Great *Wills* and *Carpenter* at *Preſton*,
Might here have learnt a milder Leſſon;
for tho' the Victory was compleat,
Both *Dead* and Living ſafe retreat,
Here was no tricking feigned Pardon,
With Conſequences ſeldom heard on:
Deluding Men, and when that's done,
Hang, Goal, and Baniſh every one.
When in this fierce and bloody Fray,
Our Foes had leave to march away:
Without the loſs of Man or Gun,
Such generous Favours ſeldom done,
Such Mercy in this Fight was ſhown,
We ſav'd [illegible] Lives and loſt our own.
A Victory which no Age can ſhow,
To let both Dead and Living go:
Yet notwithſtanding Highland Clans,
Theſe mighty Favours ſtill withſtands,
Reflecting with their bold Bravadoes,
Our Men ſhot only at their Shadows.
And give us Reaſons very pat,
Becauſe they ſav'd their Lives by that:
Yet if Reports has not bely'd 'em,
As Bullets came, they skip'd beſide 'em,
Which is a Riddle hard and dark.
When not one Gunner hits a Mark;
I doubt they've learn'd the Magick Art,
And value not our G[illegible] Fart
Or elſe the Skins of Highland Scots,
Are Proof againſt both Swords and Shots.
Tho' this is ſtrange, it ſeems too true,
Becauſe none of their Men were ſlew,
And, which our Reaſon moſt has ſhaken,
Not one poor ſingle Rebel taken:
Three Hours beaten and none die,
Yet no Man knows the Reaſon why,
'Tis very ſtrange 'tween You and I.

London, Printed by R. Thomas behind the Royal Exchange.

A DIALOGUE

Between *Jack* and his *Mother*, *&c.*

Tune of, Old Woman Poor and Blind.

Jack met his Mother all alone,
to whom he did ſmiling ſay,
I'll go and viſit buxom *Joan*,
becauſe it is Holyday:
And being in my Roaſt-meat Cloths,
I hope ſhe will like me well;
If *Joan* be kind, my heart, my mind,
to her I will freely tell.
My ſon ſhe's luſty, large, and tall,
and thou art but young as yet,
Thy whole proportion is but ſmall,
ſhe'll ſwallow thee at a bit,
And hide thee in her hollow Cave,
from ever glance of light,
Upon my life take her to wife,
and then thou art ruin'd quite.
I pray dear mother ſay not ſo,
you ſpeak in your ſons diſgrace;
Behold my beard begins to grow,
and I have a manly Face,
With ſomething elſe to pleaſure *Joan*
according to Art and skill,
Since it is ſo, I'de have you know,
I muſt have a wife, and will.
Go to her then, with all my heart,
and when ſhe's made thy ſpouſe,
With half my Goods I'll freely part,
my weathers, & good milch Cows,
My Geeſe, my ducks, my cocks, my hens,
my waggons, my plows my teams
'Cauſe you declare in love you are,
and muſt have a wife it ſeems,
So ſoon as her diſcourſe was done,
without any more diſpute,
Jack to his Chamber ſtraight did run,
and put on his Leathern ſuit,
His broad brim'd Hat, and Ribbon red,
now when he was thus array'd,
Himſelf he view'd and did conclude,
that he was a brisk Young blade,
Then he away to *Joan* did Ride,
and when he came there he Cry's,
Sweet Jewel, wilt thou be my bride,
my hony my ſweet piggsſies,
To thee I have a preſent brought
a delicat gay gold Ring,
Then let us wed, and when we bed,
thou ſhalt have a better thing.

Then buxom *Joan* began to frown
and called him ſawcy ſlave,
Saying that no ſuch home bred Clown
her Maiden-head e're ſhould have,
Why whats the matter, he reply'd;
without any more adoe.
I'de have you know if hence I go,
I can have as good as you:
There's *Doll* the ſhepherds daughter
and *Katy* of high degree, (dear,
Who has at leaſt three mark a year,
they're ready to Dye for me;
And muſt I now be held in ſcorn,
and made a Redicule too.
By Buxom *Joan* it is well known,
I can have as good as you.
My mother ſhe has horſes, wains,
and delicate cows and calfs,
Geeſe, Capons, Turkeys, Cocks, & Hens,
and *I* am to go her halfs;
The Goods likewiſe muſt parted be,
as ſoon as I am *Marry'd* too,
What ſay you now, you ſawcy ſow?
I can have as good as you
With that he went to take his leave,
and juſt as he turn'd aſide,
Joan ſtept, & catch'd him by the ſleeve
I was but in Jeſt, ſhe cry'd,
What makes you be in ſo much haſt,
if me thou art come to wooe?
We'l never part, thou haſt my heart,
I'll marry with none but you,
You might have told me this at firſt,
before you had Vext me ſo,
And then perhaps *I* might have Buſs'd,
my *Joany* for ought *I* know;
But you did ſo inflame my wrath,
that *I* in a Paſſion flew;
There's Girls good ſtore at e'ry door,
I can have as good as you.
Joan in a merry humour ſmil'd,
and took him about the waſte;
Said prethee *John* be reconcil'd,
it was but a word in haſt;
A kind and Virtuous Wife *I'll* prove
I'll honour and Love thee too,
Why then quoth he *I* do agree,
to marry with none but you.

FINIS.

The Woeful Lamentation of *Jane Shore.*

IF Roſamond, that was ſo fair,
Had cauſe her ſorrow to declare;
Then let Jane Shore with ſorrow ſing,
Who was beloved by a king.
Then wanton wives in time amend,
For *love* and *beauty* will have end.
In maiden years my beauty bright
Was loved dear by *lord* and *knight*,
Put yet the Love as they requir'd
It was not as my friends deſir'd.
My parent they for thirſt of gain,
A husband did for me obtain;
And I their pleaſure to fulfil,
Was forc'd to wed againſt my will.
To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till *luſt* brought ruin to my Life,
And then my Life ſo lewdly ſpent,
Which makes my ſoul for to lament.
In Lombard-ſtreet I once did dwell,
As London yet can witneſs well,
Where many gallants did behold
My beauty in a ſhop of gold.
I ſpread my plumes as wantons do,
Some ſweet and ſecret friend to wooe,
Becauſe my friend I could not find
Agreeing to my wanton mind.
At laſt my name at court did ring,
Into the ears of England's king.
Who came and lik'd and Love requir'd,
But I made coy what he deſir'd.
Yea, Mrs. Blague, a neighbour near,
Whoſe friendſhip I eſteemed dear,
Did ſay, it is a gallant thing
For to be loved by a king.
By her perſuaſions I was led,
For to defile my marriage bed,
And wrong my loving husband Shore,
Whom I had lov'd ten years before,
In heart and mind I then rejoice,
That I had made ſo good a choice.
And therefore then my ſtate reſign,
For to be king Edward's concubine.
From city then to court I went.
For to reap the pleaſures of content.
And had the joys that Love could bring,
And knew the ſecrets of a king.
When I was thus advanc'd on high,
Commanding Edward with my eye,
For Mrs. Blague I in ſhort ſpace
Obtain'd a living from his grace,
No friend I had, but in ſhort time
Did all unto promotion climb.
But yet for all this coſtly pride,
My husband could not me abide.
His bed tho' wronged by a king,
His heart with grief did vaſtly ſting,
From England then he goes away,
For to end his Life upon the ſea;
He could not live to ſee his name,
Impaired by my wanton ſhame.
Although a prince of peerleſs might
Did take the pleaſures of his right.
Long time I lived in the court,
With *lords* and *ladies* of great ſort:
For when I ſmil'd all men were glad,
But when I wept my prince grew ſad.
But yet an honeſt mind I bore,
Unto helpleſs people being poor.
I ſtill *ſupply'd* the orphans cry,
And ſav'd their Lives condemn'd to die.
I *ſtill* had truth on widows tears,
And helped babes of infant years.
And never look'd for other gain,
But *love* and *thanks* for all my pains.
At laſt my royal king did die,
And then my days of woe drew nigh:
When *crook back* Richard *got the crown*,
King *Edward*'s friends were ſoon put down
I then was puniſh'd for my ſin,
Which I long time had lived in.
Yea every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to *ſhameful* end,
Then for my lewd and wanton Life
That was a ſtrumpet of a wife,
I pennance did in *Lombard ſtreet*,
In *ſhameful manner* in a ſheet,
Where many thouſands did me view,
Who late in court my value knew.
As made the tears run down my face,
For to think on my foul diſgrace.
Not thus cotent they took from me
My goods, my livings, and my fee.
And vow'd that none might me relieve,
Or any ſuccour to me give.
Then unto Mrs Blague I went,
Unto whom my jewels I had lent.
In hopes thereby to eaſe my want,
When riches *fail'd*, and Love was ſcant,
But ſhe deny'd to me the ſame,
When in my need for them I came.
To recompence me for my former Love,
Out of doors ſhe did me ſhove.
So Love did vaniſh with my State,
Which now my ſoul repents too late.
Therefore example take by me,
For friendſhip parts in poverty.
But yet one friend among the reſt,
Whom once I had ſeen diſtreſt,
And ſav'd his Life condemn'd to die,
Did give ſome food to ſuccour me.
For which by Law it was decreed
That he was hanged for the deed.
His death did grieve me ſo much more,
Than had I dy'd my-ſelf therefore,
So thoſe to whom I had done good,
Durſt not reſtore me any food.
Whereby in vain I begg'd all day,
And all the night ſtill ſecret lay.
My gown beſet with pearl and gold
Is turn'd to ſimple garments old.
My chains and gems and golden rings,
Unto filthy rags and loathſome things.
So was I ſcorn'd by man and wife,
For leading ſuch a wicked Life,
Both ſucking babes and children ſmall
Did make a paſtime at my fall.
I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed.
No drink but ſuch as channels yeild,
Or ſtinking ditches in the field.
Thus weary of my Life, at Length,
I yeilded up my vital ſtrength.
Within a ditch of loathſome ſcent,
Where carion dogs do oft frequent.
The which now ſince my dying day,
Is ſhoreditch call'd unto this day,
Which is a witneſs of my ſin,
For being a concubine to a king.
You wanton wives that fall to Luſt,
Be you aſſur'd that God is juſt;
Whoredom will not eſcape his hand,
Nor pride unpuniſh'd in this Land.
If God to me ſuch ſhame did bring,
Who yeilded only to a king.
How ſhall they eſcape who daily run
With every man to practiſe ſin.
You husbands match not but for Love
Leſt you diſliking after prove.
Women be warn'd when ye be wives,
Such plagues attend on ſinful Lives.
So maids and wives in time amend,
For Love and Beauty will have end.

PART II.

IF that was fair London's pride,
For beauty famed far and wide,
With ſwan-like ſong, for ſo 'tis told
Her deed diſtreſſes manifold.
Kind Matthew ſhore men called me,
A goldſmith once of good degree,
And might have lived long therein
Had not my wife been wed to ſin.

(10)

Ah! gentle Jane, thy wanton race
Hath brought me to this foul diſgrace,
Thou had all things at wiſh and will,
Thy wanton fancy to fulfill,
No London dame nor merchant's wife
Did lead ſo ſweet and pleaſant Life.
Then gentle Jane to me report
Why you left me to *live* in court.
Thou had both gold and ſilver ſtore,
No *wife* in London then had more.
And oftentimes to walk in Field,
For to ſee what pleaſures it doth yeild.
But woe to me! that Liberty
Hath brought me to that miſery.
I marry'd thee whilſt thou waſt young,
Before tho kneweſt what did belong
Unto husbands Love or marriage ſtate,
But now my heart repents too late.
This wanton Pride made thee unjuſt,
And ſo deceived was my truſt;
But when the king poſſeſs'd my room,
And cropt my roſie gallant bloom,
Fair London's bleſſing and my joy,
My heart was drown'd in deep annoy.
For to think how to public ſhame,
Thy wicked Life brought my good name.
And then I thought each man and wife
In jeſting ſort accus'd my Life.
And every one to the other ſaid
How Shore's *wife* had the wanton play'd.
Hereby in mind I thought to change
My *dwelling* in ſome country ſtrange.
My Lands and Goods I ſold away.
And from England I went to ſea,
Oppreſt with grief and woeful mind,
But left the cauſe of grief behind.
My loving wife whom I thought
Would never be to lewdneſs brought.
But women now I well eſpy,
Are ſubject to inconſtancy.
And few there be ſo true to Love,
But by long ſuit will wanton prove:
For fleſh is frail, and women weak.
When kings for love long ſuit do m
But yet from England my depart
Was with a ſad and heavy heart,
Whereat when as my leave I took,
I ſent back many a grevious look,
Deſiring God, if it might be,
To ſend one ſigh ſweet Jane to thee.
For if thou had'ſt but conſtant been,
Such times of woe I ne'er had ſeen,
But ſtill I mourn and grieve full ſore,
Becauſe great plagues are left in ſtore.
For ſuch as careleſs tread awry
In modeſt paths of conſtancy.
Ah! gentle Jane if thou didſt know,
The uncouth paths I daily go,
And woeful tears for the I ſhed.
For wronging of the marriage bed,
So ſure I am you muſt confeſs
I loved true, tho' in diſtreſs.
Both Flanders, France and Spain I paſt
And came to Turkey at the laſt.
And there within that mighty court
I lived long in honeſt ſort.
Deſiring God that ſits in Heaven,
That all thy ſins might be forgiven.
And there advanc'd thy loving name,
Of living Whites the faireſt dame,
The praiſe of England's beauty ſtain,
All which your husband did maintain,
And ſet thy picture there in gold,
For kings and princes to behold.
But when I though upon the ſin
Your wanton thoughts delighted in,
I griev'd at ſuch a beauteous face
Should hold true honour in diſgrace;
And counted it a luckleſs day,
When as thou firſt didſt go aſtray.
Deſiring then ſome news to hear,
Of her my ſoul did love ſo dear,
My Secrets then I did impart
To one well skill'd in magick art,
Who in a glaſs did truly ſhew,
Such things as I deſir'd to know.
I there did ſee the courtly ſtate,
The pomp, the pride the glory great,
And likewiſe there I did behold
My Jane in Edward's arms enfold.
Your ſecret Love I did eſpy,
And how miſerable you did die,
Your naked body in the ſtreet
I ſaw did pennance in a ſheet:
Bare-footed before the beadle's wand.
With burning taper in thy hand,
And babes not having uſe of tongues,
Stood pointing as you went along.
Thus ended was the ſhame of thine,
But ſtill God gave no end to mine.
When I ſuppos'd I was forgot,
And time had waſh'd away my blot,
And in another prince's reign,
I came to England back again,
But ſtaying there, my friends decay'd,
My prince's Laws I diſobey'd,
And by trne juſtice judg'd to die,
For clipping gold in ſecreſy.
By gold was my beſt living made,
And ſo by gold I was betray'd.
Thus have you heard the woful ſtrife,
That came by an unconſtant wife:
Her fall, my death, wherein is ſhew'd
The ſtory of a ſtrumpet lewd.
In hopes thereby ſome women may
Take heed how they the wanton play.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in *Bow* Church-Yard, *London.*

The happy Pair.

A new Song, ſung by Mr. Abell,

IANTHE the Lovely, the Joy of her *S*wain,
By *Iphis* was lov'd, and lov'd *Iphis* again:
*S*he liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair:
Their Pleaſures were Equal, and Equal their Care:
No Time nor Enjoyment their Dottage withdrew;
But the longer they liv'd,
But the longer they liv'd,
*S*till the Kinder they grew.

A Paſſion ſo Happy, allarm'd all the Plain;
*S*ome Envy'd the Nymph, but more Envy'd the Swain;
Some ſwore 'twould be pity their Love's to invade;
That the Lovers each one, for each other were Made:
But All All conſented, That none e'er yet knew,
A Nymph half ſo Fair,
A Nymph half ſo Fair,
Nor a Shepherd ſo True.

For in their Beginning of Love we did find
They ſtrove, in their Love, who ſhould ſtill prove more kind:
The Swain and the Nymph, by the Dawn of the Day
In Innocent Love paſt the Minutes away,
In each others Arms. Give the Lovers their due,
They always were Conſtant,
They always were Conſtant,
And always were True.

And ſeveral Years their True Love has gone on,
And they are as good as when firſt they began:
No End's of our Loving! (the Nymph ſhe did cry)
No! No! (ſays the Shepherd) I'll Love 'till I Die.
So Conſtant this Pair was, ſo Faithfull and True.
That the longer they liv'd,
That the longer they liv'd,
Still the Fonder they grew.

Love ſaw them, with Pleaſure, and vow'd to take Care
Of the Conſtant, the Faithful, the Innocent Pair;
What Either do want, I'll bid Either to move.
But they wanted nothing, but Ever to Love.
It was all that to Bleſs them, God *Cupid* could do,
That they ſtill might be Kind,
That they ſtill might be Kind,
And they ſtill might be True.

F I N I S.

The Court and Kingdoms in Tears: Or, The Sorrowful Subjects Lamentation for the Death of her Majesty Queen MARY, who departed this Life, the 28th. of *December*, 16[illegible]. To the Unspeakable Grief of his Majesty, and all his Loyal and Loving Subjects.

To the Tune of, *If Love's a sweet Passion*, &c.

IN Mourning, in Mourning the Kingdoms appears,
And the Eyes of true Subjects are flowing with Tears,
For our Grief and our Sorrow, alas, it is great,
Since our Gracious Queen *Marie* departed of late;
By the hand of cold Death she was snatch'd from the Throne,
Having left our most gracious King William *alone.*

The loss of our Queen, we have cause to lament,
In the prime of her Years, from the World she is sent,
While her Sorrowful Subjects, do weeping complain,
Knowing that they shall never behold her again:
By the hand of cold Death, &c.

O! what an unspeakable Change is there wrought?
From a Throne, Crown and Septer, Q. *M.* is brought,
For to take up her Lodging, now, now in the Grave;
So uncertain is Honour and all that we have:
By the hand of cold Death, &c.

She in the Kings absence, did Govern the Realm,
With Discreation and Wisdom, she sat at the Helm,
While her Subjects in Loyal Obedience did stand,
For a publict Blessing she was to the Land;
To our Sorrow and Grief she is snatch'd from the Throne,
And our Monarch King William, *now Governs alone.*

There's nothing but Sorrow and Grief to be seen,
Thro' the Court and the Kingdoms for loss of the Q.
Who in less than a week, was Alive, Well, and Dead;
And with her all our Joyes and our Comforts are fled:
By the hand of cold Death, &c.

O! who would have thought, when from *Flanders* he came,
And the Queen she did meet him in Triumph and Fame,
That her time was so near, yet, alas, it is so,
She is gone and hath left us in Sorrow and Woe:
By the hand of cold Death, &c.

The learned Physitian was sent for with speed
She was dangerous ill, there was never more need;
But, alas, all the Skill in the World was in vain,
For the Doctors they could not restore her again:
By the hand of cold Death, &c.

Her Soul is convey'd to the Regions of Joy,
Where there's nothing her Comfort and Peace can annoy,
It is we that are left in sad sorrowful Fears,
For the loss of a Queen in the prime of her Years;
By the hand of cold Death, &c.

For gracious King *William* let's send up our Prayers,
That the LORD would support him in all his Affairs;
That he still may be able our Laws to defend,
He has been to the Nation a Fatherly Friend;
Therefore Heaven, we hope, will establish his Throne,
In the spight of his Foes, tho' he Governs alone.

FINIS.

Lord Henry and Fair Katherine;

OR, THE

Secret Diſcovered too Late.





IN antient times, in BRITAIN's Iſle,
Lord Henry was well known:
No Knight in all the land more fam'd,
Or more deſerv'd renown.
His thoughs on honour always run
He ne'er could bow to love;
No nymph in all the land had charms
His frozen heart to move.

Among the nymphs ~~when~~ where Kath'rine came,
The faireſt face ſhe ſhews:
She was as bright as morning ſun
And ſweeter than the Roſe.
Altho' ſhe was of mean degree,
She daily conqueſts gains;
For ne'er a youth who her beheld,
Eſcap'd her powerful chains.

But ſoon her eyes their luſtre loſt
Her cheeks grew pale and wan,
A pining ſeiz'd her lovely form,
And cures were all in vain.
The ſickneſs was to all unknown
That did the fair one waſte;
Her time in ſighs and floods of tears,
And broken ſlumbers paſt.

Once in a dream ſhe cry'd aloud,
O Henry! I'm undone!
O cruel fate! O wretched maid!
Thy love muſt ne'er be known.
Such is the fate of woman-kind,
They muſt the truth conceal;
I'll die ten thouſand thouſand deaths,
'Ere I my love reveal.

A tender friend that watch'd the fair
To Henry hie'd away,
My Lord, ſays ſhe, we've found the cauſe
Of Kath'rine's quick decay.
She in a dream the ſecret told,
(Till now no mortal knew)
Alas! ſhe now expiring lies,
And dies for love of you.

The gen'rous Henry's ~~heart~~ ſoul was touch'd,
His heart began to flame:
Ah poor unhappy maid, he cry'd,
Yet I am not to blame.
Ah! Kath'rine, too, too modeſt maid!
Thy love I never knew;
I'll eaſe your pain—And ſwift as wind,
To her bed-ſide he flew.
Awake! awake! he fondly ſaid,
Awake! awake! my dear,
If I had only gueſs'd your love,
You had not ſhed a tear.
'Tis Henry calls, complain no more,
Renew thy wonted charms;
I come to ſave thee from deſpair,
And take thee to my arms.
His words reviv'd the dying fair,
She rais'd her drooping head,
And gazing on the long-lov'd youth,
She ſtarted from her bed;
Around his neck her arm ſhe flung
In extacy, and cry'd,
Will you be kind? will you indeed
My love!—And ſo ſhe dy'd.

The Wanton WIFE of BATH.

Tune of, *The Flying Fame, &c.*



IN *Bath* a wanton Wife did dwell,
As *Chaucer* he doth write,
Who did in Pleaſure ſpend her Days,
In many a fond Delight.

Upon a Time ſore ſick ſhe was,
And at the length did die;
Her Soul came to *Elyzium*'s Gate,
And knock'd moſt mightily.

Then *Adam* came unto the Gate,
Who knocketh there? quoth he;
I am the Wife of Bath, ſhe ſaid,
And fain would come to thee.

Thou art a Sinner, *Adam* ſaid,
And here no Place ſhall have;
Alas! for you, good Sir, ſhe ſaid,
Now gip you doating Knave.

I will come in, in Spight, ſhe ſaid,
Of all ſuch Churls as thee;
Thou art the Cauſer of our Wo,
Our Pain and Miſery.



Thou firſt broke the Commandment,
To pleaſure thine own Wife:
When *Adam* heard her tell this Tale,
He ran away for Life.

Then down came *Jacob* to the Gate,
And bids her pack to Hell;
Thou falſe Deceiver, why? quoth ſhe,
Thou ſhould'ſt be there as well.

For thou deceiveſt thy Father dear,
And thy own Brother too:
Away went *Jacob* preſently,
And made no more ado.

She knocks again with Might and Main,
And *Lot* he chides her ſtraight;
Why then, quoth ſhe, thou drunken Aſs,
Who bids thee here to wait.

With thy two Daughters thou didſt lie,
On them two Baſtards got.
And thus moſt tauntingly ſhe chaſt,
Againſt poor ſilly *Lot*.

Who knocketh there, quoth *Judith* then
With ſuch ſhrill ſounding Notes:
Alas! fine Minks, we come not here,
Quoth ſhe, for cutting Throats.

Good lack how *Judith* bluſh'd for Shame,
When ſhe heard her ſay ſo:
King *David* hearing her ſay that,
He to the Gate did go.

Quoth he, Who does knock there ſo loud,
And maketh all this Strife:
You were more kind, good Sir, ſhe ſaid,
Unto *Uriah*'s Wife.

And when thou cauſeth thy Servants,
In Battle to be ſlain;
Thou cauſeth them more Strife than I,
Who would come in ſo fain.

The Woman's mad ſaid *Solomon*,
That thus doth taunt a King;
Not half ſo bad as you ſhe ſaid,
I know in many a Thing.

Thou hadſt ſeven hundred Wives at once,
For whom thou didſt provide;
For all this, three hundred Whores
Thou did maintain beſide.

And thoſe made thee forget thy God,
And worſhip Stocks and Stones;
Beſides the Charge they put thee to,
In breeding of young Bones.

Hadſt thou not been out of thy Wits,
Thou wouldſt not have ventur'd,
And therefore I do marvel much,
How you this Place have enter'd.

I never heard, quoth *Jonas* then,
So vile a Scold as this:
Thou art not without Faults, quoth ſhe,
Thou'ſt likewiſe done amiſs.

I think quoth *Thomas*, Woman's Tongues,
Of Aſpen Leaves are made;
Thou unbelieving Saint, quoth ſhe,
All is not true that's ſaid.

When *Mary Magdalen* heard then,
She came unto the Gate:
Quoth ſhe, Good Woman, you muſt think,
Upon your former State.

No Sinner enters in this Place,
Quoth *Mary Magdalen*,
'Tis well for you then, fair Miſtreſs,
She anſwered her again.

You for your Honeſty, quoth ſhe,
Sould once been ſton'd to Death,
Had not our Saviour Chriſt come by,
And writ it on the Earth.

It was your Occupation,
You are become divine:
I hope my Soul in Chriſt's Paſſion,
Shall be as ſafe as thine.

Then roſe up the good Apoſtle *Paul*,
Unto this Wife he ſaid,
Except thou ſhake thy Sins away,
Thou here ſhalt be deny'd.

Remember, *Paul*, what thou haſt done,
All through a wild Deſire,
How thou didſt perſecute the Church,
With Wrath as hot as Fire.

Then up roſe *Peter* at the laſt,
And to the Gate he hies;
Sinner, quoth he, knock not ſo faſt,
Thou wearieſt us with Cries.

Peter, ſaid ſhe, content thyſelf,
For Mercy may be won,
I never did deny the Faith,
As thou thyſelf has done.

When as our Saviour then heard this
With Heavenly Angels bright,
He comes unto this ſinful Soul
Who trembles at his ſight.

Of him for Mercy ſhe did cry,
Quoth he thou haſt refuſed
My proffer'd Grace, and Mercy both,
And much my Name abuſed.

Sore have I ſinned, O Lord! ſaid ſhe,
And ſpent my Time in vain;
But bring me like a wander'd Sheep,
Unto thy Flock again.

O Lord my God, I will forſake,
My former wicked Vice:
The Thief, when he had ſaid theſe Words,
Paſs'd into Paradiſe.

My Laws and my Commandments,
Saith Chriſt, were known to thee;
But of the ſame no Notice took,
As I did plainly ſee.

Do thou forgive me now, quoth ſhe,
Moſt lewdly I did live;
But yet the loving Father did
His wicked Son forgive.

I will forgive thy Soul, ſaid he,
For thy repenting Cry,
So come enter into my Reſt,
For I'll not thee deny.

The CRUEL KNIGHT,

And the Fortunate Farmer's Daughter.

PART I.

IN famous York city a farmer did dwell,
Who was belov'd by his neighbours well,
He had a wife that was virtuous and fair,
And by her he had a young child every year.
In seven years six children he had,
Which made their parents hearts full glad,
But in short time, as we do hear say,
This farmer in wealth and stock did decay.
Altho' at once he had riches store,
In a little time he grew very poor.
He strove all he could, but alas! could not thrive.
Nor hardly could keep his children alive.
For children came faster than silver or gold,
And his wife conceived again, we are told,
And when the time came, in hard labour she fell;
But if you will mind, an odd story I'll tell.
A noble rich knight by chance did ride by,
And hearing this woman shriek and cry,
He being well learn'd in the planets and signs,
Did look in the book, which puzzled his mind.
For the more he did look, the more he did read,
And found that the fate the child had decreed,
Who was in that house, that same tide,
He found that it was she that must be his bride.
But judge how the knight was disturbed in mind,
When he in that book his fortune did find,
He quickly rode home, and was sorely oppress,
From that sad moment he could take no rest,
At night he did tumble and toss in his bed,
And very strange projects came into his head,
Then he was resolved, and soon try'd indeed.
To alter the fortune he found was decreed.
With a vexing heart next morning he rose,
And so to the house of the farmer he goes;
And asked the man with a heart full of spite,
If the child was alive that was born the last night.
Worthy sir said the farmer, altho' I am poor,
I had one born last night, and six before:
Four sons and three daughters I now have alive,
They are in good health and are likely to thrive.
The knight reply'd, if that seven you have,
Let me have the youngest, I'll keep it most brave,
For you very well one daughter may spare,
And when I die I'll make her my heir,
For I am a knight of a noble degree,
And if you will part with the child unto me,
Full three thousand pounds I'll unto thee give,
When I from your hand your daughter receive.
The father and mother with tears in their eyes,
Did hear this kind offer, and were in surprize;
And seeing the knight was so noble and gay,
Presented the Infant unto him that day.
But they spoke to him with words most mild,
We beseech thee, good sir, be kind to our child;
You need not fear, the knight he did say,
For I will maintain her both gallant and gay.
So with this sweet babe away he did ride,
Until he came to a broad river's side;
Being cruelly bent, he resolved indeed,
To drown the young Infant that day with speed.
Saying, if you live you must be my wife,
But I am resolved to bereave you of life:
For 'till you are dead I no comfort can have,
Therefore you shall lie in a watery grave.
In saying of this, that moment, they say,
He flung the babe into the river straitway,
And being well pleas'd, when this he had done,
He leapt on his horse, and strait he rode home,
But mind how good fortune on her did provide,
She was drove safe on her back by the tide,
Where a man was fishing, as fortune would have,
When she was a floating along with the waves.
He took her up, and was in amaze,
He kiss'd her and press'd her, and on her did gaze,
And he having ne'er a child in his life,
He strait did carry her home to his wife.
His wife was pleased the child to see,
And said, my dear husband, be ruled by me,
Since we have no child, if you'll let me alone,
We will keep this, and call it our own.
The good man consented, as we have been told,
And spared for neither silver nor gold,
Until she was eleven full years,
And then her sweet beauty began to appear,

PART II.

THE fisherman was one day at an inn,
And several gentlemen drinking with him,
His wife sent this girl to call her husband home,
But when she into the drinking room came.
The gentlemen there were amazed to see,
The fisherman's daughter so full of beauty,
They asked him then, if she was his own?
And he told them the story before he went home.
As I was a fishing within my own bound,
One Monday morning, this sweet babe I found,
Or else she had lain in a watery grave,
And this was the account which now he gave.
The cruel knight was in the company,
And hearing the fisherman tell this story,
He was vex'd at the heart to see her alive,
And how to destroy her he again did contrive.
Then spoke the knight, and unto him said,
If you will but part with this sweet maid,
I'll give you whatever your heart can devise,
For she in time to great riches may rise.
The fisherman answer'd with a modest grace,
I cannot, unless my dear wife were in place,
Get first her consent, you shall have mine of me,
And then to go with you, sir, she is free.
The wife she did also as freely consent.
But little they thought of his evil intent:
He kept her a month most gallant they say,
And then he contrived to make her away.

He had a great brother in fair Lancashire,
A noble rich man, worth ten thousands a year,
And he sent this girl unto him with speed,
In hopes he would act a most cruel deed.
He sent a man with her likewise, they say,
But as they did lodge at an Inn on the way,
A thief in the house, with an evil intent,
To rob the portmanteau immediately went.
But the thief was amazed, when he could not find,
Either silver or gold, or ought to his mind;
But only a letter, the which he did read.
And soon put an end to this tragical deed,
The knight had wrote to his brother that day,
To make the poor innocent damsel away
With sword or with poison; that very same night,
And not let her live till the morning light.
The thief read the letter, and had so much grace,
To tear it, and wrote in the very same place,
Dear brother receive this maiden from me,
And bring her up well, as a maiden should be.
Let her be esteem'd, dear brother, I pray,
Let servants attend her by night and by day.
For she is a lady of noble worth,
A nobler lady ne'er liv'd in the North,
Let her have good learning, dear brother I pray.
And for the same I will sufficiently pay,
And so loving brother this letter I send,
Subscribing myself your dear brother and friend.
The servant and maid were still innocent,
And onward their journey next day they went,
Before sun set to the knight's house they came,
Where the servant left her and came home again.
The girl was attended most nobly indeed,
With men and maids servants to serve her with speed,
Where she did continue a twelvemonth's space,
Till this cruel knight came to this place,
As he and his brother together did talk,
He spy'd the young maid in the garden to walk;
She looked most beautiful, pleasant and gay,
Like to sweet Aurora the goddess of May.
He was in a passion when he did her spy,
And said most angry, Why brother why,
Did not you do as in the letter I writ?
His brother reply'd, it is done every bit.
No, no, said the knight it is not so I see,
Therefore she shall back again go with me,
But his brother shew'd him the letter that day,
Then he was amazed but nothing did say.

PART. III.

SOON after, the knight took this maiden away,
And with her did ride 'till they came to the sea,
Then looking upon her, with anger and spite.
He spoke to this maiden, and bid her alight.
The maid from the horse immediately went,
And trembling to think what was his intent,
Ne'er tremble said he, for this hour's your last,
So pull off your cloaths, I command you in haste.
This virgin with tears on her knees did reply,
Oh! what have I done, sir, that now I must die!
Oh! let me but know how I do offend,
I'll study each hour to make you amends.
Oh! spare my life, and I'll wander the earth,
And never come near you while I have breath,
He hearing the pitiful moan she did make,
Strait from his finger a ring did take.
And then to this maiden these words he did say.
This ring in the water I'll now throw away.
Pray look on it well, for the posey is plain,
That you, when you see it may know it again.
I charge you for life, never come in my sight,
For if you do I shall owe you a spight,
Unless you do bring the same unto me,
With that, he let the ring drop in the sea.
Which when he had done, away he did go,
And left her to wander in sorrow and woe,
She rambled all night, and at length did espy.
A homely poor cottage, and to it did hie.
Being hungry and cold, and her heart full of grief
She went to this cottage to ask some relief,
The people reliev'd her, and the next day,
They got her a service, as I do hear say.
At a nobleman's house not far from the place,
Where she did behave with a modest grace,
She was a cook maid and forgot all times past,
But observe a wonder that comes at last.

PART. IV.

AS she a fish dinner was dressing one day
And open'd the head of a cod, as they say,
She found such a ring, and was in amaze,
And she in great wonder upon it did gaze.
And viewing it well, she found it to be,
The very same ring the knight dropt in the sea,
She smil'd when she saw it, and blest her kind fates.
But did to no creature the secret relate.
This maid in her place did all maidens excel,
That the lady took notice, and lik'd her so well,
Saying, she was born of some noble degree,
And took her for her companion to be.
This hard hearted knight to this palace came,
A little time after with persons of fame;
But was struck to the soul when he did behold,
This beautiful creature in trappings of gold
Then he ask'd the lady to grant him a boon,
And said it was to walk with that virgin alone,
The lady consent d, telling the young maid,
By him she need not fear to be betray'd.
When he first met her, thou strumpet, said he,
Did not I charge thee never more to see me?
Thi hour's your last, to the world bid good night.
For being so bold to appear in my sight.
Said she, in the sea, sir, you flung your ring,
And bid me not see you, unless I did bring,
The same unto you: now I have it, cries she,
Behold! tis the same you flung in the sea.
When the knight say it he flew to her arms,
He kiss'd her and said, thou hast a million of charms
Said he, Charming creature, pray pardon me,
Who often contrived the ruin of thee,
Tis in vain to alter what fate has decreed,
For I find you are born my wife for to be,
Then wedded they were, as I do hear say,
And now she's a lady both gallant and gay.
They quickly unto her parents did haste,
Where the knight told the story of what had past;
But asked their pardon upon his bare knee,
Who gave it, and rejoiced their daughter to see.
Then they for the fisherman and his wife sent,
And for their past troubles did them content,
So their was great joy unto all that did see,
The farmer's young daughter a lady to be.

London: Printed and Sold in Stonecutter-Street, Fleet-Market.

The *GOSPORT* Tragedy:
Or, The Perjured Ship-Carpenter.

Tune, PEGGY's gone over Sea.



IN Goſport of late there a damſel did dwell,
For wit and for beauty did many excel;
A young man did court her to be his dear,
And he by his trade was a ſhip-carpenter.
He ſaid, Oh! dear Molly, if you will agree,
And will conſeut to marry me;
My love you will eaſe me of ſorrow and care,
If you will but wed a ſhip-carpenter.
With bluſhes more charming than roſes in June.
She anſwer'd ſweet William, To wed I'm too young.
Young men are ſo fickle I ſee very plain,
If a maid is not coy they will her diſdain.
They flatter and ſwear their charms they adore,
When gain'd their conſent, they care for no more;
The handſomeſt creature that ever was born,
When man has enjoy'd, he will hold in ſcorn.
My charming Molly what makes you ſay ſo?
Thy beauty's the haven to which I would go.
So into that country I chance for to ſteer
There will caſt anchor, and ſtay with my dear

I ne'er ſhall be cloy'd with the charme of me love,
My love is as true as the turtle-dove;
And all I crave is to wed with my dear,
And when thou art mine no danger I fear.
The life of a virgin, ſweet William, I prize,
For marriage brings ſorrows and troubles likewiſe;
I am loath to venture, and therefore forbear
For I will not wed a ſhip-carpenter.
For in the time of war to the ſea you muſt go,
And leave wife and children in ſorrow and woe?
The ſeas they are perilous, therefore forbear,
For I will not wed with a ſhip-carpenter.
But yet all in vain, ſhe his ſuit did deny,
Though he ſtill did Preſs her to make her comply;
At length with his cunning he did her betray,
And to lewd deſire he led her away.
But when with child this young woman were,
The tydings ſhe inſtantly ſent to her dear;
And by the good Heaven he ſwore to be true.
Saying, I will wed no other but you.

They paſſedon till at length we hear,
The king wants ſailors, to ſee he repairs,
Which grieved the damſel unto the heart.
To think ſhe ſo ſoon with a lover muſt part.
She ſaid, my dear William 'ere thou go'ſt to ſea,
Remember the vows that thou madeſt to me;
But if you forſake me I never ſhall reſt,
Oh! why doſt thou leave me with ſorrow oppreſt?
Then with kind embraces to her he did ſay,
I'll wed thee, dear Molly, 'ere I go away;
And if to-morrow to me thou doſt come,
A licence I'll buy, and it ſhall be done.
So with kind embraces he parted that night,
She went to meet him in the morning light;
He ſaid dear charmer thou muſt go with me,
Before we are wedded, a friend to ſee.
He led her through valleys and groves ſo deep,
At length this maiden began for to weep;
Saying, William, I fancy thou lead'ſt me aſtray,
On purpoſe my innocent life to betray.
He ſaid that is true, and none you can ſave,
For I all this night have been digging a grave;
Poor innocent ſoul, when ſhe heard him ſay ſo,
Her eyes like a fountain began for to flow.
O perjur'd creature, the worſt of all men,
Heavens reward thee when I'm dead and gone:
O pity the infant, and ſpare my life,
Let me go diſtreſs'd if I'm not thy wife.
Her hands white as lillies in ſorrow ſhe wrung,
Beſeeching for mercy, ſaying, what have I done
To you my dear William, what makes you ſevere?
For to murder one that loves you ſo dear.
And ſaid here's no time diſputing to ſtand,
And inſtantly taking the knife in his hand;
He pierced her body till the blood it did flow,
Then into the grave her body did throw.
He cover'd her body, then home he did run,
Leaving none but birds her death to mourn;
On board the Bedford he enter'd ſtraitway,
Which lay at Portſmouth out bound for the ſea.
For carpenter's mate he was enter'd we hear,
Fitted for his voyage away he did ſteer;
But as in his cabbin one night he did lie,
The voice of his ſweetheart he heard to cry.
O perjur'd villain, awake now and hear,
The voice of your love, that lov'd you ſo dear;
This ſhip out of Portſmouth never ſhall go,
Till I am revenged for this overthrow.

She afterward vaniſhed with ſhrieks and cries,
Flaſhes of lightning did dart from her eyes;
Which put the ſhips crew into great fear,
None ſaw the ghoſt, but the voice they did hear.
Charles Stuart, a man of courage ſo bold,
One night was going into the Hold:
A beautiful creature to him did appear,
And ſhe in her armes had a daughter moſt fair.
The charms of this ſo glorious a face,
Being merry in drink, he goes to embrace:
But to his ſurprize it vaniſh'd away,
So he went to the captain without more delay.
And told him the ſtory, which when he did hear,
The captain ſaid, ſome of my men I do fear
Have done ſome murder, and if it be ſo,
Our ſhip in great danger to the ſea muſt go.
One at a time then his merry men all,
Into his cabbin he did ſtrait call;
And ſaid, my lads the news I do hear
Doth much ſurprize me with ſorrow and fear
This ghoſt which appear'd in the dead of the night
Which all my ſeaman ſo ſadly did fright;
I fear has been wrong'd by ſome of my crew,
And therefore the perſon I fain would know.
Then William affrighted did tremble with fear
And began by the powers above to ſwear;
He nothing at all of the matter did know,
But as from the captain he went to go.
Unto his ſurprize his true love did ſee,
With that he immediately fell on his knee:
And ſaid, here's my true love, where ſhall I run?
O ſave me, or elſe I am ſurely undone.
Now he the murder confeſſed out of hand,
And ſaid, before me my Molly doth ſtand,
Sweet injur'd ghoſt thy pardon I crave.
And ſoon I will ſeek thee in the ſilent grave.
No one but this wretch did ſee this ſad ſight,
Then raving diſtracted he dy'd in the night:
As ſoon as her parents theſe tydings did hear
They ſought for the body of their daughter dear.
Near a place call'd Southampton in a valley deep
The body was found, while many did weep
At the fall of the damſel and her daughter dear,
In Goſport church they bury'd her there.
I hope that this may be a warning to all,
Young men how innocent maids they enthral:
Young men be conſtant and true to your love,
Then a bleſſing indeed will attend you above.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow Church-Yard, London.

THE GAN

OR THE NINE WORTHIES AND CHAMPIO

LAMBERT, &c.

To the Tune of ROBIN HOOD

IT was at the Birth of a Winters morn,
With a Hey down down a down down,
Before the Crow had piſt,
That nine *Hero's* in ſcorn
Of a Parliament forlorn,
Walk'd out with Sword in fiſt.

Johnne Lambert was Firſt, a dapper Squire,
With a Hey down, &c.
A mickler man of might
was ne're in *York-ſhire*;
And he did conſpire
With *Vane* Sir *Harry* a Knight.

Desborow next, a goodlier ſwain,
With a Hey down, &c.
An *Eaſter* Sun nere ſee;
He drove on amain
Without any brain,
Such a jolthead knave was he.

Kelſey was a brave button-maker,
With a Hey down, &c.
As ever ſetmould upon ſcewer;
And this wiſe-Aker
Was a great pains taker,
T'make *Lamberts* Noſe look blewer.

The Devout and Holy Major *Creed*,
With a Hey down, &c.
I known't of what Faith or Sect,
Had mounted a Steed,
And vow'd he would bleed
'Fore *Lambert* ſhould be checkt.

Duckenfield (Steel was nere ſo true,)
With a Hey down, &c.
And as wiſe as ere was *Toby*
Lay in the Purlew,
The Cock-pit Avenue,
To hinder the Speakers *Go-by*.

A man of Stomack in the next Deal,
With a Hey down, &c.
Was hungry Colonel *Cobbet*,
He would eat at a Meale,
A whole Commonweale,
And make a Joint but a Gobbet.

The following Champion is *Barrow*,
With a Hey down, &c.
An Ominous name for a Swine-Herd,
He flew like an Arrow,
Thither, whence Lord *Harry*
But durſt not draw his Whinyeard.

Room for *Packer* a toyling Ditcher,
With a Hey down, &c.
He had ſet his Spade on edge,
He hop't to be Richer
By being a *Britcher*
And *Lambert* his Stake in the hedge.

For Nobilities ſake we may not forget,
With a Hey down, &c.
That Valiant *Mars* his true Son,
His Cobling Feat,
Lack't a Parliament Seat
That Marks-man one eyed *Hewſon*.

Theſe being aſſided with Red Coat & Creepers,
With a Hey down, &c.
After a ſhort Diſpute
The Liberty *Keepers*,
Were made boo-peepers
And the Speaker ſtrucken Mute.

But well ſaid Sir *Arthur*, what time of the day?
With a Hey down, &c.
The Parliament's now in their Prime
They ſtand at a *Bay*,
And have miſt their *Prey*
And Cowardly curſe the time,

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The ſecond Part.

NOw *Johnne* is gone to the *North* Country.
With a Hey down, &c.
And glad he is to Retire,
He crys *Cramme O Cree*,
Have mercy on me
My tail is ſet a Fire,

And *Desborough* gotten into his Farm.
With a Hey down, &c.
Untill they doe him need
'Meant the Houſe no harm,
But took it for a *Barn*
His *Lord* & he's not agreed.

London, Printed for *Charls Guſtavus*.

G

IONS,

ey is praying for the Dole,
With a Hey down, &c.
the Hoſpital thats *Suttons*
He is out of the Roll,
And hath ne're a Loap-Hole
d now his Arſe maks Buttons.

d *Creed* will now believe Sir *Arthur*,
With a Hey down, &c.
s Steed is Chop't for a Jade
He will be a Carter,
Before a Martyr,
d is turned *Renegade*.

ckenfeld's in a pitiful Caſe,
With a Hey down, &c.
e Speakers Horſes and Coach,
Were at ſtake with the Mace,
And he's thrown Aums Ace
burn owes him a reproach.

being too greedy Colonel *Cobbet*,
With a Hey down, &c.
s got a Bone in his throat
He hath ſighed and ſobbed
And grievouſly throbbed,
t it will not help the choak.

ay take your turn too Mr. *Barrow*,
With a Hey down, &c.
hat think you of your Plot?
Your Sow would not Farrow,
The Hang-mans Harrow
at Hurdle will be your Lot.

e him up *DUN*, 'tis Goodman *Packer*,
With a Hey down, &c.
at would ſet up another Noſe
Had he been a Backer
As Colonel *Hacker*,
ad liv'd in ſpight of his Foes.

wſon's Companions as ſcabby as Coots,
With a Hey down down a down down.
ve infected him with the mange,
They have piſt in his boots,
He muſt cry roots,
d *TURN OUT* to Turnup muſt change.

JOHNNY ARMSTRONG's laſt Goodnight,

Declaring how he and his Eight-ſcore Men, fought a bloody Battle with the *Scotliſh* King at *Edingburgh*.



IS there never a man in all Scotland,
From the higheſt eſtate, to the loweſt degree,
That can ſhew himſelf before the King,
Scotland is ſo full of treachery?
Yes, there is a man in Weſtmoreland,
Johnny Armſtrong they do him call,
He hath no lands, nor rents coming in,
Yet he keeps eightſcore men within his hall.
He has horſe and harneſs for them all,
With goodly ſteeds that are milk white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.
The King he writes a loving letter,
And with his own hand ſo tenderly,
And hath ſent it unto Johnny Armſtrong,
To come and ſpeak with him ſpeedily;
When Johnny look'd the letter upon,
Good faith, he look'd as blith as a bird on a tree,
I never was before a King in my life,
My father, grandfather, nor none of us three.
But ſeeing we muſt go before the King,
Lord, we will go moſt gallantly.
Ye ſhall every one have a velvet coat,
Laid down with golden laces three,
And ye ſhall have every one a ſcarlet cloak,
Laid down with ſilver lace fine,
With your golden belts about your necks,
With hat's and feathers all alike.
But when Johnny went from Guiltnock-Hall,
The wind blew hard, and full faſt it did rain,
Now fare thee well thou Guiltnock-Hall,
I fear I ſhall never ſee thee again.
Now Johnny is to Edinburgh gone,
With his eightſcore men ſo gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk white ſteed,
Their ſwords and bucklers hanging at their knees,
But when Johnny came the King before,
With his eightſcore men ſo gallant to ſee,
The King mov'd his bonnet to him,
He thought he had been a King as well as he,
O! pardon, O! pardon, my ſovereign liege,
A pardon for my eightſcore men and me;
For my name it is Johnny Armſtrong,
A ſubject of yours, my liege ſaid he.
Away with thee, thou falſe traitor,
No pardon I'll grant to thee,
But to morrow morning by eight of the clock,
I will hang up thy eightſcore men and thee.
Then Johnny look'd over his left ſhoulder,
And to his merry men, thus ſaid he,
I have ask'd grace of a graceleſs face,
No pardon there is for you or me.
Then Johnny pull'd out his nut brown ſword,
And it was made of metal free,
Had not the king mov'd his foot as he did,
Johnny had taken his head from his fair body.
Come follow me, my merry men all,
We will ſcorn one foot for to fly,
It ſhall ne'er be ſaid we were hanged like dogs,
We will fight it out manfully.
Then they fought on like champions bold,
For their hearts were ſturdy, ſtout, and free,
'Till they had kill'd all the King's good guards;
There were none left, but two or three.
But then roſe up all Edinburgh,
They roſe up by thouſands three,
A cowardly ſcot came Johnny behind,
And run him through the fair body.
Said Johnny fight on my merry men all,
I am a little wounded but am not ſlain,
I will lay me down to bleed a while,
And riſe and fight with you again.
Then they fought on like mad men all,
'Till many a man lay dead on the plain;
For they were reſolv'd before they would yield,
Every man ſhould there be ſlain
So there thy fought on moſt couragiouſly
'Till moſt of them lay dead there, and ſlain.
But little Muſgrave, that was his foot page,
With his bonny grizzel got away unta'en.
But when he came to Guiltnock Hall,
The lady ſpy'd him preſently,
What news? what news? thou little foot page,
What news from thy maſter and his company?
My news is bad Lady he ſaid,
Which I do bring, as you may ſee:
My maſter, Johnny Armſtrong, is ſlain,
And all his gallant company.
But thou art welcome home my bonny Grizzel,
Full oft has thou been fed with corn and hay,
But now thou ſhalt be fed with bread and wine,
Thy ſides ſhall be ſpurr'd no more I ſay.
O then beſpoke his little ſon,
As he ſat on his nurſe's knee,
If ever I come to be a man,
My father's death reveng'd ſhall be.

A pleaſant New BALLAD of *TOBIAS*:

Wherein is ſhewed what wonderful Things happen'd to him in his Youth; and how he wedded young Damſel that had ſeven Husbands, but never enjoyed their Company, being all ſlain by an evil Spirit.



IN *Nineve* old *Toby* dwelt,
An aged Man, and blind was he,
And much Affliction he had felt,
Which brought him into Miſery.
He had by *Anne* his true Wife,
One only Son and eke no more,
Which was the Comfort of his Life,
And he by him did ſet great Store.
He brought him up ſo virtuouſly,
In true Obedience and Awe,
That every Day he did apply
To fear the Lord and keep his Law.
Upon a Time it came to paſs,
He call'd his Son to him with Speed,
And thus to him theſe Words did frame,
My Son, quoth he, thou know'ſt my Need.
Thou muſt unto *Gabeal* go,
To *Raguel*'s Houſe in *Media* Land,
For I did lend him long ago,
Ten Talents on his only Bond.
My Father dear, *Tobias* ſaid,
At your Command ſtraight will I go,
How ſhall I get the Money paid,
Seeing the Man I ne'er did know.
Take thou the Writings here with thee,
Which are ſufficient to be ſeen,
And get a Guide to go with thee,
Since thou the Way haſt never been.
A Guide *Tobias* ſoon had got,
An Angel in the Shape of Man;
Which Things he did not know, God wot,
The Lord had it appointed then.
Tobias with his bleſſed Guide,
Went on his Journey thus with Speed,
Until they came to *Tygris* Side,
At the fair Flood they did abide.

Tobias would go waſh him there,
By Reaſon of the Summer's Heat,
A mighty Fiſh put him in Fear,
Which leap'd out of the Waters deep.
Take up the Fiſh, the Angel ſaid,
And keep the Liver, Heart and Gall,
To do the ſame be not afraid,
Great Cures there ſhall be done withal.
When this was done away they went,
And coming near their Journey's End,
We'll lodge to Night, the Angel ſaid,
With *Raguel* thy Father's Friend.
He hath a Daughter fair of Face,
And alſo of a virtuous Life.
And when we come unto that Place,
I'll ſpeak that ſhe may be thy Wife.
Why, *Azarias* then, quoth he,
(For ſo they did the Angel call)
I wiſh ſhe be no Wife for me,
Swift Death doth all her Lovers fall.
Seven Men to her hath married been,
Which in her Love did take Delight,
When in her Bed-chamber they'd been,
They did not live out Half the Night.
A wicked Spirit loves her ſo,
He will not ſuffer any Man,
With her into the Bed to go,
But works his Death do all they can.
The Angel ſaid, good Courage take,
For ſo it ſhall not be with thee,
For ſuch Perfumes I will thee make,
The wicked Spirit away ſhall flee.
To *Raguel*'s Home away they run,
Where *Sarah* met them fair and bright,
And after Salutations done,
She brought them to her Father's Sight





Great Chear there was, and down they ſet,
And all for young *Tobias'* Sake,
And after long and pleaſant Chat,
Betwixt them two a Match they make.
By *Moſes* Law they married were,
The Bride's Chamber prepar'd likewiſe,
But when *Tobias* came in there,
The Tears ran down from *Sarah*'s Eyes.
A Pan of Coals he brought with him,
The Fiſh's Heart and Liver there,
Within the Fire he did caſt in,
Which caſt a Flavour every where.
And by that ſweet and pleaſant Smell,
The wicked Spirit was diſplac'd,
Within that Room he could not dwell,
Whence out away he went in Haſte.
In Bed they laid the beauteous Bride,
Their Chamber-door was ſhut therefore,
Young *Toby* lying by her Side,
Whom they did think to ſee no more.
And therefore *Raguel* in the Night,
For him before had made a Grave,
And to his Wife he wept and ſaid,
There is no Means his Life to ſave.
One of the Maidens ſend, quoth he,
To ſee how all the Matter ſtands,
And if ſo be, that he be dead,
He ſhall be buried by my Hands.
This Maiden joyful News did bring,
Tobias is alive, quoth ſhe;
When *Raguel* heard of this Thing,
He did rejoice exceedingly.
For Joy he made a ſolemn Feaſt,
The Bridal fourteen Days they kept,
For there came many a friendly Gueſt;
In Sorrow now no more they ſlept.

Azarias went ſtraightway,
Unto a Feaſt which *Raguel* bought,
Rejoicing at his Marriage-Day,
And paid the Money that he ought.
But yet old *Toby* and his Wife,
Did all the while in Sorrow dwell;
They thought their Son had loſt his Life,
And nothing could their Grief expel.
His aged Mother every Day
Did watch upon the High-way Side,
And for his Farewel oft did pray,
No Meat nor Drink ſhe could abide,
But when the Wedding ended was,
Young *Toby* with his lovely Bride.
To *Nineve* did homewards paſs,
With Goods and Chattles by his Side.
But *Toby* and his Angel bright,
Before his Wife made Haſte to go,
For to prepare all Things aright,
His lovely Bride to welcome Home.
His Mother watching in the Way,
Full ſoon eſpy'd her tender Son,
Rejoicing at that happy Day,
She told her Husband he was come.
Whereat old *Toby* tumbled out,
For he was blind and could not ſee,
Young *Toby* with the Fiſh's Gall,
Rubb'd both his Eyes immediately,
Whereat the Whiteneſs of his Eyes,
Incontinent did fall out quite,
So that before he did ariſe,
He had again his perfect Sight.
Great Joy there was, and down they ſat,
Young *Toby* told his Father dear,
Who went to meet his lovely Bride,
With Joy and Mirth that was ſincere.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne: Printed and Sold JOHN WHITE.

The LIFE and DEATH of the Famous

THOMAS STUKELY,

An *Engliſh* Gallant in the Time of Queen *Elizabeth*, who ended his Life in a Battle of three Kings of *Barbary*.

Tune of, *King* Henry's *going to* Bulogne.



IN the Weſt of *England*,
Born there was I underſtand,
A famous Gallan: was he in his Days;
By Birth, a wealthy Clothier's Son,
Deeds of Wonders he hath done,
To purchaſe him long and laſting Praiſe.

If I ſhould tell this Story,
Pride was all his Glory,
And *Luſty Stukely*, he was call'd in Court:
He ſerv'd a Biſhop in the Weſt,
And did accompany the Beſt,
Maintaining of himſelf in gallant Sort.

Being thus eſteemed,
And every-where well deemed,
He gain'd the Favour of a *London* Dame,
Daughter to an Alderman,
Curtis ſhe was called then;
To whom a Suitor gallantly he came.

When ſhe his Perſon 'ſpied,
He could not be denied,
So brave a Gentleman he was to ſee;
She was quickly made his Wife,
In weal or woe to lead her Life,
Her Father willing, thereto did agree.

Thus in State and Pleaſure,
Full many Days they meaſure,
Till cruel Death with his regardleſs Spight,
Bore old *Curtis* to the Grave,
A thing that *Stukely* wiſh'd to have,
That he might revel all in Gold ſo bright.

He was no ſooner tombed,
But *Stukley* he preſumed
To ſpend one hundred Pound a Day in waſte:
The greateſt Gallants in the Land,
Had *Stukely*'s Purſe at their command,
Thus merrily the Time away he paſt.

Taverns and Ordinaries,
Were his chiefeſt Braveries,
Golden Angels there flew up and down;
Riots were his beſt Delight,
With ſtately feaſting Day and Night,
In Court and City thus he won renown.

Thus waſting Lands and Living,
By this lawleſs giving;
At length he ſold the Pavements of the Yard,
Which cover'd were with Blocks of Tin,
Old *Curtis* left the ſame to him,
Which he conſumed lately as you've heard.

Whereat his Wife ſore grieved,
Deſiring to be relieved:
Make much of me, dear Husband, ſhe did ſay.
I'll make much more of thee, ſaid he,
Than any one ſhall verily,
I'll ſell thy Cloaths, and ſo I'll go my way.

Cruelly thus hard hearted,
Away from her he parted,
And travelled into *Italy* with ſpeed:
There he flouriſh'd many a Day
In his Silks and rich Array,
And did the Pleaſures of a Lady feed.

It was the Lady's Pleaſure,
To give him Goods and Treaſure,
For to maintain him in great Pomp and Fame:
At laſt came News aſſuredly,
Of a fought Battle in *Barbary*,
And he would valiantly go ſee the ſame.

Many a noble Gallant,
Sold both Land and Talent
To follow *Stukely* in his famous Fight:
Whereas three Kings in Perſon would
Adventurouſly with Courage bold,
Within this Battle ſhew themſelves in Fight.

Stukely, and his Followers all
Of the King of *Portugal*,
Had Entertainment like to Gentlemen:
The King affected *Stukely* ſo,
That he his Secrets all did know,
And bore his Royal Standard now and then.

Upon this Day of Honour,
Each Man did ſhew his Banner,
Morocco and the King of *Barbary*;
Portugal and all his Train,
Bravely glittering on the Plain,
And gave the Onſet there moſt valiantly.

The Cannons they rebounded,
Thundering Guns reſounded,
Kill, kill, then was all the Soldiers cry:
Mangled Men lay on the Ground,
And with Blood the Earth was drown'd,
The Sun likewiſe was darken'd in the Sky.

Heaven was ſo diſpleaſed,
And would not be appeaſed,
But Tokens of God's heavy Wrath did ſhow:
That he was angry at this War,
He ſent a fearful blazing Star,
Whereby the Kings might their Misfortunes know.

Bloody was the Slaughter,
Or rather wilful Murder,
Where ſixſcore Thouſand fighting Men were ſlain;
Three Kings within this Battle dy'd,
With forty Dukes and Earls beſide,
The like will never more be fought again.

With woful Arms infolding,
Stukely ſtood beholding
This bloody Sacrifice of Souls that Day:
He ſighing ſaid, *I woful wight,*
Againſt my Conſcience here do fight,
And brought my Followers all unto decay.

Being thus moleſted,
And with Grief oppreſſed,
Thoſe brave *Italians* that did ſell their Lands,
With *Stukely* for to travel forth,
And venture Life for little worth,
Upon him all did lay their murdering Hands.

Unto Death thus wounded,
His Heart with Sorrow ſurrounded,
And to them thus he made his heavy Moan:
Thus have I left my Country dear,
To be ſo vilely murder'd here;
E'en in this Place where I am not known.

My Wife I have much wronged,
Of what to her belonged,
I vainly ſpent in idle Courſe of Life;
What I have had is paſt I ſee,
And bringeth nought but Grief to me,
Therefore grant me Pardon gentle Wife.

Life I ſee conſumeth,
And Death I ſee preſumeth
To change this Life of mine into a new:
Yet this my greateſt Comfort brings,
I liv'd and dy'd in Love of Kings;
And ſo brave *Stukely* bids the World Adieu.

Stukely's Life thus ended,
Was after Death befriended,
And like a Soldier buried gallantly;
Where now there ſtands upon the Grave,
A ſtately Temple builded brave,
With golden Turrets piercing to the Sky.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne: Printed and Sold by JOHN WHITE.

ROMAN CHARITY.

A Worthy Example of a Virtuous WIFE, Who fed her Father with her own Milk.

He being commanded by the Emperor to be Starved to Death, but afterwards Pardoned.



IN Rome, I read a Nobleman
The Emperor did offend,
And for that fault he was adjudg'd
Unto a cruel End.
That he ſhould be in priſon caſt
With irons many a one;
And there be famiſh'd unto death,
And brought to ſkin and bone.
And more, if any one were known,
By night or yet by day,
To bring him any kind of Food
His hunger to allay;
The Emperor ſwore a mighty oath,
Without remorſe, quoth he,
They ſhall ſuſtain the cruelest death
That can deviſed be.
This cruel ſentence once pronounc'd
The Nobleman was caſt,
Into a dungeon deep and dark,
With irons fetter'd faſt;
Where when he had with hunger great
Remained ten days ſpace;
And taſted neither meat nor drink,
In a moſt woeful caſe.
The tears along his aged face,
Moſt piteouſly did fall,
And grieviouſly he did begin
For to complain:
O Lord! quoth he, what ſhall I do?
So hungry am I;
For want of bread, one bit of bread,
I periſh, ſtarve, and die.
How precious is one grain of wheat
Unto a hungry ſoul?
One cruſt or crumb, or little piece
My hunger to controul.
Had I this dungeon heap'd with gold,
I now would give it all,
To buy and purchaſe one ſmall loaf,
Yea, were it e'er ſo ſmall.
O that I had but every day
One bit of bread to eat,
Tho' ne'er ſo mouldy, black, or brown
My comfort would be great.
Yes, tho' I did take it up,
Trod down in dirt and mire,
It would be pleaſing to my taſte,
And ſweet to my deſire.
Good Lord! moſt happy is the hind,
That labours all the day:
The drudging mule, the peaſant poor
That at command do ſtay,
They have their ordinary meals,
They take no heed at all,

Of thoſe crumbs and cruſts that they
Do careleſly let fall.
How happy is the little chick,
Who without fear doth go,
And pick up thoſe precious crumbs
Which they away do throw.
O that ſome pretty ſmall mouſe,
So much my friend would be,
To bring ſome old forſaken cruſt
Into this place to me.
But O my heart it is in vain,
No ſuccour can I have;
No meat, no drink, nor water eke,
My loathed life to ſave.
O bring ſome bread for Chriſt's ſake,
Some bread, ſome bread to me;
I die, I die, for want of food,
None but ſtone walls I ſee.
Thus night and day he cry'd,
In ſuch outrageous ſort;
That all the people far and near,
were griev'd at his report.
And tho' great many Friends he had,
And daughters in the town;
Yet none durſt come to ſuccour him,
Fearing the Emperor's frown.
Yet now behold one daughter dear,
He had as we do find;
Who liv'd in his diſpleaſure great
For not wedding to his mind.
Altho' ſhe liv'd in mean eſtate,
She was a virtuous wife,
And for to help her father dear
She ventur'd thus her life.
She quickly to her ſiſter's went,
And of them did entreat,
That by ſome ſecret means they would
Convey their father meat.
Our father doth ſtarve, ſaid ſhe,
The Emperor's wrath is ſuch,
He dies, alas, for want of food,
Whereof we have too much.
Pray ſiſters, therefore uſe ſome means
His life for to preſerve:
And ſuffer not your father dear
In priſon for to ſtarve.
Alas, ſaid they, what ſhall we do
His hunger to ſuſtain,
You know 'tis death for any one
That would his life maintain;
And tho' we wiſh him well, ſaid they,
We never will agree
To ſpoil ourſelves; we had as lief
That he ſhould die as we:
And ſiſter, if you love yourſelf.
Let this attempt alone;
Tho' you do me'er ſo ſecret work,
In time it will be known.
O hath our father brought us up,
And nouriſh'd us, quoth ſhe;
And ſhall we now forſake him quite,
In his extremity?
No, I will venture life and limb,
To do my father good,
The worſt that is, I can but die,
To fit a tyrant's mood.
With that in haſte away ſhe flies,
And to the priſon goes;
But with her diſmal father dear
She might not ſpeak, God knows,
Except the Emperor would grant
Her father in that caſe;
The keeper would admit no one
To enter in that place.
Then ſhe unto the Emperor hies,
And falling on her knees,
With wringing hands and bitter cries,
Theſe words pronounced ſhe:
"My helpleſs father, ſovereign Liege,
Offending of your Grace;
Is judg'd unto a pining death,
Within a diſmal place;
Which I confeſs he has deſerv'd,
Yet mighty prince, ſays ſhe,
Vouchſafe in gracious ſort to grant
One ſimple boon to me.
It chanced ſo, I match'd myſelf
Againſt my father's mind,
Whereby I did procure his wrath,
As fortune had aſſign'd.
And ſeeing now the time is come,
He muſt reſign his breath,
Vouchſafe that I may ſpeak to him
Before the hour of death.
And reconcile myſelf to him,
His favour to obtain,
That when he dies, I may not then
Under his curſe remain.
The Emperor granted her requeſt,
Conditionally that ſhe,
Each day unto her father went,
Should thoroughly ſearched be.
No meat or drink ſhe with her brought
To help him him there diſtreſt,
But every day ſhe nouriſh'd him
With milk from her own breaſt.
Thus by her milk he was preſerv'd
A twelvemonth and a day;
And was ſo fair and fat to ſee,
Yet none could tell which way.
The Emperor muſing much thereat;
At length did underſtand,
How he was fed, and not his law
Was broke at any hand.
And much admired at the ſame,
And her great virtues ſhown,
He pardon'd him, and honour'd her
With great preferments known.
Her father ever after that
Lov'd her as his life;
And bleſt the day that ſhe was made
A virtuous loving wife.

Sold in Aldermary Churchyard, London

A Lamentable **BALLAD** of the Tragical End of

A Gallant LORD and Virtuous LADY

Together with the Untimely Death of their two Children,
Wickedly performed by a heatheniſh and blood-thirſty BLACKAMOOR, their Servant.
The like of which Cruelty and Murder was never before heard of.

To the Tune of the Lady's Fall.



IN Rome a nobleman did wed
A virgin of great fame,
fairer creature never did
Dame nature ever frame;
By whom he had two children fair,
Whoſe beauty did excel.
They were their parents only joy,
They lov'd them both ſo well.
The lord he lov'd to hunt the buck,
The tiger, and the boar,
And ſtill, for ſwiftneſs, always took
With him a blackamoor.
Which blackamoor within the wood
His lord he did offend,
For which he did him then correct,
In hopes he would amend.
The day it grew unto an end,
Then homewards he did haſte,
Where with his lady he did reſt,
Until the night was paſt.
Then in the morning he did riſe,
And did his ſervants call,
A hunting he provides to go.
And they were ready all.

To ceaſe his toil, the lady did
Intreat him not to go.
Alas! good lady, then quoth he,
Why art thou grieved ſo?
Content thyſelf, I will return
With ſpeed to thee again.
Good father, quoth the little babes,
With us here ſtill remain.
Farewel, dear children, I will go,
A fine thing for to buy;
But they therewith nothing content
Aloud began to cry.
The mother takes them by the hand,
Saying, Come, go with me
Unto the higheſt tower, where
Your father you ſhall ſee.
The blackamoor perceiving now,
Who then did ſtay behind,
His lord to be a hunting gone,
Began to call to mind,
My maſter he did me correct,
My fault not being great;
Now of his wife I'll be reveng'd,
She ſhall not me intreat.

The place was moated round about,
The bridge he up did draw,
The gates he bolted very faſt,
Of none he ſtood in awe.
He up into the tower went,
The lady being there,
Who, when ſhe ſaw his countenance grim,
She ſtrait began to fear.
But now my trembling heart it quakes,
To think what I muſt write,
My ſenſes all begin to fail,
My ſoul it doth affright;
Yet muſt I make an end of this,
Which here I have begun,
Which will make ſad the hardeſt heart,
Before that I have done.
This wretch unto the lady went,
And her with ſpeed did will,
His luſt forthwith to ſatisfy,
His revenge to fulfil.
The lady ſhe amazed was,
To hear the villain ſpeak.
Alas! quoth ſhe, what ſhall I do,
With grief my heart will break.

With that he took her in his arms,
She ſtrait for help did cry:
Content yourſelf, lady, he ſaid,
Your husband is not nigh.
The bridge is drawn, the gates are ſhut,
Therefore come lie with me,
Or elſe I do proteſt and vow
Thy butcher I will be.
The cryſtal tears run down her face,
Her children cry'd amain,
And ſought to help their mother dear,
But all it was in vain.
For that egregious filthy rogue,
Her hands behind her bound,
And then by force with all his might
He threw her on the ground.
With that ſhe ſhrieks, her children cry'd,
And ſuch a noiſe did make,
The town-folks hearing her lament,
Did ſeek their parts to take.
But all in vain, no way was found
To help this lady's need,
Who cry'd to them moſt piteouſly,
O help, O help, with ſpeed.
Some run into the foreſt wide,
Her lord home for to call,
And they that ſtood ſtill did lament
This gallant lady's fall.
With ſpeed her lord came poſting home,
He could not enter in.
His lady's cries did pierce his heart,
To call he did begin,
O hold thy hand, thou ſavage Moor,
To hurt her do forbear.
Or elſe beſure if I do live,
Wild horſes ſhall thee tear.
With that the rogue ran to the wall,
He having had his will,
And brought one child unto the wall,
His deareſt blood to ſpill.
The child ſeeing his father there,
To him for help did call;
O father, help my mother dear.
We ſhall be killed all.
Then fell the lord upon his knees,
And did the Moor intreat,
To ſave the life of his poor child,
Whoſe fear was then ſo great.
But this vile wretch, the little child
By both the heels did take,
And daſh'd his brains againſt the wall,
While parents hearts did ake:
That being done away he run,
The other child to fetch,
And pluck'd it from the mother's breaſt,
Moſt like a cruel wretch.
Within one hand a knife he brought,
The child within the other,
And holding it over the wall,
Saying, Thus die ſhall thy mother,
With that he cut the throat of it,
Then to the father he did call,
To look how he the ſame did cut:
Then down the head did fall.
This done, he threw it down the wall,
Into the mote ſo deep,
Which made the father wring his hands,
And grieveouſly to weep.
Then to the lady went this rogue,
Who was near dead with fear.
Yet this vile wretch moſt cruelly
Did drag her by the hair,
And drew her to the very wall,
Which when her lord did ſee,
Then preſently he cried out,
And fell upon his knee.
Quoth he, if thou wilt ſave her life,
Whom I do love ſo dear.
I will forgive thee all is paſt,
Though they concern me near.
O ſave her life I thee beſeech,
O ſave her, I thee pray.
And I will grant thee what thou wilt
Demand of me this day.
Well, quoth the Moor, I do regard
The moan that thou doſt make
If thou wilt grant me what I aſk,
I'll ſave her for thy ſake.
O ſave her life, and then demand
Of me what thing thou wilt.
Cut of thy noſe, and not one drop
Of her blood ſhall be ſpilt,
With that the lord preſently took
A knife within his hand,
And then his noſe he quite cut off,
In place where he did ſtand.
Now I have bought me lady's life,
Then to the Moor did call
Then take her, quoth this wicked rogue!
And down he let her fall.
Which when her gallant lord did ſee,
His ſenſes all did fail:
Yet many ſoughi to ſave his life,
Yet nothing could prevail.
When as the Moor did ſee him dead,
Then did he laugh amain
At them who for this gallant lord
And lady did complain.
Quoth he, I know you'll torture me,
If that you can me get,
But all your threats I do not fear
Nor yet regard one whit.
Wild horſes will my body tear,
I know it to be true;
But I'll prevent you of that pain,
And down himſelf he threw.
Too good a death for ſuch a wretch;
A villain void of fear.
And thus doth end as ſad a tale
As ever man did hear.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard, London.

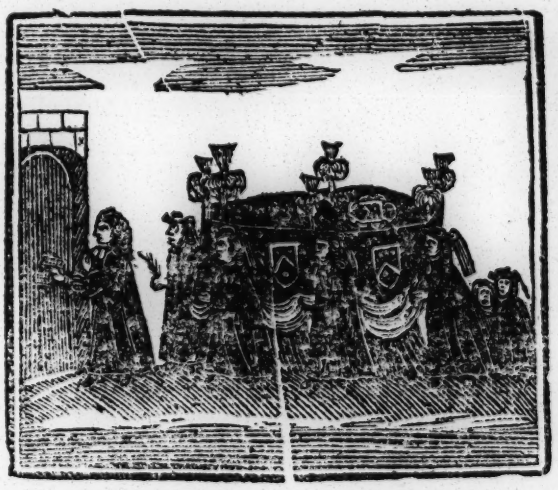
BRITISH MUSEUM

BARBARA ALLEN's Cruelty;

OR, THE

Young Man's *TRAGEDY.*





IN Scarlet Town where I was bound,
There was a fair maid dwelling;
Whom I had choſen for my own,
And her name it was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green leaves they were ſpringing
This young man on his death bed lay,
For the ſake of Barbara Allen.

He ſent his man unto her then,
To the town where ſhe was dwelling
You muſt come to my maſter dear,
If your name is Barbara Allen.

For death is printed in his face,
And ſorrows in him dwelling;
And you muſt come to my maſter dear,
If thy name is Barbara Allen.

If death be printed in his face,
And ſorrows in him dwelling;
O little better ſhall he be
For Bonny Barbary Allen.

So ſlowly ſhe came to him,
And ſo ſlowly ſhe came to him;
And all ſhe ſaid when ſhe came to him,
Young man, I think you are dying.

He turn'd his face unto her then,
If you are Barbara Allen,
My dear, ſaid he, come pity me,
As I am on my death-bed lying.

If you are on your death-bed lying,
What is that to Barbara Allen?
I cannot keep you from your death,
Then farewell Barbara Allen.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death came creeping on him,
Then adieu, adieu, adieu to you all,
And adieu to Barbara Allen.

As ſhe was walking out one day,
She heard the bells a ringing,
And they did ſeem to ring to her,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turn'd herſelf round about,
And ſaw the corpſe a coming,
Lay down, lay down, the corpſe ſaid ſhe,
That I may look upon him.

And all the while ſhe looked on,
So loudly ſhe lay laughing,
While all her friends cry'd out amain,
Unworthy Barbara Allen,

When he was dead and laid in his grave,
Then death came creeping to ſhe,
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For his death will quite undo me.

Hard-hearted creature that I was,
To ſlight one that lov'd me ſo dearly;
I wiſh I had been more kind to him,
In time of life when he was near me.

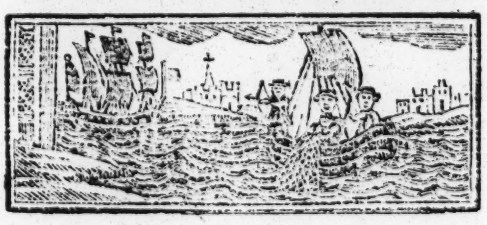
So this maid ſhe then did die,
And deſired to be buried by him;
And repented herſelf before ſhe dy'd,
That e'er ſhe did deny him.

As ſhe was lying down to die,
A ſad feud ſhe fell in;
She ſaid, I pray take warning by
Hardhearted Barbara Allen.

The Noble Fiſherman:
Or, *Robin Hood*'s Preferment.

Tune of, In Summer time.







IN Summer Time when Leaves grow green,
when they do grow both green and long,
Of a bold Outlaw call'd Robin Hood,
it is of him I ſing this Song.

When the Lilly leaf and the Cowſlip ſweet
both bud and ſpring with merry Cheer,
This Outlaw was weary of the Wood-ſide,
and a chaſing of the King's Deer.

The Fiſhermen brave more Money have,
than any Merchant two or three;
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
That I a Fiſherman may be.

This outlaw call'd his merry Men all,
as they ſat under the green wood Tree;
If any of you have Gold to ſpend,
I pray you heartily ſpend it with me.

Now, quoth Robin Hood, I'll to Scarborough go,
it ſeems to be a very fine day;
Who took up his Inn at a widow woman's houſe,
hard by the waters gray;

Who aſked him, where wert thou born,
or tell me where thou doſt ſare?

I am a poor Fiſherman ſaid he then,
this day intrapped all in care.

VVhat is thy Name, thou fine fellow?
I pray thee heartily tell to me.
In mine own Country where I was born,
men call me Simon over-the-lee.

Simon, Simon, ſaid the good wife,
I wiſh thou may'ſt well brook thy Name:
The Outlaw was 'ware of her courteſy,
and rejoyced he had got ſuch a Dame.

Simon, wilt thou be my Man?
and good round wages I'll give thee;
I have as good a Ship of my own,
as any that ſails upon the ſea:

Anchors and planks thou ſhallt want none,
Maſts and Planks that are ſo long,
And if that thou ſo furniſh me,
ſaid Simon, nothing ſhall go wrong.

They pluckt up Anchor, and away did ſail,
more of a day than two or three;
VVhen other caſt in their baited Hooks,
the bare Lines into the Sea caſt he.

It will be long, ſaid the Maſter then,
e'er this great Lubber do thrive at Sea;
He ſhall have no ſhare of our fiſh,
for in truth he is no part worthy.

O woe is me, ſaid Simon then,
This day that ever I came here!
I wiſh I were in Plumbton Park,
chaſing of the Fallow Deer.

For every clown laughs me to ſcorn,
and by me ſets nothing at all;
If I had them in Plumbton Park,
I would ſet as little by them all.

They pluck'd up Anchors and away did ſail,
more of a Day than two or three;
But Simon eſpyed! a ſhip of war,
that ſail'd towards them vigouroufly.

O woe is me, ſaid the Maſter then,
this day that ever I was born;
For all the fiſh that we have got
is every bit loſt and forlorn!

For thoſe French Robbers on the Sea,
they will not ſpare of us one man,
But carry us to the Coaſt of France,
and lay us in a Priſon ſtrong.

But Simon ſaid, do not fear them,
neither, Maſter, take you care;
Give me my bent Bow in my Hand,
and never a Frenchman will I ſpare.

Hold thy Peace, thou long Lubber,
for thou art nought but brags and boaſt;
If I ſhould caſt you over board,
there's but a ſimple lubber loſt.

Simon grew angry at theſe words,
and ſo angry then was he;
Then he took his bent bow in his hand,
and in the ſhip-hatch goeth he.

Maſter, tye me to the maſt, he ſaid,
that at my mark I may ſtand fair,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
and never a Frenchman will I ſpare.

He drew his Arrow to the Head,
and drew with might and main;
Andſtraight, in the twinkling of an Eye,
to the Frenchman's heart the Arrow gain.

The Frenchman fell down on the ſhip hatch,
and under the Hatches down below;
Another Frenchman that him eſpy'd.
the dead Corpſe into the Sea did throw.

O Maſter, looſe me from the Maſt, he ſaid,
and never a Frenchman will I ſpare
Then ſtrait they boarded the French Ship,
they lying all dead in their Sight;

They found within the Ship of war
twelve Thouſand Pounds in Money bright.
The one Half of the Ship, ſaid Simon then,
I'll give to my Dame and Children ſmall;

The other Half of my Ship I'll give
to you that are my Fellows all.
But now beſpoke the Maſter then,
for ſo, Simon, it ſhall not be,

For you have won it with your own Hands,
and the owner of it you muſt be.
It ſhall be ſo as I have ſaid,
and with this Gold for the oppreſt,
An Habitation I will build,
where they ſhall live in peace and reſt.

Printed and ſold by L. How, in Petticoat Lane.

King *EDWARD* the Fourth
AND THE
TANNER of TAMWORTH.





IN ſummer time when leaves grow green,
And birds were ſinging on the tree,
King Edward would a hunting ride,
Some paſtime for to ſee:
Our King he would a hunting ride,
By eight o'clock of the Day,
And well was he aware of a bold Tanner,
Come riding on the way:
A good ruſſet coat the Tanner had on,
Faſt buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cow hide,
And a mare of forty ſhilling.
Now ſtand you here my good Lords all,
Under this truſty tree,
And I will grant to yonder fellow,
To know from whence came he.
God ſpeed, God ſpeed, then ſaid our King,
Thou art welcome, Good Fellow, quoth he
Which is the way to Drayton Baſſet,
I pray thee ſhew to me.
The ready way to Drayton Baſſet,
From this place as thou doſt ſtand,
The next pair of gallows thou comeſt unto
Thou muſt turn upon thy right-hand.
That is not the way then ſaid our King,
The ready way I pray ſhew me.
Whether thou be a thief or true man, quoth
I am weary of thy company: [the Tanner,
Away with a vengeance quoth the Tanner,
I hold thee out of thy wit,
For all this day I have ridden and gone,
And I am faſting yet.
Go with me to Drayton Baſſet ſaid our king,
No dainties we will lack;
We will have meat and drink of the beſt,
And I will pay thy ſhot.
God-a-mercy for nothing, ſaid the Tanner,
Thou ſhalt pay for no dinner of mine;
I have more groats and nobles in my purſe,
Then thou haſt pence in thine.
God ſave thy goods then ſaid our king,
I wiſh them well to thee:
Be thief or true man, ſaid the Tanner,
I am weary of thy company.
Away with a vengeance quoth the Tanner,
Of thee I ſtand in fear:
The apparel thou weareſt on thy back,
May ſuit a good Lord so wear.
I never ſtole them ſaid our King,
I ſwear to thee by the Rood,
Thou art ſome ruffian of the country,
Thou rideſt in the midſt of the wood.
What news doſt thou hear then ſaid our king
I pray thee what news doſt thou hear?
I hear no news anſwered the Tanner,
But Cow Hides are very dear.

Cow Hides! Cow Hides! then ſaid our King,
I marvel what they be!
Why thou art a fool, quoth the Tanner,
Look I have one under me:
Yet one thing now I would thee pray,
So that thou wouldſt not be ſtrange,
If thy mare be better than my Ileed
I pray thee let us change:
But if thou needs with me will change,
A change full well may be;
By the faith of my body, quoth the Tanner,
I look to have ſome boot of thee.
What wilt thou have, ſaid our King,
What boot doſt thou ask on this ground,
No pence nor halfpence ſaid the Tanner,
But a Noble in Gold ſo round:
Here's twenty groats then ſaid our King,
So well paid ſay you be.
I like you better than I did before,
I thought thou hadſt ne'er a penny;
But if ſo be thou needs muſt change,
As change thou may'ſt abide;
Tho' thou haſt gotten Brock my mare,
Thou ſhalt not have my Cow Hide.
The Tanner took the good cow hide,
That off the cow was bilt,
And threw it upon the King's ſaddle,
That was ſo fairly gilt:
Now help me up, quoth the Tanner,
Full quickly that I was gone;
And when I come home to Gillian my wife,
She'll ſay I'm a gentleman:
The King took the Tanner by the leg,
He girted a fart ſo round:
You're very homely then ſaid the King,
Were I aware I'd laid you on the ground:
When the Tanner was in the King's ſaddle,
Aſtoniſhed then he was;
He knew not the ſtirrups that he did wear,
Whether they were gold or braſs;
But when the ſteed ſaw the black cow tail
And eke the black cow horn; [wag,
The ſteed began to run away,
As if the Devil the Tanner had been;
Until he came into a nook,
A little beſide an oak;
The ſteed gave the Tanner ſuch a fall,
His neck was almoſt broke.
Take thy horſe again with a vengeance he ſaid
With me he ſhall not abide;

It is no marvel, ſaid the King, and laugh'd,
He knew not your Cow Hide;
But if we needs muſt change,
As change well now we might;
I ſwear to you plain if you have my mare,
I look to have ſome boot:
What boot will you aſk, quoth the Tanner?
What boot will you aſk on this ground?
No pence nor halfpence ſaid our King,
But a Noble in gold ſo round:
Here's twenty good groats, ſaid the Tanner,
I have twenty more of thine;
I have ten groats more in my purſe,
We'll drink five of them at the Vine.
The King ſet a bugle horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and ſhrill:
And five hundred Lords and Knights
Came riding over the hill:
Away with a vengeance, quoth the Tanner,
With thee I'll no longer abide;
Thou art a ſtrong thief, yonder are thy fellows;
They'll ſteal away my cow hide.
No, I proteſt then ſaid our King,
For ſo it may not be;
They be Lords of Drayton Baſſet,
Come out of the North Country:
But when they came before the King,
Full low they fell on their knees;
The Taner had rather than a thouſand pound
He had been out of the company:
A collar, a collar, then ſaid the King,
A collar then did he cry;
Then he would have given a thouſand pound.
He had not been ſo nigh.
A collar, a collar, quoth the Tanner,
It's a thing will breed ſorrow;
For after a collar cometh a halter,
And I ſhall be hang'd to-morrow.
No, do not fear the King did ſay,
For paſtime thou haſt ſhewn to me;
No collar nor no haltar thou ſhalt have,
But I will give thee a fee;
For Plumpton Park I will give thee,
With tenements three beſide;
Which is worth three hundred pounds a year,
To maintain thy good cow hide.
God-a-mercy, God-a-mercy quoth the Tanner
For this good deed thou haſt done.
If ever thou comeſt to merry Tamworth,
Thou ſhalt have clout leather for thy ſhoon

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard, Bow Lane, London.

The LIFE and DEATH of

The Famous Thomas Stukely,

An *Engliſh* Gentleman, in the Time of Queen *Elizabeth*; who ended his Life in the Battle of the Three Kings of *Barbary*.



IN the weſt of Eagland,
Born there was, I underſtand;
A famous gallant was he in his days;
By birth a wealthy clothier's ſon,
Deeds of wonder he hath done,
To purchaſe him a long and laſting praiſe

If I would tell you his ſtory,
Pride was all his glory;
And luſty Stukely he was call'd in court.
He ſerv'd a biſhop in the weſt,
And did accompany the beſt;
Maintaining of himſelf in gallant ſort.

Being thus eſteemed,
And every where well deemed,
He gain'd the favour of a London dame;
Daughter to an alderman.
Curtis ſhe was called then,
To whom a ſuitor gallantly he came.

When ſhe his perſon 'ſpied,
He could not be denyed;
So brave a gentleman he was to ſee.
She was quickly made his wife,
For better for worſe to lead her life;
Her father willing thereto did agree,

Thus in ſtate and pleaſure,
Full many days they meaſure;
Till cruel Death, with his regardleſs ſpight,
Bore old Curtis to his grave;
A thing which Stukely wiſh'd to have,
That he might revel then in gold ſo bright.

He was no ſooner tombed,
But Stukely he preſumed,
To ſpend a hundred pounds a day in waſte.
The greateſt gallant in the land,
Had Stukely's purſe at their command.
Thus merrily away the time he paſt.

Taverns and ordinaries
Were his chief Bravaries;
  Golden angels then flew up and down.
Riots were his chief delight,
With ſtately feaſting day and night;
  In court and city thus he won renown.

Thus waſting lands and living,
By this lawleſs giving;
  At length he ſold the pavement of the yard,
Which covered was with blocks of tin;
Old Curtis left the ſame to him,
  Which he conſumed lately as you've heard.

At this his wife ſore grieved,
Deſiring to be relieved;
  Make much of me, dear huſband, ſhe did ſay.
I'll make more of thee, ſaid he,
Than any one ſhall verily;
  I'll ſell thy cloaths, and then go my way.

Cruelly thus heard-hearted,
Away from her he parted;
  And travel'd into Italy with ſpeed:
There he flouriſh'd many a day,
In his ſilks and rich array;
  And did the pleaſures of a lady feed.

It was the lady's pleaſure,
To give him gold and treaſure;
  To maintain him with great pomp and fame,
At laſt news came aſſuredly,
Of a battle fought in Barbary;
  And he would valiantly go ſee the ſame.

Many a noble gallant,
Sold both land and talent,
  To follow Stukely in this famous fight;
Whereas three kings would
Advent'rouſly with courage bold,
  Within this battle ſhew'd themſelves in ſight.

Stukely and his followers all,
Of the king of Portugal,
  Had entertainment like to gentlemen.
The king affected Stukely ſo,
That he did his ſecrets know;
  And bore his royal ſtandard now and then.

Upon this day of honour,
Each man did his manner.
  Morocco, and the king of Barbary,
Portugal, and all his train,
Bravely glittering on the plain,
  And gave the onſet there moſt valiantly.

The cannons there rebounded,
And thundering guns reſounded;
  Kill, kill, then was the ſoldiers cry.

Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the earth was drown'd;
  The ſun was likewiſe darken'd in the ſky.

Heaven was ſo diſpleaſed,
And would not be appeaſed;
  But tokens of God's wrath did ſhow:
That he was angry at this war,
He ſent a fearful blazing ſtar,
  Thereby the king might his misfortune know.

Bloody was the ſlaughter,
Or rather curſed murder;
  Where ſixſcore thouſand fighting men be ſlain.
Three kings within this fight dy'd,
And forty lords and dukes beſide;
  The like may never more be fought again.

With woeful arms enfolding,
Stukely ſtood beholding,
  This curſed ſacrifice of men that day.
He ſighing ſaid, I wicked wight,
Againſt my conſcience here to fight;
  And brought my followers unto decay.

Being thus ſore vexed,
And with grief oppreſſed;
  Theſe brave Italians that ſold their lands,
With Stukely to venture forth,
And hazard life for nothing worth,
  Upon him then did caſt their curſed hands.

Unto death thus wounded,
His heart with ſorrow ſwooned;
  Unto them he made his heavy moan:
Thus have I left my country dear,
To be in this manner murder'd here?
  Even in this place where I am not known.

My wife I have much wronged,
Of what to her belonged,
  I did conſume in wicked courſe of life.
What I had is paſt I ſee,
And brings nought but grief to me:
  Therefore grant me pardon, loving wife.

Life I ſee conſumeth,
And Death I ſee preſumeth
  To change this life of mine into a new;
Yet this my greateſt comfort brings,
I liv'd and dy'd in love of kings.
  And ſo brave Stukely bids the world adieu.

Stukely's life thus ended,
Was after death befriended,
  And like a ſoldier buried gallantly:
Where now there ſtands upon the grave
A ſtately temple builded brave,
  With golden turrets piercing to the ſky.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard, London.

The Rareſt Old BALLAD *that ever was ſeen, Of the Blind* Beggar's *Daughter of* Bethnal-Green

IT is of a blind Beggar that long loſt his ſight,
He had a fair daughter of beauty moſt bright;
And many a gallant brave ſuitor had ſhe,
For none was ſo comely as pretty Beſſey.
And tho' ſhe was of beauty moſt fair,
Yet ſeeing ſhe was but a beggar's heir,
Of ancient houſe-keepers deſpiſed was ſhe,
Who came as ſuitors to pretty Beſſey.
Then in great ſorrow fair Beſſey did ſay,
Good father and mother, let me go away,
To ſeek my fortune where-ever it be,
Thus ſuit was then granted at pretty Beſſey.



Thus Beſſy that was of beauty moſt bright,
Then clad in grey ruſſet, and late in the night,
From father and mother alone parted ſhe,
Who ſighed and ſobbed for pretty Beſſey.
She went until ſhe came to Straftord-le-Bow,
Then ſhe knew not whither nor which way to go,
With tears ſhe lamented her hard deſtiny,
So ſad and ſo heavy was pretty Beſſey.
She kept on her journey until it was day,
And went into Rumford upon the highway.
And at the King's-Arms entertained was ſhe,
So fair and well favour'd was pretty Beſſey.
She had not been there one month to an end,
But maſter and all were her friend,
And every brave gallant that once did her ſee,
Was ſtraitway in love with pretty Beſſey.
Great gifts they did give her of ſilver and gold,
And in their ſongs her praiſes extol'd?
She by them was praiſed in the higheſt degree,
So fair and ſo comely was pretty Beſſey.
The young men of Rumford in her had their joy
She behav'd herſelf courteous, but never too coy;
And at her commandment ſtill would they be,
So fair and ſo comely was pretty Beſſey.
Four ſuitors at once unto her did go,
And craved her favour, but ſtill ſhe ſaid no:
I would not have a gentleman to marry me,
But ſtill they honoured pretty Beſſey.
The firſt of them was a gallant brisk knight,
Who came unto her diſguis'd in theght,
The ſecond a gentlemen of good degree,
Who wooed and ſued for pretty Beſſey.
A merchant in London whoſe wealth was not ſmall,
He was the next ſuitor, and proper and tall;
Her maſter's own ſon the fourth man muſt be,
Who ſwore he would die for pretty Beſſey.

If thou wilt marry me, then quoth the knight,
I'll make thee a lady of joy and delight,
My heart's ſo enthral'd with thy fair beauty,
That ſoon I ſhall die for pretty Beſſey.
The gentleman ſaid, Come wed with me,
And as fine as a lady my Beſſey ſhall be.
My life is diſtracted, oh! hear me, quoth he.
And grant me thy love, my pretty Beſſey.
Let me be thy husband, the merchant did ſay,
Thou ſhalt live in London both gallant and gay,
My ſhip ſhall bring home rich jewels for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Beſſey.
Then Beſſey ſhe ſigh'd, and thus ſhe did ſay,
My father and mother I mean to obey;
Firſt gain their conſent, and be faithful to me,
And you ſhall enjoy your pretty Beſſey.
To every one this anſwer ſhe made,
Hereupon they each unto her ſaid,
This thing to peaform we now do agree,
But who is the father of pretty Beſſey.
My father, ſaid ſhe, is plain to be ſeen,
The ſilly blind Begger of Bednal Green;
That often ſits begging for charity,
Yet he is the father of pretty Beſſey.
His marks and tokens are known very well,
He always is led by a dog and a bell
A ſilly poor man, God knoweth, is he,
Yet he is the father of pretty Beſſey.
Nay, then, ſaid the merchant, ſhe is not for me
And, ſaid the inn-keeper, my bride ſhe ſha'n't be
I loath, quoth he gentleman, a beggar's degree,
And therefore adieu my pretty Beſſey.



Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worſe
I weigh not true love by the weight of the purſe,
For beauty is beauty in every degree,
Then welcome to me my pretty Beſſey.
Now with thee unto thy father I'll go.
No, ſoft, quoth his kinſman, it muſt not be ſo,
A beggar's daughter no lady muſt be.
Then now bid adieu to pretty Beſſey.
And ſoon after this by break of the day,
The knight rode to Rumford and ſtole Beſſey away,
The young men of Rumford ſo thick as might be,
Rode after to fetch again pretty Beſſey.
As ſwift as the wind to ride they were ſeen,
Until they were come near to Bednal Green;
And as the knight alighted muſt courteouſly,
They fought again him for pretty Beſſey,

But reſcue came preſently over the plain,
Or elſe the knight for his love had been ſlain.
The fray being ended, then ſtrait he did ſee
His kinſman come railing againſt pretty Beſſey.



Than, ſaid the blind beggar, altho' I be poor,
Rail not thus againſt my child at my own door;
Tho' ſhe be not deck'd in velvet and pearl,
Yet I will drop angels with you for my girl.
And then if my gold will not better her birth,
And equal the gold you drop on the earth,
Then neither rail not grudge you to ſee
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to be.
But firſt I will hear, and have it well known,
That the gold you drop be all your own.
With that he anſwer'd Contented I be.
Then there's, quoth the beggar, for pretty Beſſey.
With that an angel he caſt on the ground,
And dropt in angels to three thouſand pounds;
And oftentimes it proved moſt plain,
For the gentleman's one the beggar dropt twain.



So that the place whereon they did ſit
With gold was covered every whit.
The gentleman then having dropt all his ſtore,
Said, Beggar, hold, I have no more.
Thou haſt performed thy promiſe right,
Then mary the girl, quoth he to the knight.
And here, quoth the beggar, I will throw down
One hundred pounds more to buy her a gown.
The gentleman who this treaſure had ſeen
Admired the begger of Bethnal-Green.
And thoſe that were her ſuitors before,
Even for anger their fleſh they tore.
Thus was their Beſſey a match for a knight,
And made a lady in others' deſpight,
Sure a fairer lady there never was ſeen,
Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal-Green.
But of her ſumptuous marriage and feaſt,
And what brave nobles were thither preſt.
The ſecond part muſt ſet forth in ſight,
With extreme pleaſure and wiſhed delight,
With a blind beggar's daughter ſo fair and bright

That married was unto a young Knight,
All the diſcourſe thereof you may ſee,
But now comes the wedding of pretty Beſſey.

PART. II.

WITHIN a ſumptous place moſt brave,
Adorned with all the coſt they could have;
This wedding was kept moſt ſumptuouſly,
And all for the love of pretty Beſſey.
All kinds of dainties moſt delicate ſweet
Were bought for the banquet, as was thought meet,
Partridge and plover, and veniſon moſt free,
Againſt the wedding of pretty Beſſey.
This wedding thro'England was ſpread by report,
So that great numbers did thither reſort,
Of nobles and gentry in each degree,
All for the fame of pretty Beſſey.



To church then went this handſome young knight
His bride went after like a lady bright.
Such a troop of ladies as never was ſeen,
Then went with Beſſey of Bethnal-Green,
This wedding was ſolemnized,
With muſick performed by handſome young men.
The nobles and gentry ſat down at that tide,
Each one admiring the handſome bride.
Now after the ſumptuous dinner was done.
To talk and to reaſon vaſt numbers began,
Of the blind beggar's daughter ſo bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.
Then ſpake the nobles, Much marvel we
The jolly blind beggar that here we can't ſee.
My lords, quoth the bride, My father's to baſe,
He's loath with his preſence theſe ſtates to debaſe.
The praiſe of a woman in queſtion to bring
Before her own face is a flattering thing.
We think thy father's baſeneſs, quoth they,
Might by thy beauty be quite thrown away.
They had no ſooner theſe pleaſant words ſpoke,
But in come the beggar with a ſilken cloak:
A velvet cap and a feather had he,
And now a muſician for ſooth he would be.
And being led in from catching of harm,
He touched the ſtrings which made ſuch a charm,
And ſaid, Pleaſe to hear ſome muſick from me.
A ſong I muſt ſing of pretty Beſſey,
With that his lute he twang'd ſtraitway,
And thereon began moſt ſweetly to play:
So after a leſſon was play'd two or three,
He ſtrain'd out his ſong moſt delicately.
A beggar's daughter did live on the green,
Who for her beauty might well be a queen.
For a brisk jolly laſs and handſome was ſhe,
And ſhe was called pretty Beſſey.
Her father had no goods nor no land,
But begg'd for a penny each day with his hand.
And tho' in marriage he gave thouſands three,
Yet ſtill he has ſomething for pretty Beſſey.
Now if any one her birth doth ſhine,
Her fathr is ready with might and main;
To prove ſhe is come of a noble degree,
Therefore let none flout my pretty Beſſey.
Hereupon the lords and gentlemen round,
With a great laughter were ready to ſound,
At laſt ſaid the lords, Too plain 'tis to ſee,
Both bride and bridegroom are beholden to thee
With that the fair bride bluſhing did riſe,
And the clear water did ſtands in her eyes;
Pardon my father, dear nobles, ſaid ſhe
Since thro' blind affection he doateth on me.
If this be thy father, the nobles did ſay,
Well may he be proud of this happy day:
Yet by his countenance well we may ſee,
His Birth with his fortune doth not agree:
Now prithee, blind beggar, unto us bewray,
And look that the truth unto us you ſay.
Your birth and your parentage what it may be,
For the love that thou beareſt to pretty Beſſey.
Now give me leave, ye gentles each one,
A ſong for to ſing, and then I'll be gone.
Now if I don't win your good report,
Pray do not give me a groat for my ſport.
When firſt our king his fame to advance,
Sought for his title in delicate France:
In many places great perils paſs'd he,
But then was not born my pretty Beſſey,
Now in theſe wars went forth to fight
Many a brave lord, duke, and knight;
And with them young Monford of courage ſo free
But then was not born my pretty Beſſey.
And there did Monford, with a knock o'th' face,
Loſe both his eyes in a very ſhort ſpace,
His life had alſo been gone with his ſight,
Had not a young woman come forth in the night.
Among the ſlain men her fancy to move,
To ſearch for her true and only love;
Who ſeeing young Monford there gaſping to lie,
Did ſave his life out of meer charity.
And then all our victuals in beggars attire,
At the hands of good Chriſtians we did deſire;
At laſt in England, as now it is ſeen,
We came, and remained in Bethnal-Green.
And thus we have lived in fortune's deſpight,
Tho' poor, yet contented with humble delight;
Now in my old years a comfort to be,
God ſent me a daughter call'd pretty Beſſey.
And thus, brave nobles, my ſong I do end,
Hoping the ſame no one to offend:
Full forty long winters thus have I been
The ſilly poor beggar of Bethnal-Green,

Now when the company every one,
Heard this ſtrange tale unto them ſhown,
They were all amazed, as well they might be,
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Beſſey.
With that the fair maiden they did embrace,
Saying, You are come of a comely race;
Thy father likewiſe of a noble degree,
And thou art right worthy a lady to be.
Thus was the feaſt ended in joy and delight;
A happy bridegroom was made the knight,
Who lived in joy and felicity,
All with his fair lady, the pretty Beſſey

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard, London.

The Maſter-peice of *Love Songs.*

BEING

A Dialogue betwixt a bold Keeper and a Lady gay,
Who woo'd his Lord's Daughter, and carried the Day.
But ſoon after Marriage was forced for to Fight
With his Lord and ſix Gentlemen for his own Right;
He cut them and hew'd them, and paid them with Blows,
And made them his Friends who before were his Foes

To the Tune of, *A Week after Eaſter.*





IT was a bold Keeper
that chaſed a Deer,
Of a ſtouter bold Spirit
you never did hear,
But he loved a Lady
of Beauty moſt clear,
And now you ſhall hear of their Wooing.

Keeper] O pity, fair Lady
the Suit which I move,
For I'm deep in Affection,
and toſſed in Love;
For you are the Lady,
the Turtle and Dove
Whereon I have caſt my Affection.

Lady] O Keeper forbear,
I ſhall thus anſwer thee,
I'm a Match for a Lord
of a high Degree;
For my Birth and yours
they not equal be,
Therefore Keeper, forbear your Wooing.

Keeper] The Repulſe it maketh
me ſadly to grieve;
And true 'tis we all came
from *Adam* and *Eve*,
One loving Word to my Life
is a Reprieve,
Tho' I'm linked faſt in *Cupid*'s Priſon.

y] O why ſhould you ſay
you're a priſoner to me,
O hold, forbear keeper,
for that may not be;
We both may have Matches
fitter for each Degree;
Then forbear, and take this for an Anſwer.

Keeper] No, not for an Anſwer
that I ſhall it take,
And yet this Denial
makes my Heart to ake,
And I ſhall lay down
my Life at a Stake,
To obtain the Favour of my Lady.

Lady] It is a meer Madneſs
your Life to lay down,
What will People ſay,
there's an end of a Clown
That paſs'd many Dangers,
till Fortune did frown,
And now dy'd a pretended Lover.

Keeper] The name of a Clown
in my Heart I do ſcorn,
Being nobly deſcended,
and a Gentleman born;
Yet I am a Keeper
that muſt be forlorn,
Except you can love me, fair Lady.

Lady] Well, Keeper, I perceive
thou haſt a good Heart,
Well thou art compacted
in every Part:
If my Lord did know,
We both would ſuffer Smart,
My Father would be ſo offended.

Keeper] Lady, if you will conſent
to be my Bride,
I will gird up my Sword
and Buckler by my ſide,
And then to the Church
in private we'll ride,
Where we will be marry'd, fair Lady.

She then gave Conſent,
and away they did ride,
the valiant young Keeper
and his lovely Bride,
Not fearing of Danger,
Whatever betide;
For ſhe was a valiant young Lady.

Being marry'd, they return'd
back ſpeedily,
And riding along
her Father did eſpy;
Alack, quoth the Lady,
one or both ſhall die.
Fear Nothing, quoth the Keeper.

The Lord he came poſting
ſo faſt as he could hie,
And ſix luſty Gentlemen
for Company:
Quoth he to the Keeper,
Villain thou ſhalt die,
For deluding away my Daughter.

Come on, quoth the Keeper,
'tis no Time to prattle,
I ſee by your Swords
you are deſign'd for Battle.
With his Sword and Buckler
he made them to rattle.
The Lady held the Horſe for the Keeper.

He cut, and he hew'd them
on the Place he did ſtand;
O then quoth the Lady,
Bold Keeper, hold thy Hand.
If you'll give your Daughter
thirty Thouſand in Land,
You ſhan't die by the hand of the Keeper

Keeper, quoth the Lady,
'tis too ſmall a Portion.
Daughter, quoth the Lord,
your Will ſhall be done;
I will love thy Husband,
and thee ever own.
Thus a Keeper gain'd a fair Lady.

A Pretty Ballad of the Lord of *Lorn*, and the falſe Steward.

The Tune is, Green Sleeves.



IT was a worthy Lord of *Lorn*,
a Lord of high degree,
He ſent his Son unto the School,
to learn Civility.
He Learned more in one Day,
than other Children did in Three,
And then beſpake the School-Maſter
unto him tenderly:
In Faith thou art the honeſteſt Boy
that e're I look'd on with my Eye,
I hope thou art ſome *Eaſterling* Born,
the Holy Ghoſt is within thee.
He ſaid he was no *Eaſterling* born,
the Child thus anſwered courteouſly,
My Father is the Lord of *Lorn*,
and I his Son perdye.
The School-Maſter turned round about,
his angry Mood then he did ſwage:
He marvelled the Child could ſpeak ſo wiſe,
he being of ſo tender an Age.
He girded the Saddle to the Steed,
the Bridle of the beſt Gold ſhone,
He took his leave of his Fellows all,
and quickly he was gone.
And when he came to his Father dear,
he kneeled down upon his Knee,
I'm come to you, Father, he ſaid,
God's Bleſſing give you me.
Thou art welcome my Son, he ſaid,
God's Bleſſing I give thee;
What Tydings haſt thou brought my Son,
being come ſo haſtily?
I've brought Tydings, Father, he ſaid,
if that well liked it may be,
There's ne'er a Book in all Scotland,
but I can read it truly.

And there's ne'r a Doctor in all the Realm,
for all he goes in rich array,
I can write him a Letter ſoon,
to learn in ſeven Years Day.
That is good Tydings, ſaid the Lord,
all in the place where I do ſtand.
My Son, thou ſhalt to France go,
to learn the Speeches of that Land.
Who ſhall go with him, ſaid the Lady?
husband we have none but he,
Madam, ſaid he, my head Steward,
he hath been ever true to me.
She called the Steward to an account,
a thouſand Pounds ſhe gave him anon,
Says, good Steward be good to my Child,
when he is far from home.
If I be falſe to my young Lord,
then God be like to me indeed;
And now to France they both are gone,
and God be their good ſpeed.
They had not been in France's Land
not three Weeks to an end,
But Meat and Drink the Child got none,
nor Money in his Purſe to ſpend.
The Child runs to the River ſide,
he was fain to drink Water then,
And after followed the falſe Steward,
to put the Child therein:
But nay marry ſaid the Child,
he asked mercy pitifully,
Good Steward let me have my Life,
what e'er betide my Body.
Now put off thy fair Cloathing,
and give it unto me anon,
So put thee off thy Silken Shirt,
with many a Golden Seam.
But when the Child was ſtript naked,
his Body white as the Lilly Flower,
He might have been ſeen for his Body,
a Princeſs Paramour.
He put him on an old keiter Coat,
and Hoſe of the ſame above the Knee,
He bid him go to the Shepherd's Houſe,
and keep Sheep on a love lovely:
The Child ſaid what ſhall be my Name,
good Steward tell to me,
Thy Name ſhall be, Poor doſt thou wear,
that thy Name ſhall be.
The Child came to the Shepheard's Houſe,
and asked mercy piteouſly,
Says, good Shepherd take me in,
to keep your Sheep on a love lovely.
But when the Shepherd ſaw the Child,
he was ſo pleaſant to the Eye,

I have no Child, I'll make thee n
thou ſhalt have my Goods perd
And then beſpake the Shepherd's
unto the Child ſo tenderly,
Thou muſt take the Sheep, and to
and get them on a love lovely.
Now let us leave talking of the
that is keeping of Sheep on a lov
And we'll talk more of the falſe
and of his falſe treachery,
He bought himſelf three ſuits of
that any Lord might ſeem to w
He went a wooing to the Duke's D
and called himſelf the Lord of
The Duke he welcomes the young
with three baked Stags anon,
If he had wiſt him the falſe Stewar
to the Devil he ſhould have gone
But when they were at Supper ſate
with dainty delicates that were
The D. ſaid, if thou wilt wed my D
I'le give thee a thouſand Pound
The Lady would ſee the Red Buc
and alſo for to hunt the Doe,
And with an hundred luſty Men,
the Lady did a hunting go,
The Lady is a hunting gone,
over Eeanſel that is ſo high,
There was ſhe aware of a Shepherd
with Sheep on a love lovely:
And often he ſigh'd and made great
and cryed out pitteouſly:
My Father is the Lord of Lorn,
and knows not what's become of
And then beſpake the Lady gay,
and to her Maid ſhe ſpake anon.
O fetch me hither the Shepherd's B
why maketh he all this moan?
But when he came before the Lady
he was not to learn his Courteſie.
Where was't thou born thou bonny
for whoſe ſake mak'ſt thou all th
My deareſt Friend Lady, he ſaid,
is dead many Years agon.
Tell thou to me thou bonny Child,
tell me truth and don't lye,
Know'ſt thou not the young Lord o
he is come a Wooing unto me?
Yes forſooth, ſaid the Child,
I know the Lord then verily:
The young Lord is a valiant Lord,
at home in his own Country.
Wilt leave thy Sheep thou bonny
and come in Service unto me?

45 6 a 120.

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Child,

Lord of Lorn,
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Lord,
try.
bonny Child,
me?

Yes forsooth, then said the Child,
at your bidding will I be.
When the Steward lookt upon the Child,
he bewail'd him Villanously.
Where was't thou born thou Vagabond,
or where is thy Country?
Ha down, ha down, said the Lady,
she call'd the Steward then presently,
Without you bear him more Good-will,
you get no love of me:
Then bespake the false Steward,
unto the Lady hastily:
At Aberdine beyond the Seas,
his Father robbed thousands three.
But then bespake the Lady gay,
unto her Father courteously,
Saying I have found a bonny Child,
my Chamberlain to be:
Not so, not so, then said the Duke,
for so it may not be,
For that young Lord of Lorn that comes,
will think no good of thee and me.
When the Duke had lookt upon the Child,
he seem'd so pleasant to the Eye:
Child, because thou lovest Horses well,
my Groom of Stable thou shalt be.
The Child plyed the Horses well,
a Twelve-month to an end,
He was so courteous and so true,
every Man becomes his Friend:
He led a fair Gelding to the Water,
where he may drink Water verily,
The Gelding up with his Head,
and hit the Child above the Eye.
Wo worth the Horse then said the Child,
that ever Mare foled thee,
Thou little know'st what thou hast done,
thou hast stricken a Lord of High degree.
The D. Daughter was in her Garden Green,
she heard the Child make great moan,
She ran to the Child all weeping,
and left her Maidens all alone.
Sing on thy Song thou bonny Child,
I will release thee of thy Pain,
I have made an Oath Lady, he said,
I dare not tell my Tale again:
Tell the Horse thy Tale thou bonny Child,
and so thy Oath shall saved be;
But when he told the Horse his Tale,
the Lady wept most tenderly.
I'le do for thee my bonny Child,
in faith I will do more for thee,
And for thy sake thou bonny Child,
I'le put my Wedding off Months three.
The Lady did write a Letter then,
full pitiful with her own Hand:
She sent it to the Lord of Lorn,
whereas he dwelt in fair Scotland.

But when the Lord had read the Letter,
his Lady wept most tenderly;
I knew what would become of my Child,
in such a far Country.
The old Lord call'd up his merry Men,
and all that he gave Cloth and Fee;
With seven Lords by his side,
and into France rides he:
The Wind serv'd, and they did Sail,
so far into France Land:
They were aware of the Lord of Lorn,
with a Porters Staff in his Hand:
The Lords they moved Hat and Hand,
the Serving-Men fell on their Knee.
What Folks be yonder said the Steward,
that makes the Porters courtesie?
Thou art a false Thief, quoth the L. of Lorn,
no longer might I bear with thee;
By the Law of France thou shalt be judg'd,
whether it be to live or dye.
A Quest of Lords there chosen was,
to Bench they came hastily,
But when the Quest was ended,
false Steward must Dye.
First they did him half hang,
and then they took him down anon,
And then put him in boyling Lead:
and then was sodden Breast and Bone.
And then bespake the Lord of Lorn,
with many Lords more:
Sir Duke if you be as willing as we,
we'll have a Marriage before you go;
These Children both they did rejoice,
to hear the Lord his Tale so ended:
They had rather to Day then to Morrow,
so we would not be offended.
But when the Wedding ended was,
there was delicate dainty chear,
I'le tell you how long the Wedding did last,
full three Quarters of a Year.
Such a Banquet there was wrought,
the like was never seen;
The King of France brought with him then,
a hundred Tun of good Wine.
Five set of Musicians were to be seen,
that never rested Night nor Day:
Also Italians there did Sing
full pleasantly with great joy.
Thus have you heard what trouble great,
unto successive joys did turn,
And happy News amongst the rest,
unto the worthy Lord of Lorn.
Let Rebels therefore warned be,
mischief once they do pretend,
For God may suffer for a time,
but will disclose it in the end.

FINIS.



A New SONG call'd

The Churliſh Huſband.

ITS of an ancient Farmer you hear without delay,
And he went out unto his plow upon a ſtormy day,
The rain and wind did blow ſo hard he could no longer ſtay,
But home he ran like one ſtark mad and to his wife did ſay;

Dear wife you and your children do live at home in eaſe,
You little think of any work you do juſt as you pleaſe,
But you ſhall take it turn about or I will break your bones,
For in the morning you ſhall go to plow with my man John.

His wife ſhe was contented her huſband for to pleaſe,
So ſhe to plow with John did go to keep the houſe at eaſe,
She ſays John you ſhall hold the plow and I the team will drive,
My huſband he ſhall ſtay at home no fear but we ſhall thrive.

She roſe up early in the morn to plow with John ſhe went,
And left her huſband warm in bed the children for to tent;
But preſently he did get up to give the child a clout,
The ſow and pigs they all got in and ſh—t the houſe about.

The pigs they wanted ſerving as we have often ſeen,
They got into the dairy and fill'd themſelves with cream;
The milk pans and the cream pots they knocked them about,
Beſides the churn they did drive down before he got 'em out.

O then he got the churn-ſtaff to drive out all the pigs,
Some he hit, and ſome he miſs'd, and ſome he broke their legs,
But ſtill he drove them on, ſwore death ſhould be their doom,
The ſow ſhe turn'd her head about and bit him by the thumb.

He went into the parlour for to tie up his hand,
The children they lay ſqualling and calling out for mam,
Your mammy ſhe is gone to plow and I am almoſt dead,
One child fell out upon the floor the other foul'd the bed.

When he had clean'd the child again and put it into bed,
He then fetched the ſpinning-wheel for to begin his trade,
But while he waſhed a clout and hung the ſame to dry,
His tow took fire and burnt the wheel his work went all awry.

This tired him of women's work it went with him ſo croſs,
He ſwore he would to plow again he would no more be nurſe;
When out he ran like one ſtark mad to call his wife from plow,
But John he was kiſſing her behind the barley-mow.

Come all you churliſh huſbands a warning take by me,
Content yourſelves with your own work or Cuckolds you will be,
For I have try'd the woman's work and like my own the beſt,
So be not churls unto your wives tho' you do ſee them reſt.

45. b. 22. 202.

BEDLAM SCHOOLMAN.

Or, Some Lines made by an *English* Noble Man, that lay in *Bedlam*

To its own proper Tune. *Holow my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?*

INTO a Melancholick *Fancie*,
Out of my self,
Into the *Fairies* dancie,
All the World surveying,
No where staying,
Still like a *Fancie* flying.

But o're the tops of highest Mountains Skipping,
Out o're the Hills, the Trees, and Valleys tripping,
Out o're the Ocean seas, without an Oare or stopping:
Holow my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?
Amidst the misty Vapours,
Fain would I know,
What doth cause the Tapours?
Why the Clouds benight us?
And affright us?
what we travel here below?

Fain would I know what makes the roaring Thunder?
And what their lightnings be, that rent the clouds asunder?
And what those Comets are, on which we gaze and wonder?
Holow my Fancie, &c.
Fain would I know the reason,
why the little *Atoms*
All the Summer season,
Layeth up their provision,
Upon condition,
to know no Winters want?

And how their little selves that are so good and painful,
Do nourish their Husbands brows to good and gainful?
And why their Lives Thred, to them do prove unsatisfaction?
Holow, &c.
Ships, Ships, I will discrie you,
amidst the Main:
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting,
And projecting,
what's your end and aim?

One goes abroad for Merchandise and Trading,
Another staies to keep his Country from invading,
A Third is coming home with rich & wealth of loading.
Holow, &c.
Whom I look before me,
those I do behinde,
Those I note that see or knows me:
All the World is gadding,
Running and madding,
none doth his station hold:

He that is below invies him that riseth,
And he that is above, him thats below despiseth,
So every Man his plot and counter-plot deviseth.
Holow, &c.
Look, Look, what a hurling,
here I do espy:
Each one another pulling,
Every one tormenting,
One another spoiling,
as I did past them by.

One snatch puffing in a dunghil Pasport,

Another hangs his head, be[illegible] out of fashion,
A Third is fully bent on [illegible] recreation:
Holow, &c.
Amidst the [illegible],
fain would I know
What doth cause the [illegible],
And returning,
In its journeying?
and doth so seldom tarry?
And how these little Fishes [illegible] beneath salt water
Do never blind their Eye[illegible]
An inch above the reach of [illegible]
Holow, &c.
Fain would I know
how things are
And where the Bull [illegible]
Of bloody *Falsh*?
And where the Tay[illegible]
that walks to the Sun in the Moon?

Fain would I know how *Cynthia* aims to right her,
And how those little *Fairies* can dance and leap so lightly?
And where fair *Cynthia* makes her amblies nightly?
Holow, &c.
In concert like *Phoenix*
I'll mount *Nashos* Chaire,
Having ne're a like one
All my Hair's a burning,
In my journeying,
hurrying through the Air!

Fain would I hear his fiery Coursers neighing!
And see how they on flowry Hills are playing!
All the Stars and Planets I will be surveying!
Holow, &c.
O from what ground of Nature,
Doth the *Fabius*,
That self devouring creature,
Prove so froward,
And untoward,
her Vitals for to feed!

And why the subtile *Fox*, while in deaths wounds is lying,
Doth not lament his pains, by howling and by crying?
And why the milk white Swan doth sing when she's a dying?
Holow, &c.
Fain would I conclude this,
at least make [illegible]
What similitude
Why Fowls of a
Do not feed fly
and [illegible]

How Natures [illegible], these small inferiour creatures,
Acknowledge still a Prince in ordering their matters,
And suffers none to live, who flashing lose their Feathers.
Holow, &c.
I'm rapt with admiration,
when I do ruminate,
Men of one Occupation,
How each one calls him Brother,
Yet each invieth other,
and yet still intimate,

Yea, I admire to see, [illegible] further finding,
Then *Antipodes* to us, it is not to be wondred,
In Myriads ye'll find of one Mind scarce an hundred!
Holow, &c.
What multitude of notions
doth pervade my Pate,
Considering the motions,
How Heavens they are preserved?
And this World served,
in Moisture, Light and Heat!

If our Spirit fits the outmost Circle turning,
Or if one turns another contenting in journeying,
If Rapids circles motion be that which they call Nothing?
Holow, &c.
Fain also would I prove that,
by considering,
What that which you call love is?
Whither it be a Folly,
Or a Melancholy,
or some Heroick thing!

Fain would I have it proved, by one whom love hath wounded
And fully upon one their desire hath founded, That nothing els could please them tho the World were rounded!
Holow, &c.
To know this Worlds Center,
Height, Depth, Breadth, and Length,
Fain would I adventure,
To search the hid mysteries,
Of Magnetick effects,
And Adamantick strength!

Fain would I know if in some lofty Mountain,
Where the *Muses* sojourn, if there be Trees or Fountain?
If there be Beasts of prey, or yet be fields to hunt in?
Holow, &c.
Fain would I have it tried,
by Experiments,
By none can be denied;
If in this bulk of Nature,
There be voids less or greater,
or all remains compleat?

Fain would I know if Hearts have any Reason?
If *Falcons* killing *Eagles*, do commit a treason?
If fear of Winters want, makes *Swallows* fly the season?
Holow, &c.
Holow my *Fancie*, holow,
stay thou at home with me,
I can thee no longer follow,
Thou hast betray'd me,
And bewray'd me,
it is too much for thee.

Stay, stay at home with me, leave off thy lofty soaring,
Stay thou at home with me, and on thy books be poring:
For he that goes abroad layes little up in storing;
thou's welcome home my *Fancie*, welcome home to me!

FINIS.



A New SONG call'd

The Churliſh Huſband.

ITS of an ancient Farmer you hear without delay,
And he went out unto his plow upon a ſtormy day,
The rain and wind did blow ſo hard he could no longer ſtay,
But home he ran like one ſtark mad and to his wife did ſay;

Dear wife you and your children do live at home in eaſe,
You little think of any work you do juſt as you pleaſe,
But you ſhall take it turn about or I will break your bones,
For in the morning you ſhall go to plow with my man John.

His wife ſhe was contented her huſband for to pleaſe,
So ſhe to plow with John did go to keep the houſe at eaſe,
She ſays John you ſhall hold the plow and I the team will drive,
My huſband he ſhall ſtay at home no fear but we ſhall thrive.

She roſe up early in the morn to plow with John ſhe went,
And left her huſband warm in bed the children for to tent;
But preſently he did get up to give the child a clout,
The ſow and pigs they all got in and ſh—t the houſe about.

The pigs they wanted ſerving as we have often ſeen,
They got into the dairy and fill'd themſelves with cream;
The milk pans and the cream pots they knocked them about,
Beſides the churn they did drive down before he got 'em out.

O then he got the churn-ſtaff to drive out all the pigs,
Some he hit, and ſome he miſs'd, and ſome he broke their legs,
But ſtill he drove them on, ſwore death ſhould be their doom,
The ſow ſhe turn'd her head about and bit him by the thumb.

He went into the parlour for to tie up his hand,
The children they lay ſqualling and calling out for mam,
Your mammy ſhe is gone to plow and I am almoſt dead,
One child fell out upon the floor the other foul'd the bed.

When he had clean'd the child again and put it into bed,
He then fetched the ſpinning-wheel for to begin his trade,
But while he waſhed a clout and hung the ſame to dry,
His tow took fire and burnt the wheel his work went all awry.

This tired him of women's work it went with him ſo croſs,
He ſwore he would to plow again he would no more be nurſe;
When out he ran like one ſtark mad to call his wife from plow,
But John he was kiſſing her behind the barley-mow.

Come all you churliſh huſbands a warning take by me,
Content yourſelves with your own work or Cuckolds you will be,
For I have try'd the woman's work and like my own the beſt,
So be not churls unto your wives tho' you do ſee them reſt.

BEDLAM SCHOOLMAN.

Or, Some Lines made by an *Engliſh* Noble Man, that was in *Bedlam*. To its own proper Tune. *Holow my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?*

INTO a Melancholick *Fancie*,
Out of my ſelf;
Into the *Vulcan* dancie,
All the World ſurveying,
No where ſtaying,
Juſt like a *Fairie Elff*:
Out o're the tops of higheſt Mountains Skipping,
Out o're the Hills, the Trees, and Valleys tripping,
Out o're the Ocean Seas, without an Oare or Shipping:
Holow my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?
Amidſt the miſty Vapours,
fain would I know,
What doth cauſe the Tapours?
Why the Clouds benight us?
And affright us;
while we travel here below?
Fain would I know what makes the roaring Thunder?
And what theſe lightnings be, that rent the clouds aſunder?
And what theſe Comets are, on which we gaze and wonder?
Holow my Fancie, &c.
Fain would I know the reaſon,
why the little *Aunt*,
All the Summer ſeaſon,
Layeth up proviſion,
Upon condition,
to know no Winters want?
And how theſe Huſe-wives that are ſo good and painful,
Do untotheir Husbands prove ſo good and gainful?
And why theſe lazie *Drons*, to them do prove diſdainful?
Holow, &c.
Ships, Ships, I will diſcrie you,
amidſt the Main;
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting,
And projecting.
what's your end and aim?
One goes abroad for Merchandiſe and Trading,
Another ſtayes to keep his Countrey from invading,
A Third is coming home with rich & wealth of loading.
Holow, &c.
When I look before me,
there I do behold,
There's none that ſees or knows me;
All the World's a gadding,
Running and madding,
none doth his ſtation hold:
He that is below invieth him that riſeth,
And he that is above, him thats below deſpiſeth,
So every Man his plot and counter-plot deviſeth.
Holow, &c.
Look, Look, what a buſling,
here I do eſpy;
Each one another juſling,
Every one turmoiling,
One another ſpoiling,
as I did paſs them by:
One ſitteth muſing in a dumpiſh Paſſion,
Another hangs his Head, becauſe he's out of faſhion,
A Third is fully bent on ſport and recreation:
Holow, &c.
Amidſt the foamie Ocean,
fain would I know,
What doth cauſe the motion,
And returning,
In its journeying?
and doth ſo ſeldom ſwerve?
And how theſe little Fiſhes, that ſwime beneath Salt water
Do never blind their Eye? Me thinks it is a matter,
An inch above the reach of *Erra Pater*!
Holow, &c.
Fain would I be reſolved,
how things are done?
And where the Bull was calved,
Of bloody *Falaris*?
And where the Taylor is,
that works to the Man in the Moon?
Fain would I know how *Cupid* aims ſo rightly?
And how theſe little *Fairies* do dance and leap ſo lightly?
And where fair *Cynthia* makes her ambles nightly?
Holow, &c.
In conceit like *Phaeton*,
I'll mount *Phœbus* Chaire!
Having ne're a Hat on,
All my Hair's a burning,
In my journeying,
hurrying through the Air!
Fain would I hear his fiery Horſes neighing!
And ſee how they on foamy Bitts are playing!
All the Stars and Planets I will be ſurveying!
Holow, &c.
O from what ground of Nature,
Doth the *Pelican*,
That ſelf devouring creature,
Prove ſo froward,
And untoward,
her Vitals for to ſtrain!
And why the ſubtile *Fox*, while in deaths wounds is lying,
Doth not lament his pangs, by howling and by crying?
And why the milk white Swan doth ſing when ſhe's a dying.
Holow, &c.
Fain would I conclude this,
at leaſt make an eſſay,
What ſimilitude is,
Why Fowls of a feather,
Do flock and fly together?
and *Lambs* know Beaſtes of prey?
How Natures *Alchymiſts*, theſe ſmall laborious creatures,
Acknowledge ſtill a Prince in ordering their matters,
And ſuffers none to live, who ſlothing loſe their Features?
Holow, &c.
I'm rapt with admiration,
when I do ruminate,
Men of one Occupation,
How each one calls him Brother,
Yet each invieth other,
and yet ſtill intimate;
Yea, I admire to ſee, ſome Natives farther ſundred,
Then *Antipodes* to us, is it not to be wondred,
In Myriads ye'll find of one Mind ſcarce an hundred!
Holow, &c.
What multitude of notions
doth perturb my Pate,
Conſidering the motions,
How Heavens they are preſerved!
And this World ſerved,
in Moiſture, Light and Heat!
If one Spirit ſits the outmoſt Circle turning,
Or if one turns another continuing in journeying?
If Rapids circles motion be that which they call burning?
Holow, &c.
Fain alſo would I prove this,
by conſidering,
What that which you call love is?
Whither it be a Folly,
Or a Melancholy,
or ſome Heroick thing!
Fain would I have it proved, by one whom *Love* hath wounded
And fully upon one their deſire hath founded,
That nothing els could pleaſe them tho the World were rounded!
Holow, &c.
To know this Worlds Center,
Height, Depth, Breadth, and Length,
Fain would I adventure,
To ſearch the hid attractions,
Of Magnetick actions,
And Adamantick ſtrength!
Fain would I know if in ſome lofty Mountain,
Where the *Moon* ſojourns, if there be Trees or Fountain?
If there be Beaſts of prey? or yet be fields to hunt in?
Holow, &c.
Fain would I have it tried,
by Experiments,
By none can be denied;
If in this bulk of Nature,
There be voids leſs or greater,
or all remains compleat?
Fain would I know if Beaſts have any Reaſon?
If *Falcons* killing *Eagles*, do commit a treaſon?
If fear of Winters want, makes *Swallowes* fly the ſeaſon?
Holow, &c.
Holow my *Fancie*, holow,
ſtay thou at home with me,
I can thee no longer follow;
Thou haſt betray'd me,
And bewray'd me;
it is too much for thee.
Stay, ſtay at home with me, leave off thy lofty ſoaring;
Stay thou at home with me, and on thy books be poring:
For he that goes abroad layes little up in ſtoring:
thou's welcome home my *Fancie*, welcome home to me.

FINIS.

The Happy Pair. A Song Sung by Mr. *Abe*

I'*ANTHE* the Lovely, the Joy of our Swain,
By *Ipbis* was lov'd, and lov'd *Ipbis* again:
She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair;
Their Pleasures were Equal, and Equal their Care:
No Time nor Enjoyment their Dottage withdrew,
But the longer they liv'd,
But the longer they liv'd,
Still the Kinder they grew.

A Paſſion ſo Happy, alarm'd all the Plain
Some Envy'd the N[illegible], but more Envy'd the Swain
Some ſwore 'twould [illegible] their Love's to invade;
That the Lovers each one, for each other were Made:
But All All conſented, That none e're yet knew
A Nymph half ſo Fair,
A Nymph half ſo Fair,
Nor a Shepherd ſo True.

For in their Beginning of Love, we did find
They ſtrove, in their Love, who ſhould ſtill prove more Kind:
The ſwain and the Nymph, by the *Dawn* of the *Day*
In Innocent *Love*, paſt the Minutes away
In each others Arms, gave the *Lovers* their Due:
They always were Conſtant,
They always were Conſtant,
And always were True.

And ſev'ral Years this True Love has gone on,
And they are as good as when firſt thy began:
No End's of our *Loving!* (the Nymph the did cry)
No! no! (ſays the Shepherd) I Love 'till I *Die*.
So Conſtant this Pair was, ſo Faithful and True,
That the longer they liv'd,
That the longer they liv'd,
Still the Fonder they grew.

Love ſaw them, wit[illegible]fore, and vow'd to take Care
Of the Conſtant, [illegible]ful the Innocent Pair;
What Either do w[illegible]i her to move.
But they wanted [illegible] Ever to *Love*.
was all that to Bl[illegible], god *Cupid* could do,
That they ſtill might be Kind,
That they ſtill might be Kind,
And they ſtill might be true.

FINIS.

King LEAR *and his Three Daughters.*



KING Lear once ruled in this land,
With princely pride and peace:
And had all things with content
That might his joys increase:
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.
So on a time it pleas'd the king,
A question thus to move:
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love.
For to my age you bring content;
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear.
To this the eldest first began,
Dear father mild, quoth she,
Before your face to do you good
My blood shall render'd be:
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall there be cut in twain,
'Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.
And so will I, the second said,
Dear father for your sake;
The worst of all extremities
For you I'll undertake.
And serve your highness night and day,
With diligence and love;
That sweet content an pure delight,
Discomfort may remove,
In doing so, you glad my soul,
The aged father reply'd.
But what say'st thou, my youngest girl,
How stands thy love ally'd!
My love, quoth young Cordelia, then,
Which to your grace I owe;
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I shall bestow.
And wilt thou shew no more, said he,
Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more we find.
Henceforth I banish thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine:
Nor any part of this my realm,
By favour shall be thine.
Thy eldest sister offer more
Than well I can demand;
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdom and my land.
My pompeous state and all my goods
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be mantain'd,
Until my dying day.
Thus flattering speaches won renown,
By these two sisters here:
The third had causeless banishment.
Yet was her love most dear.
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wandering up and down,
Uphel'd, unpity'd gentle maid,
Thro' many an English town.

Until at laſt in famous France,
She gentle fortune found:
Tho' poor and bare, yet ſhe was deem'd
The faireſt on the ground.
Where when the King her virtue heard,
And this fair lady ſeen.
With full conſent of all the court,
He made her his wife and queen.
Her father, old king Lear, this while
With his two daughters ſtaid,
Forgetful of their promis'd loves.
Full ſoon the ſame deny'd.
And living in Queen Regan's court,
The eldeſt of the twain,
She took from him his chiefeſt means,
And moſt of all his train,
But whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee;
She gave allowance unto ten,
And after ſcarce to three.
Nay, one ſhe thought to much for him
So ſhe took all away
In hopes that in her court, good king!
He would no longer ſtay.
Am I rewarded thus, ſaid he,
For giving all I have
Unto children? and to beg
For what I want or crave.
I'll go unto my Goneril,
My ſecond child, I know
Will be more kind and beautiful,
And will relieve my woe.
Full faſt he hies unto her court.
Where when ſhe hears his moan,
Return'd him anſwer that ſhe griev'd
That all his means were gone.
But no ways could relieve his wants,
Yet if that he would ſtay,
Within her kitchen, he might have
What ſcullions gave away.
When he had heard with bitter tears,
He made this anſwer then,
In what I did let me be made
Examples to all men.
I will return again, ſaid he,
Unto my Regan court;
She will not uſe me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder ſort.
Where when he came ſhe gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within my court,
Quoth ſhe, he could not ſtay.
Then back again to Goneril,
The woeful king did hie:
That in her kitchen he might have,
What ſcullions did ſet by.
But there of that he was deny'd,
Which he had promis'd late;
For once refuſing he ſhould not
Come after to her gate.

Thus 'twixt his daughter's, for relief,
He wander'd up and down,
Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
That lately wore a crown.
And calling to remembrance then
His youngeſt daughter's words,
Who ſaid the duty of a child
Was all that love affords;
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had baniſh'd ſo,
Grew frantic mad, and in his mind,
He bore the wounds of woe.
Which made him rend his milk white locks,
And treſſes from his head:
And all with blood beſtain'd his cheeks,
With age and honor ſpread.
To hills and woods and watery founts
He made his hourly moan,
To hills and woods and ſenſeleſs things,
Did ſeem to ſigh and groan.
Even thus preſs'd with diſcontent
He paſſed o'er to France.
In hopes from kind Cordelia there,
To find ſome gentler chance.
Moſt virtuous dame! which when ſhe heard
Of this her father's grief,
As in duty bound, ſhe quickly ſent
Him comfort and relief.
And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant ſort,
She gave in charge he ſhould be brought
To Againipus's court;
Whoſe royal king, whoſe noble mind,
So freely gave conſent
To muſter up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.
And ſo to England came with ſpeed,
To repoſſeſs king Lear;
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordalia dear.
Where ſhe, true hearted noble queen,
Was in the battle ſlain;
Yet he, good king, in his old days
Poſſeſs'd his crown again.
But when he heard of Cordelia's death,
Who dy'd indeed for love
Of her dear father in whoſe cauſe
She did the battle move;
He ſwooning fell upon her breaſt
From whence he never parted;
But on her boſom left his life,
That was ſo truly hearted.
The Lords and Nobles when they ſaw
The end of theſe events,
The other ſiſters unto death
They doomed by conſents.
And being dead their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin.
Thus have you ſeen the fall of pride,
And diſobedient ſin.

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THE

Careful WIFE's Good Counſel;

AND

The HUSBAND's firm Reſolution to reform his Courſe of Life, In order to lay up ſomething againſt a Rainy-Day,

To the Tune of, *The Spinning-wheel*, &c.





KIND Husband if you mean to thrive,
Some other Way you muſt contrive
And not conſume and waſte your Store,
It will be hard to work for more;
Therefore be rul'd by me, I pray,
Save ſomething for a Rainy-day.

I in the Yoke will draw with you,
And what I can will freely do
If you the like will do again,
Our Charge I'm ſure we may maintain,
Thus by our Labour, then we may,
Save ſomething for a Rainy-day.

Behold! we ſee the painful Bee,
Lays up by his Induſtry,
A Stock to ſerve in Winter cold,
And ſo ſhould Man 'gainſt he grows Old:
Therefore, Kind Husband, now, I pray,
Lay up againſt a Rainy-day.

If Man has nothing of his own.
Alas! he then may make his Moan,
And yet at length be not ſo near,
For Friends like Strangers will appear,
When as you fall into Decay,
Remember then the Rainy-day.

The Ale-wives they go fine and gay,
Deck'd in their Silks and rich Array,
When as the poor Man's Wife may lack,
Both Food and Cloathing to her Back:
Good-man, conſider this, I pray,
Save ſomething for a Rainy-day.

The Hoſteſs ſhe will flout at thee,
Or any Man in Miſery,
When as you have no Money to ſpend,
She'll ſhew no Pity, give, nor lend:
Conſider this without Delay,
Save ſomething for a Rainy-day.

Your jovial boon Companions too,
Will likewiſe take their Leave of you:
They'll know you not in Time of Need,
And won't this make your Heart to bleed
Therefore take up in Time, I pray,
Save ſomething for a Rainy-day.

A Man may waſte his youthful Strength,
And bring himſelf to Want at length,
When feeble Age his Limbs ſhall ſeize,
And he hath nought to take his Eaſe,
Will find the World as cold as Clay,
Then think upon the Rainy-day.

Grey-headed Men are often ſeen,
Here in this World both poor and mean,
Having ſcarce Meat, or Cloaths to wear
And this has been for want of Care,
Oh! think of this, Good-man, I pray,
Lay up againſt a Rainy-day.

Conſider we are Man and Wife,
And ought to lead a careful Life;
I'll do my beſt to get and ſave,
That we another Day may have.
Something to help old Age, I ſay,
Is what I call a Rainy-day.

Oh! loving Wife, he then reply'd,
I will endeavour to provide,
Henceforth for our poor Family,
Thy Words have ſo prvail'd on me,
No longer will I run aſtray,
But think upon a Rainy-day.

I needs muſt own thy Words are true,
Therefore I will my Life renew,
And all my feigned Friends Forſake,
Nay, likewiſe ſome other Courſes take.
No longer will I run aſtray,
But lay up for a Rainy-day.

With Care I'll follow my Concerns,
That Man goes far that ne'er returns,
I do reſolve to mend my Ways,
And hope to ſee brave golden Days:
And that we both may happy be,
And live in Love and Unity.

According to my Promiſe, Love,
I ſwear by all the Powers above,
I will be loving, kind and true.
And ever faithful unto you:
No longer will I run aſtray,
But think upon a Rainy-day.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne: Printed and Sold by *John White* in *Pilgrim ſtreet*

The Penſive Maid:

OR,

The Virgins Lamentation for the Loſs of her Lover.

For ſeven Years ſpace ſhe patiently did bear
The Abſence of her Love as you may hear:
At length ſad Tydings came that he was ſlain,
And that they never more ſhould meet again.

Tune of, Through the cool ſhady Woods: or, Keep in Love, &c.





WHen Sol will ceaſe no light
all darkned over,
And doſeſome time of night
the Skies did cover:
Down by a Rivers ſide
where Ships are ſailing,
There a fair Maid I ſpied,
weeping and wailing.
I ſtept unto her ſtraight,
deareſt what grieves thee?
She anſwered me, and ſaid,
none can relieve me:
'Tis ſeven long years and more
ſince my Love parted,
And left me on this ſhore
quite broken hearted.

[illegible] return,
[illegible] him,
[illegible] ſigh and mourn,
death doth prevent him:
[illegible] could but hear
ſome tydings from him,
[illegible] my heart would cheer,
[illegible] all my longing.
A young Man ſtraight ſhe ſpied,
like one amazed,
Which did a token bring,
whereon ſhe gazed;
Where is my Love? quoth ſhe,
that comes not near me.
The Young-man he reply'd,
pleaſe for to hear me.

YOur Love and I did fight
under one Banner,
Maintaining England's Right,
purchaſing Honour:
He was a Seaman bold,
of courage valiant,
Scorning to be controul'd
by e're a Gallant.
But in a dreadful Fight
where Guns did rattle,
And many a gallant Wight,
fell in the Battle:
His fatal Deſtiny
near was approaching,
And ſummon'd him away
by Death's incroaching.
When he his Deaths wound had,
and Brains were broken,
To me theſe words he ſaid,
deliver this Token
To her that hath my heart
and is more dearer.
Wiſhing her for my ſake
to love the Bearer.
And having ſpoke thoſe words
he then declined,
And in a Stream of Blood
his life reſigned:
Leaving me full of Care,
ſad News to bear it,
His death for to declare
as you now hear it.

When ſhe the Tydings heard
with this ſad Motion,
She like a Stock appear'd
without all Motion:
At length her Spirits came
by Grief inflamed,
And then with Floods of Tears
thus ſhe exclaimed.
O! ye great Powers above,
which life doth lend us;
And thou the God of Love
that did befriend us,
Why have ye ſnatch'd away
my deareſt Sweeting,
And by your Cruelty
ſpoiled our meeting.
Since that my Love is dead,
whom I did tender,
No comfort I will take
but life ſurrender:
In ſome unwonted paths,
there will I wander,
And prove more conſtant
than e'er was Leander.
And ſo bain would farewel
and all thy pleaſure,
Since he is gone that was
my chiefeſt Treaſure:
In the Elyzium Shades
there will I hide me
Until I find my Love
what e'er betide me.

The GLORY of MAN's Redemption:

BEING

A new and lively Emblem of the BIRTH, LIVES, SUFFERINGS, RESURRECTION, and glorious ASCENTION of our bleſſed Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST, and his Holy Apoſtles: Written by the moſt Reverend Father in God *Edward*, Lord Archbiſhop of *Tewham*. (*Very neceſſary to be had in all Chriſtian Families.*)







LET all the Earth rejoice with pious Mirth,
And celebrate our bleſſed Saviour's Birth,
Who at this Time left all the Joys above,
To viſit Sinners in eternal Love.
Therefore let all the whole Creation ring,
With Songs of Praiſe, to God, and Chriſt our King,
The Saints and Angels do it now in Heaven:
Let us unite, becauſe a Son is given.
How gracious was the Lord of Glory bright,
To ſend his Son in whom he took Delight,
To take our Nature, and be baſely us'd,
And yet alas! this Goodneſs ſtill abus'd.
No Pomp no Grandeur did our Lord require,
For great Ones to behold, or Rich admire:
To Poor and Low the great Meſſiah came,
Then let the Poor extol his glorious Name.
What Preparations and what vaſt Expence,
At bringing forth a Mortal earthly Prince;
Yet ſee the King of Kings is void of all,
And firſt drew Breath within an Ox's Stall.
His Virgin Mother, though belov'd of God,
Had neither Court, or Palace for Abode;
But in a Manger free from Noiſe and Strife,
She there brought forth the precious Lord of Life.
Mankind were Strangers to thoſe glorious Things,
'Till joyful Angels with expanded Wings,
Brought Tidings to the Shepherds in the Field,
Who were with Rapture and Amazement fill'd.
They were ſurrounded with refulgent Rays,
The heavenly Hoſt were ſinging Songs of Praiſe;
Thoſe pious kindly Shepherds ſtrait agree,
To leave their Flocks, the bleſſed Babe to ſee.
Then by a glorious Star they guided were,
To pay their Homage to the heavenly Heir,
But curſed *Herod Judæ*'s cruel King,
Did plot and ſtrive to work a helliſh Thing.
Finding the Wiſe-men would not him inform,
Where Jeſus Chriſt, the Son of God was born;
Three thouſand Infants ſtrait he put to Death,
In Hopes that Chriſt with them might loſe his Breath;
But God on high fruſtrated his Intent,
For why, his Parents into *Ægypt* went.
And kept our Saviour from the Tyrant's Power,
'Till curious Rice, his Carcaſe did devour!
Conſider Chriſtians how this Prince of Peace,
Was forc'd to wander thus from Place to Place;
And though a ſpotleſs Lamb, yet doom'd to die,
Then rejoice in your Adverſity.
And envy not the Great, the High and Rich,
Whom Bags of Gold do oftentimes bewitch;
For thoſe that follow Chriſt have Croſſes here,
But ſhall be crown'd hereafter, never fear.

Our Saviour then returned Home again,
And wrought for his own Bread with Sweat and Pain;
Until in Age to Thirty he did reach,
Then went about the Goſpel for to preach.
He heal'd the Sick, gave Sight unto the Blind,
Lame got their Feet, the Deaf their Hearing find;
The Dead he rais'd, but did no Phyſic uſe,
All this and more he did among the *Jews*.
Thus doing Good three Years and Half, went he,
The wicked *Jews* then held Conſpiracy,
To take his Life, whilſt *Judas* doth him ſell
For Thirty Pence, poor Soul, and went to Hell.
And when the cruel bloody minded *Jews*,
Found out our Lord, they did him baſely uſe;
Mock, ſcout and ſcoff, and ſet him all at Scorn,
Spit on his Face, and crown'd his Head with Thorns.
Betwixt two Thieves he ſurely was to die,
Upon a Croſs that was mounted on high;
Unto the ſame they nail'd his Hands and Feet,
Where for our Sins he ſhed his Blood moſt ſweet.
Moſt barbarous were they in every Part,
One took a Spear and pierc'd his tender Heart:
From whence both Blood and Water ſtrait did flow,
All this, and more, the Lamb did undergo.
And to compleat this woful Tragedy,
They laugh'd and jeer'd, as he hung on a Tree;
What ſavage Tygers, and far worſe were they,
To butcher ſuch a harmleſs Lamb that Way.
The Earth did tremble underneath their Feet,
The Sun grew dark, went back, and ſeem'd to weep;
The Rocks they rent, and all Things griev'd and mourn,
Yet this would not the *Jews* Hearts melt to turn.
Thus dy'd the Lord of Life for ſinful Men,
But the third Day he roſe to Life again;
Triumphing o'er the Devils, and the Grave,
We ſhed his Blood, and yet that Blood doth ſave.
For forty Days on Earth he did converſe,
With his Diſciples, as themſelves rehearſe;
Then was he taken up by Angels bright,
To heavenly Joys, in his Apoſtle's Sight.
St. *Matthew* did our Saviour's Actions write,
And moſt of his wiſe Sayings did indite,
At laſt he was in *Æthiopia* ſlain,
Whoſe Soul with Chriſt in Heaven doth remain.
St. *Thomas* had an unbelieving Heart,
Touching his Maſter's Side did him convert,
This Saint was murder'd by a bloody Crew,
For with a Spear they pierc'd his Body through.
In *Hierapolis*, as ſome do report,
St. *Philip* martyr'd was in barb'rous Sort;
St. *James* a Biſhop in *Jeruſalem*,
Who for his Faith was martyr'd by them.

St. *Peter* was a Fiſherman at firſt,
And he in *Rome* the Goſpel did rehearſe;
By Tyrant *Herod* he was crucify'd,
With his Head downward, ſo this Martyr d'd.

St. *Andrew*, that Apoſtle of great Fame,
Brother to *Simon*, *Peter* call'd by Name,
He to the Croſs was nail'd and crucify'd,
And ſo this Martyr for the Goſpel died.
St. *John* upon our Saviour's Breaſt did reſt,
And by the King of Glory was lov'd beſt;
His Life was fought, but Chriſt did it defend,
St. *John* at *Epheſus* his Life did end.
St. *John* outliv'd his Maſter nine Years,
As by the Holy Scripture it appears;
But cruel *Herod* then cut off his Head,
For which by Worms he was devoured.
Bleſſed St. *Mark* who did the Goſpel preach,
And did vaſt Multitudes in *Ægypt* teach;
He martyr'd was, and's Fleſh in Pieces tore,
But now with Chriſt doth reign for evermore.
Let every Chriſtian bear this in his Mind,
The Love of Chriſt, the Saviour of Mankind,
Who dy'd for us, or elſe we know right well,
All muſt have periſh'd in the Lake of Hell.
Behold our Saviour, Lord, and King of Bliſs,
By wicked *Jews* thus crucify'd he is:
He lay in a Manger, in an Ox's Stall;
He dy'd and roſe again to ſave us all.
St. *Luke* his Goſpel wrote, the *Acts* likewiſe,
His Faith in Chriſt let every Chriſtian prize:
He on an Olive-tree was hang'd in *Greece*,
His Soul doth reſt now in eternal Peace.
St. *Paul* converted was by dazling Light,
Thirteen moſt learn'd Epiſtles he did write;
For many Years he through great Dangers paſt,
And was at *Rome* beheaded at the laſt.
St. *Jude* he was the Virgin *Mary*'s Brother,
He and St. *Simon* loved one another;
St. *Simon* dy'd the Goſpel to maintain,
St, *Jude* by *Herod* cruelly was ſlain.
St. *Barnabas* was ſtoned barb'rouſly,
By wicked *Jews* who did our Lord deny;
For which he now enjoys eternal Love,
In holy Manſions there with Chriſt above.
St. *Bartholomew* for Martyrdom did ſtrive,
And was by cruel Heathens flead alive:
He in his Torture cry'd, *I come to thee,*
Dear Chriſt, who once was crucify'd for me.
The good *Matthias* as the Scripture ſhows,
Was in the Room of faithleſs *Judas* choſe:
In *Hierapolis* Chriſt's Words did reveal,
The which his glorious Martyrdom did feel.
Now Chriſtian Neighbours mind what here is penn'd,
If that you hope that Chriſt will ſtand your Friend;
Let all your Words and Actions be diſcreet,
And deck your Chambers with this godly Sheet,

FINIS.

THE

Humours of RAG-FAIR:

OR, THE

Countryman's Deſcription of their ſeveral Trades and Callings,



LAST Week in Lent I came to town,
and having a leiſure Hour,
I went to ſee his Majeſty's Crown,
and the Lyons in the Tower;
But loſing my way, I chanced to ſtray,
through a Lane full of ſecond-hand Taylors,
Till ſtopt with ſurprize, at the noiſe of the cries,
of a hundred different dealers.

Do you want a Coat or a Veſt young Man,
to dreſs in this good Eaſter?
Here is Breeches (fellow them if you can,
you ſhall have them for a Teaſter;
And a plain Banjan, for Barber's Man,
and Fuſtian Frocks for Bakers,
Cheap left-off Cloaths for Spital-field Beaus,
and Black for undertakers.

Here are ruffled Shirts and Cambrick ſtocks,
for young men to lie clean in,
With nice tucker'd Holland Smocks,
and choice of Child-bed Linnen.

Likewiſe clean ſheeting for folks to lie ſweet in,
Girls, a nice dimity dicket:
A good pair of ſleeves you may waſh when you pleaſe,
and tack them to a foul ſmicket.

Here are ſtockings for young women too,
not darn'd above the quarter,
With clocks of white, of red, or blue,
all flouriſh'd to the garter:
Knit hoſe for men, or boys from ten,
with ſilk for thoſe who ſtrut it,
You may have them whole, with their own ſoals
or neatly darn'd and footed.

Come cuſtomers, who buy my Shoes,
or pumps ſcarce worſe for wearing,
I had them a bargain from the Meuſs,
from a woman who goes a chairing,
Five groats a pair, ſearch all the fair,
and ſee if you can match them,
The ſhops are ſo nice, they'll have a good price,
although they clout and patch them.

Here's choice of perriwigs, who'll buy ?
I'll ſell you as cheap as any,
You're welcome, Sirs, to come and try,
Beſides I ſhave for a penny.
Do you flaxen lack, or a good coal black,
With a buckle as ſtrong as wire ?
Theſe left off greys I can ſurely praiſe,
I'll warrant them to the buyer.

Who buys my felt or caroline ?
there's none will ſell them cheaper,
For Sundays here's a beaver fine,
brought from a broken draper.
You may have them at large at a ſmall charge,
for quaker or for curate ;
Lac'd hats for thoſe that are quarter-deck beaus,
ne'er turn'd but once I aſſure it.

All ſmoaking hot a groat a pound,
my plain or ſweet plumb pudding,
The flour the beſt in the market found,
And all the ingredients good in ;
I make it neat, and give good weight,
my pound is ſixteen ounces,
Yet by the bye, ſhe tells you a lie,
for all ſhe brags and bounces.

Here's pancakes in cooks dripping fry'd,
I ſell them for a penny ;
They're criſp and brown, as has been try'd
to-day by a good many.
My ſauſages and black puddings pleaſe,
I ſpeak it without a vapour ;
For a penny a-piece you may have what is nice,
and I'm ſure you can't dine cheaper.

Here's houſhold-bread for families large,
And ſtale bread from the city,
Come buy all you that have got a charge
of me that can't out-wit you.
To you who buys I warrant the aſſize,
As my Lord Mayor would have it,
I hate words many, I'll bate you a penny,
you're welcome to take it or leave it.

Here's bacon as ſweet as any nut,
or neighbours never truſt me,
Altho' they know it was yeſterday but
they bought it themſelves for ruſty.
See this how far, how ſtreaky that,
though cheat you while they are vending,
And ſurely cheat you an ounce in the weight,
Yet ſwear they give you a mending

Here are joints of mutton from Leaden-hall,
and beef from Honey-lane market ;
I always keep what is prime at ſtall,
thus the cunning butchers clark it.

A prince may eat my ſtall-fed meat,
though I loſe in each pound a farthing,
But pray take care his ſtilliards are fair
or you are ſurely bit in the bargain.

Here is meaſly pork, and vile ſlink calf
in trays at gully-holes ſelling,
I had rather been at home by half
at dinner at my own dwelling.
To ſell ſuch meat for folks to eat,
is enough to breed an infection,
If ſuch folks were down in our good town,
they'd be ſent to the houſe of correction.

Here are wonderful purging Pills
Which Doctor Rock rehearſes,
Which all the dreadful poiſon kills,
ſuck'd in by foul embraces.
Such plaiſters for corns, ſuch powder for worms,
were never before ſet on trial,
Good people who prize the ſight of your eyes,
come purchaſe my little phial.

In watch-houſe cage I next did view
A ſtrolling black-ey'd Suſan,
Who only took a guinea or two
from a ſailor who had to loſe them.
The impudent whore, the juſtice before,
ſaid in her examination,
The money in full ſhe had from a cull,
For to pleaſe his inclination.

Pick-pockets too mix'd in the throng,
For hard by live their nurſes,
Good people when you paſs along,
I pray take care of your purſes
And handkerchiefs for theſe young thieves
ne'er hope for abſolution,
But proceed in ſin, till turn'd off with a grin
at a tyburn execution.

Then here and there you find a ſtall
ſet up by young beginners ;
The houſes too are rented all
by publicans and ſinners.
Walk in, ſir, here is the alderman's beer,
And a clear Newcaſtle fire,
I'll make you a pot of the beſt gin hot,
Which a young man can deſire.

Some were ſmoaking and ſome at cards,
And ſome were with chaps dealing ;
Some were civil and ſome black-guards,
All people have their failing.
I paid off my ſcore and went out of door,
maintaining this opinion,
That no prince of ſtate, beſide Britain the Great
hath ſuch a fair in his dominion.

LONDON: Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Stonecutter-ſtreet, Fleet-Market.



A New *CHRISTMAS* CAROL.

With DIVINE POEMS.



The Ten Commandments.

From the XXth Chapter of Exodus.

1 THOU ſhalt have no other Gods but me.
2 Before no Idol bend thy Knee.
3 Take not the Name of God in vain.
4 Nor dare the Sabbath-day prophane.
5 Give both thy Parents Honour due.
6 Take heed that thou no Murder do.
7 Abſtain from Deeds and Words unclean.
8 Nor ſteal, tho' thou art Poor and Mean.
9 Nor tell a wilful Lie, nor covet.
10 What is thy Neighbours do not covet.

From Matthew xxii. 17.

WITH all thy Soul love God above,
And as thy ſelf thy Neighbour love.

Our Saviour's Golden Rule, from Matt. vii. 12.

BE you to others ſo kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor ſay to Men,
Whate'er you would not take again.

Salvation aſcribed to Jeſus Chriſt.

GLORY to Jeſus Chriſt, the Son.
Of David and of God,
Who brought the News of Pardon down
And bought it with his Blood.
To Jeſus Chriſt our glorious King,
Be endleſs Praiſes giv'n;
Let all the Earth his Praiſes ſing,
Who made our Peace with Heav'n.

LET all that are to mirth inclin'd,
Conſider well and bear in mind,
What our good God for us has done,
In ſending us his belov'd Son.
Let all our ſongs and praiſes be
Unto his heavenly Majeſty;
And evermore, amongſt our mirth,
Remember Chriſt our Saviour's birth;
The twenty-fifth day of December,
We have great reaſon to remember.
In Bethlehem, upon this morn,
The great Meſſiah Chriſt was born;
The night before that happy tide,
The ſpouſe Virgin and her guide,
Were long time ſeeking up and down,
To find ſome lodging in the town:
But mark how all things came to paſs,
The inns and lodgings filled was
That they could have no room at all.
But in a ſily ox's ſtall.
This night the Virgin Mary mild
Was ſafe deliver'd of a child,
According unto Heav'n's decree,
Man's God and Saviour for to be.
Near Bethlehem ſome ſhepherds kept
And watch'd their flocks whilſt others ſlept,
To whom God's angel did appear,
Which put the ſhepherds in great fear.
Prepare and go, the angel ſaid,
To Bethlehem, be not afraid,
There ſhall you ſee this bleſſed morn,
The bleſſed babe ſweet Jeſus born.
With thankful hearts and joyful mind,
The ſhepherds went this babe to find,
And as the heavenly angel told,
They did our Saviour Chriſt behold.
Within a manger was he laid,
The Virgin Mary by him ſtaid,
Attending on the Lord of life,
Being both mother, maid, and wife.
Three eaſtern wiſe men from afar,
Directed by the glorious ſtar,
Came boldly on, and made no ſtay,
Until they came where Jeſus lay.
And being come unto the place
Where the bleſſed Meſſiah was,
They humbly kneel'd before his feet
Their gifts of gold and odour ſweet.
See how the Lord of heaven and earth
Shew'd himſelf lowly in his birth:
A ſweet example for mankind,
To learn to bear an humble mind,
No coſtly robes nor rich attire,
Did Jeſus Chriſt our Lord deſire;
No muſic or ſweet harmony,
Till glorious angels from on high
Did in melodious manner ſing
Praiſes unto our heavenly King.
All honour, glory, might and power,
Be unto Chriſt our Saviour.
If choirs of angels did rejoice,
Well may mankind with heart and voice,
Sing praiſes to the God of heaven,
That unto us his Son has given,
Moreover, let us every one,
Call unto mind, and think upon
His righteous life, and how he dy'd
To have poor ſinners juſtify'd.
Suppoſe, O man! that thou ſhouldſt lie
In priſon ſtrong, condemn'd to die,
And that no man upon the earth,
Could ranſom thee from cruel death,
Except you can ſome party find,
That for your ſake would be ſo kind
Freely to part with his own blood,
To ſave thy life, to do thee good.
Such was the love of Chriſt when we
Muſt elſe have lain perpetually
In hell, our ſouls from thence to ſave,
Himſelf a ſacrifice he gave.
Whilſt in this world he did remain,
He never paſs'd a day in vain;
In teaching, preaching, prayer divine,
He daily in the temple taught,
And many miracles he wrought:
He gave the blind their perfect ſight,
And made the lame to walk upright;
He cured the lepers of their evils,
And by his power caſt out devils;
He called Lazarus from the grave;
And to the ſick their health he gave:
And yet, for all ſuch good works wrought,
The Jews his full deſtruction ſought;
The traitor Judas was the man,
That with a kiſs betray'd him then;
Then he was led to juſtice-hall,
Like one deſpis'd amongſt them all;
And had the ſentence given the
Muſt ſuffer death upon a tree.
Unto the execution place,
They brought him with diſgrace;
With vile reproaching taunts and ſcorns,
They put him on a crown of thorns;
Then to the croſs, to hands and feet,
They nail'd him faſt, but oh! how great
Muſt be the pain and anguiſh he
There ſuffer'd on the curſed tree:
But that's not all, to augment the ſmart,
With bloody ſpear thy pierc'd his heart.
Thus have you ſeen and heard aright,
The love of Chriſt the Lord of might;
And how he ſhed his precious blood,
Only to do us ſinners good.

WIthin this rock that rock is laid,
Who both the tomb and maker made;
A man that ne'er was ſuch beſide;
Tho' juſt, no one ſo unjuſtly dy'd.
Nothing he owe'd, and yet did pay
The whole world's debt all in one day.
He living gave relief to all,
That did in faith upon him call;
And on the croſs he pay'd for thoſe
That to the death did him oppoſe;
And while by the hand of death he fell,
He conquer'd Death, the Devil and Hell:
Therefore unto his holy name,
Be Honour, Glory, Power, Fame.

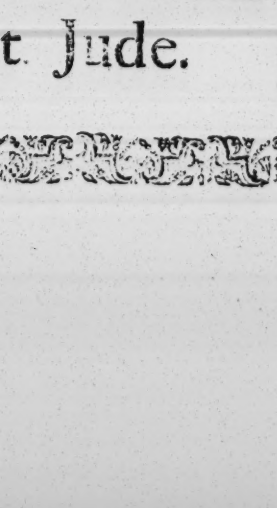
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St. Barnabas.



St. Simon.



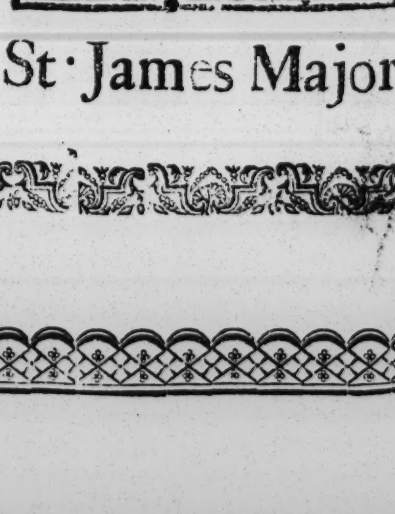
St. Jude.



St Bartholomew



St. Philip.



St. James Major

The Church of *Scotlands* Lamentation Concerning the setting up of Plays and Commedies.

March 1715.

LET not the News in *Gath* be told.
Nor Streets of *Ashkelon*,
Lest Vile Idolaters Triumph,
and mock our *Caledon*,
Where Gospel Light has been Display'd.
in Truth and Purity,
And strict Engagements made to Serve,
the Soveraign Lord most High,
That Satan's Synagog and School,
should in her Coasts be found,
And wickedness with open Face,
should in her Streets be found.
These very Nests of Sin and Vice.
which Satan Antiently,
Appointed for his special use
as *Marts* for Venery
These Chapels Consecrat unto,
the Dung-hill Idol God's,
where they declair themselves well pleasd
with Plays and interludes,
Promiscous meetings of both Sex,
in Revalings by Night,
In which these Dung-hill Dieties,
did mighty Delight,
How art thou then Poor *Scotland* fallen,
from thine Excellency,
Thy Horn Debas'd into the Dust,
and Sunk in Misery.
Instead of Solemn Holy Days.
of Gospel Sacrifice,
In thee are Solemn Pompons shows
of Pagan Vanities,
Concurse of People meet by Night,
in *Venus* School to Play,
While Satans Actors on the Stage,
his Bannar there Display,
By Commedies and Interludes,
Prophane and Untrue Jests,
Spectators wantonly all round,
have up their Naked Breasts,
That Lustful Eyes may feed thereon,
whilst they with wanton Glance,
Give secret Signals by their Looks,
and Am'rous Countenance,
Mean while the Male Spectators all,
with busfy Eyes do spy,
The Jalts & Neighbours wives for whom
They like Fed Horses bray,
To blow the Coal of Rampant Lust.
the Actors Act their part.
By Wanton and Lascivous Jestes,
set off with all their Art,
At once they Batter Ear and Eye,
with Hells Artillary,
Reciet some wanton Love intrigue
or Act of Venery,
Shew how some Witty Am'rous Miss,
Trapan'd a Country Squair,
Or how some well accomplish'd Rakes,
Deflowr'd a Female Fair,
Or how some furrly Usurer
who kept his wife too near,
Was bravely Tricked of his Bags,
and got the Horns to wear,
Lo, these and many such like things
by Gesture and by Speech,
With many mimick Antique Arts,
they to their Scholars Teach.
The Scene to Satisfaction ends,
all partys fully pleas'd
Then *Venus* School in shade of Night
is of her Scholars eas'd.
Good Breading doth excite the Beaus
To wair the Ladys Home
Each Picks his Darling at the Door
Then through the Street they Roam,
Till they come near some proper House
the Squair then makes Address
Unto his Miss and Courticusly
invits her to a Glass
With some shamfyness he at first
doth seem a little Coy,
But with his Rethrick and his Art
doth her at last Dutty
When Set. they all the Play Repeat
and highly do Commend
The Actors and the Actresses,
who did the Stage attend.
Their pleasant Air and pretty Speech
and Lively Acts likewise.
The Subject of the Scene also,
they mightily do praise.
Their Pasions raisd with wanton thoughts
and Hearts inflam'd to Lust,
We leave them in a private Room,
and guess what follows next.
Poor *Scotish* Church what wilt thou do
canst thou no ways Restrain ?
Such Rampant Heaven during Vice
and practices profane
Has Church Disiplain lost its Force?
alas! it has, but may
Thou not fall on some happy Course
This Raging Devil to slay ?
Wilt thou like Lot in *Sodom* sit
still wholy impotent ?
Or like the Men of *Gebes*
will not the wrong Resent ?
Bestir thy self and still protest,
if thou can do no more
That thou dost hate such wicked ways
and do thou Heaven implore,
T' avenge it self, and *Scotland* free
of such a Wicked Race.
Call Heaven and Earth both to Record
& and Pray for Sparing Grace.

FIN Ib.

A Tragical BALLAD on the Unfortunate LOVE
OF
Ld Thomas and Fair Eleanor:
TOGETHER
With the downfal of the Brown GIRL.

To a pleaſant Tune, call'd, *Lord* Thomas, *&c*





LORD *Thomas* he was a bold Foreſter,
And a Chaſer of the King's Deer;
Fair *Eleanor* was a fine Woman,
And Lord *Thomas* he lov'd her dear.

Come Riddle my Riddle, dear Mother, he ſaid
And *Riddle us both as one*,
Whether I ſhall marry with fair Eleanor,
And let the Brown Girl *alone?*

The Brown Girl *ſhe has got Houſes and Lands*
And fair Eleanor *ſhe has got none*;
Therefore I charge you on my Bleſſing,
Bring me the Brown Girl *Home*

And as it befel on a high Holiday.
As many did more beſide,
Lord *Thomas* he went to fair *Eleanor*,
That ſhould have been his Bride.

But when he came to fair *Eleanor*'s Bower
He knocked there at the Ring;
But who was so ready as fair *Eleanor*,
For to let Lord *Thomas* in.

What News, what news, Lord Thomas? *she said*
What News hast thou brought to me?
I am come to bid thee to my Wedding,
And that is bad News for thee.

O God forbid, Lord Thomas, she said,
That such a Thing should be done;
I thought to have been thy Bride my ownself,
And you to have been the Bridegroom.

Come Riddle my Riddle dear Mother, she said
And Riddle it all in one,
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas' *Wedding*
Or whether I shall tarry at Home?

There's many that are your Friends, Daughter,
And many that are your Foe;
Therefore I charge you on my Blessing,
To Lord Thomas' *Wedding don't go.*

There's many that are my Friends, Mother.
If a Thousand more were my Foe;
Betide my Life, betide my Death,
To Lord Thomas' *Wedding I'll go.*

She cloathed herself in gallant attire,
And her merry Men all in Green;
And as they rid through every Town,
They took her to have been a Queen,

But when she came to Lord *Thomas's* Gate,
She knocked there at the Ring;
But who was so ready as Lord *Thomas*,
To let fair *Eleanor* in.

Is this your Bride? fair *Eleanor* she said,
Methinks she looks wonderous Brown:
Thou might'st have had as fair a Woman,
As ever trod on the Ground.

Despise her not, fair *Eleanor*, he said,
Despise her not unto me:
For better I love thy little Finger,
Then all her whole Body.

This brown Bride had a little Pen-knife,
That was both long and sharp;
And betwixt the short Ribs and the long,
Prick'd fair Eleanor to the Heart,

Oh! Christ now save thee, Lord Thomas, *he said*
Methinks thou looks wonderous wan:
Thou used for to look with as fresh a Colour,
As ever the Sun shined on.

Oh! art thou blind! Lord Thomas, she said,
Or canst thou not very well see?
Oh! dost thou not see my own Hearts Blood
Run trickling down my knee.

Lord *Thomas* he had a Sword *by his Side*,
As he walked about the Hall;
He cut off his Brides Head from her Shoulders,
And he threw it against the Wall.

He set the Hilt against the Ground,
And the Point against his Heart.
There was never three Lovers that ever met,
Did ever so soon depart.

Licenſed according to Order.

FINIS

Newcaſtle upon Tyne Printed and Sold by THOMAS SAINT

The Thankſgiving:

A New PROTESTANT BALLAD.

To an Excellent Italian Tune.

I.

LET's ſing the New M——y's Praiſe
With Hearts moſt thankful and glad,
For the S——ſmen of theſe our Days
Are the wiſeſt that ever we had.

II.

But not to wander too far
In the Maze of their endleſs Merit;
I'll give you an Inſtance moſt rare
Of their Vigilance, Wiſdom, and Spirit.

III.

They heard on Queen *Beſs*'s Birth-day
The Prentices had an Intent
Th' old *Proteſtant* Gambol to play,
Which *Churchmen*, they thought, ſhould prevent

IV.

The *Frolick*, it ſeems, was no leſs
Than to carry about in Proceſſion
A *Pope* in *Ridiculous* Dreſs,
And to burn it by way of Diverſion.

V.

Beſides theſe turbulent Fo'ke
(Than their Anceſtors much more uncivil)
To their Pageant had added the Joke
Of a *Perkin*, and eke of a *Devil*.

VI.

With Cardinals, Jeſuits, Fryers,
A Cartload together at leaſt,
Intended to Crown their Bonefires,
A very unſeas'nable Jeſt.

VII.

For ſure there cou'd be no Senſe,
When a Peace is coming upon us,
T' affront ſuch a powerful Prince
As the Pope; why it might have undone us.

VIII.

Then if the Moſt Chriſtian King
Should have taken it ill at our hand,
Such a very unmannerly thing
Might have put the Peace to a ſtand.

IX.

The *Jacobites* next, to be ſure,
Would have ris'n to defend their Maſter;
And who could have told where a Cure
Could be found for ſuch a Diſaſter?

X.

Beſides it would bear a doubt,
Whether burning the Pope and the Devil
Might not be deſigned to flout
At *High-Church* and Dr. *Sacheverell*.

XI.

Furthermore in theſe Days of Sin
'Twas fear'd by Folks that were hearty,
A numerous Mob might have been
Ev'n rais'd for the Dev'l and 's Party.

XII.

'Twas therefore expedient found
To ſend the Foot-Guards on the Scout,
To ſearch all the Suburbs round,
And find the bold Pageant out.

XIII.

They took it, and, as it was fit,
A Magiſtrate Wiſe and Great
The Criminals ſtrait did commit,
That the Law might determine their Fate.

XIV.

Then for Fear of a Reſcue by Night,
At which we ſhould all ha' beed troubled,
'Twas order'd (and ſure that was right)
That the *Guards* ſhou'd be ev'ry where doubled

XV.

Beſides that no Harm might come nigh us,
The Bands ſo well Train'd were drawn out,
And as long as thoſe Heroes ſtand by us
The Devil himſelf we may rout.

XVI.

What tho' ſome People did ſneer,
And call 'em the Pope's Life-Guard;
They ſtood to their Arms and their Beer
All Night, and kept Watch and Ward.

XVII.

So God ſave our Gracious Queen,
And Her Miniſters every one.
And he that don't ſay *Amen*,
Is a Churl, and may let it alone.

XVIII.

The *Hanover* Houſe God preſerve,
And blaſt the Pretender's Hope:
The Proteſtant Cauſe let's ſerve,
And give to the Devil the Pope.

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1711.

Queen *Elizabeth*'s Day:

OR,

The Down-fall of the *Devil, Pope*, and *Pretender*

To the Tune of *Bonny Dun-dee.*

I.

LET us ſing to the Mem'ry of glorious Queen *Beſs*,
Who long did the Hearts of her Subjects poſſeſs,
And whoſe mighty Actions did to us ſecure
Thoſe many great Bleſſings which now do endu
For ſhe then did lay that ſolid Foundation,
On which our Religion is fixt in this Nation;
For Pop'ry was put into utter Diſgrace,
And Proteſtantiſm ſet up in its place.

II.

But could ſhe have lived as a Looker-on,
Until this good Time, to ſee how ſhe's out-done;
She muſt have acknowledg'd that nothing ſhe dar'd,
Could be with the preſent great Actions compar'd:
For altho ſhe did reign in Times that were evil,
She never did ſeize the Pope or the Devil,
Nor ſave the Prieſts or Pretender from Flame,
Nor Right unto any ſuch Images claim.

III.

But now, God be thanked, we know what we do,
Which many wiſe Governments never did know;
For we have diſcover'd a damn'd Whiggiſh Plot,
To burn the Pope, and the Devil knows what,
Beſides the Pretender, and four Jeſuits,
Four Cardinals alſo, and four other Prieſts,
In all fifteen Images, made up of Straw,
Which are not allowed by any known Law.

IV.

And therefore a Council was call'd, for to know
What in this Conjuncture was fit for to do;
And after a long and a learned Debate,
Orders were given to a Secr'tary of State,
That he ſhou'd a Meſſenger at dead of Night ſend,
With ſome Grenadeers, to ſecure and defend
Theſe dangerous Figures from Fighting and Thrall,
And lodge them in's Office adjoining *Whitehall.*

V.

Where will ſit a Committee t'enquire the Reaſon,
And know if the Pris'ners are guilty of Treaſon;
Who made the fine Cloaths; and if by any Law
They dar'd to make ſuch Statues of Straw:
And if they cannot prove themſelves innocent,
Oh, then they'll be had before the P———t:
And Juſtice will there be impartially had,
Which will make the Nation rejoice and be glad.

1711

The YARMOUTH Tragedy;
OR,
The CONSTANT LOVERS.

LOvers, I beg lend an Ear to this Story,
See an Example in this conſtant Pair;
How Love a Virgin did blaſt in her Glory,
Beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth, we hear.
She was a Merchant's charming Daughter,
Heireſs to fifteen hundred a Year.
A young Man courted her to be his Jewel,
Son to a Gentleman who lived near.
Many Years he courted this Jewel;
When Infants in Love they both agreed;
And when to Age this Couple arrived,
Cupid an Arrow between them diſplay'd.
Their tender Hearts were linked together;
But when her Parents the ſame did hear,
They to their charming beautiful Daughter
Acted a Part moſt baſe and ſevere.
Bidding her give over her Intentions,
For if againſt their Conſent ſhe did wed,
Forevermore they reſolv'd to diſown her,
If ſhe wed one that was ſo meanly bred.
Her Mother ſaid, You are a great Fortune,
Beſides, you are young and handſome;
You are a Match, dear Child, that is fitting
For ever a Lord in Chriſtendom.
Then made anſwer this handſome Daughter,
Riches and Honour I do defy;
If I'm depriv'd of my deareſt Lover,
Then farewel World, it is all Vanity.
Jemmy's the Man whom I do admire,
He is the Riches whom I adore;
To be a Great one I never deſire,
My Heart is fixed to have no more.
Then ſaid her father, 'Tis my Reſolution,
Altho' I have no more Daughters than thee,
If that with him you reſolve to marry,
Baniſh'd for evermore thou ſhalt be.
For the young Man he ſent in a Paſſion,
And ſaid, For evermore now take thy leave,
have a Match more fit for my Daughter,
Therefore it is in vain thus for to ſtrive.
Honoured Father, thus ſaid the Maiden,
Promis'd we are by the Powers above;
Then of all Pleaſures do not bereave me,
Our Love is fixed never to remove.
Then, ſaid her Father, a Trip to the Ocean
You ſhall go in a Ship of my own;
And I conſent you ſhall have my Daughter,
When to fair Yarmouth you do return.

Honoured Sir, then ſaid the Lovers,
Since 'tis your Will, we muſt obey;
Our conſtant Hearts ſhall never be parted,
But our Deſires no longer muſt ſtay.
Than *Nancy* ſaid, deareſt *Jemmy*,
Here take this Ring the Pledge of my Vows,
With it my Heart keep ſafe in your Boſom,
And bear it with you wherever you go.
Then cloſe in his Arms he did enfold her,
While Tears did from the Fountains flow
Saying in return, I will give you,
you ſhall be preſent where'er I go
When on the Ocean I am a ſailing
The Thoughts of you the Compaſs will ſteer,
Till tedious Abſence the Time will devour
And bring me ſafe to the Arms of my Dear.
Therefore be conſtant my deareſt Jewel,
For, by the Heavens, if thou art untrue,
My Ghoſt ſhall haunt you for ever:
Dead or Alive I muſt have none but you.
Her Arms then round his Neck ſhe twined,
Saying, when thou art on the Sea,
If the Fates unto us ſhould prove cruel,
That we each other no more ſhould ſee,
No one alive ſhall ever enjoy me.
When the Tydings of thy Death I hear,
Then like a ſad diſtracted Lover,
Down to the Grave I will go with my Dear.
Then with a diſmal Sigh he departed,
The Wind it blew a pleaſant Gale;
All being ready, the fam'd Mary Galley
For the Iſland of Barbados did ſail.
Many Lords of high Birth and Breeding
Came a Courting to this bright Maid:
But their Preſents and Favours ſhe ſlighted,
Conſtant I'll be to my Jemmy, ſhe ſaid.
Now for a Time let's leave this Maiden,
And ſhew how Things with her Lover did go.
In fair Barbados the Ship was laden:
But now obſerve his ſad Overthrow.
Jemmy was handſome in each Feature,
A Barbados Lady, whoſe Fortune was great,
Fix'd her Eyes on him, ſaying, If I have not
This handſome Sailor, I die for his ſake.
She dreſſed herſelf in rich Attire,
With rich Jewels ſhe plaited her Hair;
An Hundred Slaves for to attend her.
She ſent for the young Sailor there.

Come noble Sailor, now can you love me?
A Lady whose Honour and Riches are great,
An hundred Slaves there are to attend thee,
with Musick to lull thee to thy silent Sleep.
In Robes of Gold then I will deck thee,
Pearls and rich Jewels I'll lay at thy Feet;
In a Charriot of Gold you shall ride with Plea-
if you can love me answer me strait. (sure
Amaz'd with Wonder, awhile he gazed,
forbear, sweet Lady, then he cry'd;
For in old *England* I've vow'd to a Lady
at my Return to make her my Bride.
She is a charming beauiful Creature
and has my Heart, I can have no more;
I bear in Mind her beauteous Features,
no other Creature but her I adore.
Hearing this, she rav'd in Distraction,
crying, unfortunate Maid thus to love
One that doth slight me and my Glory,
and of my Person does not approve.
Lords of Renown I have slighted
now must I die for a Sailor bold.
I must not blame him for being so constant,
true Love is better than Silver and Gold.
A curious Jewel then she gave him,
within her Hand she held a Knife;
One fatal Stroke ere they could stop her,
did put an End to her tender Life.
Great Lamentation was made for the Lady,
Jemmy on board the Ship did steer,
And then to *England* he was a sailing
with great Desire to meet his Dear.
But her Father found he was coming,
a Letter he writ to the Boatswain his Friend;
Saying a handsome Reward I will give you
if you the Life of young *Jemmy* will end.
Quite void of Grace, and for sake of Money,
the Boatswain did the same compleat;
As they on the Deck were a walking,
he tumbled him into the Deep.
All in the Night when he was sleeping,
his Ghost unto his Love did appear;
Crying, arise, sweet beautiful *Susan*.
perform the Vow you made to your Dear.
You are my own, so tarry no longer,
Seven long Years for thee I did stay:
Jove does wait to crown us with Pleasure,
the Bride Guests are ready, so come away,
Cries she, who's there under my Window?
surely it is the Voice of my Dear;
Lifting her Head from the downy Pillow,
strait to the Casement she did repair.
O *Jemmy*, she said, if my Father hears it,
we shall be ruin'd both I fear;
At the Sea-side there I will meet you,
and with my Maids *I* will meet you there.

Her Gown was embroider'd with Gold,
careleſly round her Body she threw;
And with both her Maids to attend her
to meet her Love she did instantly go.
Close in his Arms then he enfolds her,
Jemmy, says she, you are colder than Clay;
You are not the Man whom *I* admire,
paler than Death you appear to me.
Yes, fair Creature, I am your Lover,
dead or alive you know you are mine;
I came for your Vow, and you must follow,
my Body unto the silent Grave.
I for your Sake refus'd Gold and Silver,
Riches and Jewels I did despise;
A charming Lady did for me expire,
thinking of thee I was deaf to her Cries.
Your cruel Parents have been my Undoing.
and now I sleep in a watry Tomb;
Now for your Promise Dear I am suing,
dead or alive you are my own.
The trembling Lady was much affrighted,
amaz'd she stood at the brink of the Sea,
And with Eyes up-lifted said cruel Parents,
you have been the Cause of my Misery.
Certain it is I promis'd thee sweet Jewel,
dead or alive for to be thy own;
Now to perform my Vows I am ready,
to follow thee to the watery Tomb.
The Maidens heard her Lamentation,
but the Apparition could not see;
Thinking their Lady was in Distraction,
strove to persuade her contented to be.
But she cried dearest I'm coming,
and in thy Arms I soon shall be,
When she had spoke the unfortunate Lady
plunged herself quite into the Sea.
But when her Father heard of the same,
he said. O! what have I done?
My dearest Child, it was a cruel Father
that provided thee a watery Tomb.
Two or three Days being expired,
these two unfortunate Lovers were seen
In each others Arms in the Waves floating,
by the Ship's Side in the watery Main.
The cruel Boatswain struck with Horror,
then did confess the Fact he had done,
Shewing the Letter he had from her Father,
which was the Cause of these Lover's Doom.
On board of Ship he was try'd for Murder,
at the Yard-Arm he was hang'd for the same
Her Father broke his Heart for his Daughter,
before the Ship to the Harbour came.
Thus curſed Gold caused Distraction.
why should the Rich thus covet Gain
I hope this Story will be a Warning,
that cruel Parents may not do the same,

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard, London.



THE

Complaining Maid.

LONG time I've been married, teh moſt of my grief,
Long time I've been marry'd and find no relief,
Long time I've been marry'd and ſtill am a maid,
I am ruin'd, I am ruin'd, I am ruin'd ſhe ſaid.

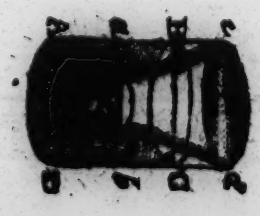
I gave her fine ſugar plumbs every night,
And told her there could be no greater delight,
No greater delight can be for a bride,
I am ruin'd. I'm ruin'd ſhe cry'd.

I gave her fine ribbons all gilded with gold,
And many a ſtory unto her I told,
But ſtill ſhe flew on me like a bird on a tree.
I am ruin'd, I am ruin'd, I am ruin'd ſhe ſaid.

My father gave me five acres of Land,
My mother gave me five hundred pounds,
And I kept it all for the ſake of a man,
I am ruin'd, I am ruin'd, I am ruin'd do all that I can.

My huſband lies by me like one that's bewitch'd,
For the hem of my garment he ever will touch,
And I do lie by him like a diſtreſs'd wife,
I am weary, I am weary, I am weary of my life.

I wiſh'd that he'd do as my neighbours have done,
To get me a delicate daughter or ſon,
For I long to enjoy the ſweet goſſiping crew,
I am ruin'd; I am ruin'd and what ſhall I do.



AN

ELEGY

ON THE

Much to be lamented Death of that Worthy and Reverend Divine Mr JOHN THOMPSON Miniſter of the Goſpel in *Stockton*, who died on the 23d of *February* 1753, in the 50th Year of his Age, much lamented by all that knew him.

I.

LORD what is Man that now we ſee,
Nothing at all but Vanitie;
Appear'd To day like a Flower,
To-morrow Death doth him devour.

II.

Stockton lament, thy Caſe bemoan,
Down to the Duſt is lately gone,
And takes Repoſe amongſt the Juſt,
That worthy celebrated Duſt.

III.

Of our worthy *Thompſon* ſingular,
He's gone, he's gone, too true we hear,
From this World's Woe and Pain;
Alas our Tears are all in vain.

IV.

Sure there is none my Grief can tell,
Now ſince I heard his Paſſing bell.
O *Stockton* this give thee a Shock,
Thompſon the brave, thy worthy Prop.

V.

O Reader ſtand and ſhed a Tear,
When of our Loſs you chance to hear,
Had you known him as well as I,
With Tears of Sorrow you would cry.

VI.

Of this ſad Inſtance before our Eves,
Doth all who knew him with Grief ſurprize;
That the learned the pious *Thompſon* brave,
So ſoon is call'd to his cold Grave.

VII.

Of his Fame where ſhall I begin to tell,
Great's that Love in his Breaſt did dwell;
Yea not to one, but unto all,
Alas, alas, great is our Fail.

VIII.

His Charity it was ſo great,
No Tongue can well expreſs it;
The Poor now all begin to moan,
To hear their worthy *Thompſon*'s gone.

IX.

Riches for them he did not care,
Among the Poor he did them ſhare;
For all he gave was through pure Love,
He knew his Treaſure was above.

X.

Children untaught do for him weep,
To hear he's laid in ſilent Sleep;
O cruel Death that's ſo ſevere,
His worthy Life that would not ſpare.

XI.

In Gaming he took no Delight,
But chaſte he walk'd in all Men's Sight;
Vain Company was not his Abode,
But in his Cloſet with his God.

XII.

For Rich and Poor he did not mind,
Alike to both he was inclin'd;
Nothing could make him to delay;
No ſooner aſk'd but went away.

XIII.

Unto his Flock tender Regard he bore,
Of their Souls he had a ſpecial Care;
No human Man ſure could do more,
His Flock to keep, Sin to abhore.

XIV.

His Flock in Tears doth him condole,
To think they loſt ſo brave a Soul;
Which God did bliſs them ſo much under,
His pious Life was *Stockton*'s Wonder.

XV.

Both old and young doth for him lament,
To hear his God for him has ſent;
No longer here he would him ſpare,
He had for him a greater Care.

XVI.

A greater Loſs ne'er came to this Place,
Than that of worthy *Thomſon*'s Face;
Oh! had he liv'd longer Years to ſeen,
His Flock had almoſt happy been.

XVII.

But oh alas! that muſt not be,
His God did love him tenderly;
And now his God has ſent for him,
In heavenly Joys with him to ſwim.

XVIII.

His Doctrine it was pure indeed,
O may we in his Paths all tread;
His Converſation and Life did ſhine,
With Piety that was divine.

XIX.

No Miniſter that ere was placed
Among his Flock that was more graced,
Moſt of the Clergy he led the Van,
More like an Angel than a Man.

XX.

By all Profeſſions he was loved,
Unto all his Pity meekly moved,
That was to us a Day of Woe,
His God call'd him hence for to go.

XXI.

O *Thompſon* learned *Thompſon* thou,
Now's gone and bids us all adieu;
O may our Souls all be like thine,
That doth now in Glory ſhine.

XXII.

Thy God thy God delights in thee,
And from thy Troubles ſet thee free,
For thee his precious Blood he ſhed,
And now he is become thy Head.

XXIII.

When we his vacant Pulpit ſee,
Thoſe worthy Sermons preach'd by thee,
With Sorrows we do hang our Head,
Saying all Comfort's from us fled.

XXIV.

Laſt Text preach'd worthy *Thompſon* dear,
Which makes me ſhed many a Tear,
My God is good, come taſte and ſee, [*Pſal.* XXXIV. 8.]
Which now he doth to all Eternity.

XXV.

Now to his heavenly Joys he's gone,
All that knew him doth for him moan,
Where far from Noiſe and Troubles free,
Now Praiſes he ſings to all Eternity.

XXVI.

O ye his Flock that did him hear,
With a ready and attentive Ear,
In his bleſt Paths do all you tread,
At laſt be Heirs of Glory made.

XXVII.

O Lord grant his Hearers all,
Eſpecially thoſe that gives a Call,
His vocant Pulpit may get one,
Like pious *Thompſon*, now that's gone.

His EPITAPH.

Here lyes his Duſt intered full low,
His Soul immediately doth go,
Into thoſe heavenly Joys above,
And there to ſing redeeming Love.

The Court and Kingdom in Tears:

OR, THE

Sorrowful Subject's Lamentation for the DEATH

OF

Her Royal Majesty Queen Mary,

Who departed this Life the 28th of this instant *December*, 1694; to the Unspeakable Grief of his Majesty, and all his Loyal and Loving Subjects.

To the Tune of, *If Love's a sweet Passion*, &c.



In Mourning, in Mourning the Kingdom appears,
And the eyes of true Subjects are flowing with tears,
For our Grief and our Sorrow, alas, it is great,
Since our gracious Queen Mary departed of late;
By the hand of cold Death she was snatch'd from the Throne,
Having left our most gracious King William alone.

The loss of the Queen put just cause to lament,
In the prime of her years from the World she is sent,
While her sorrowful Subjects do weeping complain,
Knowing that they shall never behold her again:
By the hand of cold Death she was snatch'd from the Throne,
Having left our most gracious King William alone.

O! What an unspeakable Chang, is there brought?
From a Throne, Crown, and Sceptre Q. Mary is brought
For to take up her Lodging, now, now in the Grave:
So uncertain is Honour and all that we have:
By the hand of cold Death she was snatch'd from the Throne,
Leaving gracious King William to Govern alone.

She in the King's absence did Govern the Realm,
With Discretion and Wisdom she sat at the Helm,
While her Subjects in loyal Obedience did stand,
For a publick Blessing she was to the Land:
To our Sorrow and Grief she is snatch'd from the Throne,
And our Monarch, King William, now Governs alone.

There's nothing but Sorrow and Grief to be seen,
Thro' the Court and the Kingdom for loss of the Queen,
Who in less then a week was artive, well and dead;
And with her all our Joys and our Comforts are fled:
By the hand of cold Death she was snatch'd from the Throne,
Leaving Gracious King William to Govern alone.

O! who would have thought when from Flanders he came,
And the Queen she did meet him in triumph and fame,
That her time was so near, yet, alas, it is so;
She is gone, and has left us in Sorrow and Woe:
By the hand of cold Death, &c.
And has left good King William, &c.

The learned Physicians was sent for with speed,
She was dangerous ill, there was never more need;
But, alas, all the Skill in the World was in vain,
For the Doctors they could not relieve her again:
By the hand of cold Death, &c.
Leaving gracious King William, &c.

Her Soul is convey'd to the Regions of Joy,
Where there's nothing her Comfort nor Peace can annoy,
'Tis we that are left in sad sorrowful Tears,
For the Loss of a Queen in the prime of her Years:
By the hand of cold Death, &c.
Leaving gracious King William, &c.

For gracious King William let's send up our Prayers,
That the Lord would support him in all his Affairs,
That he still may be able our Laws to defend;
He has been to the Nation a fatherly Friend:
Therefore Heaven, we hope, will establish his Throne,
In the spight of his Foes, tho' he Governs alone.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-ball, and C. Bates at the Bible and Sun; both in Pye-corner.

(563)

THE

(257)

Lamenting Lady's farewel to the World.

Who being in a strange Exile, Bewails her own Misery, Complains upon Fortune *and* Destiny, *Describes the Manner of Her Breeding, Deplores the loss of her Parents, wishing Peace and Happiness to* England, *which was her Native Country: And withall, Resolved for Death Cheerfully, Commended her Soul to Heaven, and her Body to the Earth, and quietly Departed this Life,* Anno 1650.

To an Excellent New Tune, Called, Oh hone, Oh hone

MOurnful Melpomeny,
assist my quill,
That I may pensively
now make my will,
Guide thou my hands to write
And senses to endite
A Ladies last goodnight:
Oh pity me.

I that was nobly born,
hither am sent,
Like to a wretch forlorn,
here to lament:
In this most strange exile,
Here to remain a while,
Till heaven be pleas'd to smile
and send for me.

My friends cannot come nigh
me in this place,
Nor bear me company
such is my case.
Poor I, am left alone,
But few to regard my moan,
All my delights are gone,
heaven succour me.

Each day with cares and fears
I am perplext:
My drink is brinish tears
with sorrow mixt.
When others soundly sleep,
I sadly sob and weep,
Oppress with dangers deep,
Lord comfort me.

When England flourished,
my Parents dear
Tenderly nourish'd me
many a year.
I was advanced on by
In place of dignity,
In golden bravery
they decked me.

THE SECOND PART

To the same Tune.

MY garments dress with
richly approv'd (pearl
Never was English girle
better belov'd:
Old & young great and small
Waited upon my call,
I had the love of all
that did know me.

But from my former state
I am call'd back,
Through destiny and fate,
all goes to wrack.
Fortune hath lately frown,
And catcht me by the crown,
So pull'd me headlong down
Oh wo is me.

My dear friends are decayed
which loved me best:
Never was harmless maid
so much distrest.
My father he is dead
My mother banished,
All joys are from me fled,
heaven comfort me.

How well are they at ease,
and sweetly blest,
That may go when they please
and when they list.
To see their Parents kind,
As Nature doth them bind:
Such joies I cannot find:
Oh, wo is me.

All Earthly joies are gone,
I will and must
Only in God alone
Put my whole trust.

O Blessed Trinity,
One God and Persons Three,
Release my Misery,
and comfort me.

No Creature on this Earth,
can ease my grief,
Untill such times as death
yeild me Relief,
A Coffin and a Grave
Is that which I would have,
Sweet Christ my Soul receive,
and succour me.

My Enemies that be
both great and small,
Good Lord, I pray to thee,
forgive them all.
May *England* flourish brave
When I am laid in grave:
So thus I take my leave,
Christ sends for me.

I have in Heaven above,
a Place prepar'd,
Never shall I remove,
from thence afterward,
So toll my Passing Bell,
Whilst Angels ring my knell:
So vain World farewel,
Christ sends for me.

When she these words had told
with chearful heart,
The Noble minded Maid,
then did depart:
No doubt her Souls at rest
With them whom God hath blest,
The last words she expresst
was, Christ calls for me.

FINIS.

An Hundred Godly LESSONS,

Which a Mother on her Death-bed gave to her Children, whereby they may know how to guide themselves towards GOD and Man, to the Benefit of the Common-wealth, to the Joy of ther Parents, and to the Good of themselves.

Tune of, *Flying Fame.*



MY Children dear, mark well my Words
And keep my Precepts well,
Consider daily in your Minds,
The Words which I shall tell:
The Gain is great which I shall tell,
Good Counsel doth direct,
Their Ways and Actions for the best,
That do it not neglect.

First worship God above all Things,
Vain Swearing see you shun,
Hear much, but see you little say,
Thereby much good is won:
Speak thou no Ill of any Man,
Tend well thy own Affairs,
Bridle thy Wrath and Anger so,
For thereof comes no Cares.

Be mild and gentle in thy Speech,
Both unto Man and Child:
Refuse not good and lawful Gains,
With Friends be not begail'd;
Forget not any good Thing done,
Relieve thy Neighbour's Need;
And when thou lives in Wealth and Ease,
The Hungry see thou feed.

In God repose thy Strength and Stay,
With Tongue extol his Praise;
Honour thy Parents and the Lord,
He will Prolong thy Days;
He that his Father honour doth,
God will forgive his Sin,
He who his Mother loves is like,
Much Favour for to win,

A Son obedient to the Lord,
His Mother comfort shall;
The Father's Blessing stays the House,
When it is like to fall.
A wise Son makes the Father glad,
Fools do their Mother grieve,
For when their Parents aged are,
They will not them relieve.

He that his Mother doth despise,
Shall come to nought and worse,
The Ravens shall pick out their Eyes,
That do their Parents curse.
From needy Men turn not thy Face,
Let not thy Right Hand know
What thou dost with thy Left Hand give,
Or on the Poor bestow.

Cast no Man in the Teeth with that,
Which you for him hath done,
But in constant steady Course
Let all your Favours run:
Before thou talk'st not that which may,
Much Trouble to thee bring:
With godly Fear serve thou the Lord,
And reverence the King.

Boast not thyself before God's Sight,
Who knows thy Heart always;
Offend not thou the Multitude,
Faint not when thou do'st pray:
Scorn not a man in Misery,
Esteem not tatling Tales;
Consider Reason is exil'd
When as a Drunkard rails.

Use not thy Lips to loathsome Lies,
By Craft increase no Wealth,
And strive not with a mighty man.
With Temperance nourish Health:
Look that thou order well thy Words,
Leave not thy Friends for Gold,
Trust not too much before you try,
In venturing be not too bold.

They that upon the Poor beſtow,
Unto the Lord doth lend,
And God unto ſuch Men again,
A thouſand Fold doth ſend;
As Water doth the Fire quench,
Whoſe Fury great doth grow,
Even ſo ſhall Mercy quench their Sins,
The which doth Mercy Show.

Hear thou God's Word with earneſt care,
With Wiſdom anſwer make;
Be thou not mov'd with every Wind,
Such Courſes Sinners take;
They talk well of thy Fame or Shame,
Fools do themſelves annoy;
Truſt not thy own Will over much,
For that will thee deſtroy.

They that the living God do fear,
A faithful Friend will find,
A true Friend is a Jewel rare,
And Comfort to the Mind:
Hear Sermons, and good Sentences
Thou muſt receive aright,
In God's Commandment exerciſe
Thyſelf both Day and Night.

Think on the Pain thy Mother had,
In bringing thee to Life;
Fear God who knows thy ſecret Thoughts
And look thou makes no Strife;
Viſit the Sick with carefulneſs,
The Priſoners Grief conſider,
Shew Pity to the Fatherleſs,
And God will thee deliver.

Help ſtill to right the Widow's wrong,
Remember ſtill thy End,
So thou ſhalt never do amiſs,
Nor wilfully offend.
Truſt not a reconciled Friend,
More than an open Foe,
They that touch Pitch muſt be defil'd,
Take Heed thou doſt not ſo.

Take not a Wife that wanton is,
And full of ſhamful Words;
The flattering of an Harlot is
At length more ſharp than Swords;
Caſt not thy Love on ſuch a one,
Whoſe Looks can thee allure;
In every Face where Beauty is,
The Heart's not always pure.

A Woman fair and indiſcreet,
Is like a Ring of Gold,
The which in a Swine's Snout is ſet,
Unſeemly to behold.
The Malice of lewd Women ſhun,
For they will thee deſtroy,

Hate her that doth on every Man
Set her Delight and Joy.

From others let thy Praiſe proceed
Boaſt not thyſelf in ought;
He that hath a flattering Tongue,
Is oft to Ruin brought.
The Child that doth its Parents rob,
Is guilty of great Sin;
He always will be diſeſteem'd,
And ſhall no Favour win.

Correction bringeth Wiſdom found,
Fools hate good Council ſtill,
That Child doth grieve his Mother much
That ſtrives againſt her will;
The good Child ſhineth as the Light,
Which bringeth on the Day,
The Wicked know not where they walk,
For Darkneſs is their way.

Put far from thee a forward Mouth,
A ſlanderous Tongue is ill,
And do not thou a ſlanderous Mind
In any wiſe fulfil.
A Harlot brings a Man to beg,
In her is found no Truth;
In gladneſs therefore live and die
With the Wife of thy Youth.

Much babling breedeth much Offence,
He that ſpeaks leaſt is wiſe;
God's Bleſſing only makes Men rich,
From whence all Joys ariſe;
Better is little, fearing God,
Than Bags of Gold got ill,
And better is one Bit of Bread,
Than a fat Ox with Ill-will.

Who brooks not Warning hates his Soul
True Age worſhip aright;
A patient Man far better is,
Than one endowed with Might:
Man's Credit comes by doing Good,
An humble Mind indeed
Is better than a Liar proud,
From whom vain Brags proceed.

By this, dear Children, you may learn
How to direct your Ways
To God, to Man, to Common-wealth,
Where e'er thy dwelling ſtays,
Print well in Remembrance,
Thoſe Leſſens I have ſhewn,
Then ſhall you live in happy State,
When I am dead and gone.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:
Printed and ſold by T. SAINT.

The Lamenting LADY's

Farewel to the WORLD.

being in ſtrange Exile, *bewails her own* Miſery, *complains upon* Fortune
d Deſtiny, *deſcribes the Manner of her* Breeding, *deplores the Loſs of her*
rents, wiſhing Peace *and* Happineſs *to* England, *which was her Native*
untry. And withal, reſolved for Death, *chearfully commending her Soul*
Heaven and her Body to the Earth; quietly departed this Life, Anno 1650.

To the Excellent Tune, called, *Oh Hone, Oh Hone.*

The First Part.

OURNFUL **Melpomene**
Aſſiſt my Quill,
That I becomingly
May make my **Will:**
hou my Hand to write,
nſes to indite,
's laſt *Good-Night.*
pity me.

as Nobly Born,
er am ſent,
a Wretch forlorn,
to lament,
moſt ſtrange **Exile,**
to remain a While,
eav'n be pleas'd to Smile
ſend for me.

IENDS cannot come nigh
in this Place;
ar me Company:
is my Caſe.
am left alone,
regard my Moan;
Delights are gone:
v'n ! ſuccour me.

ay with **Cares** and **Fears**
perplext;
ink is *Briniſh Tears,*
n **Sorrow** mixt:
Others ſoundly Sleep,
Sob and Weep,
s'd with **Dangers** deep.
RD! Comfort me.

England flouriſhed,
PARENTS dear
rly nouriſhed
many a Year:
dvanc'd on High,
e of Dignity;
Gold and Bravery
y decked me.

The Second Part.

MY Garments dreſt with Pearl
Richly attir'd;
Never was *Engliſh* Girl
So much admir'd:
Old and Young, Great and Small,
Waited upon my Call:
I had the Love of all
That did me ſee.

But from my former State
I am call'd back,
Through **Deſtiny** and **Fate**
All goes to Wrack:
Fortune did lately frown,
And caught me by the Crown,
So pull'd me Head-long down.
Oh! wo is me.

My FRIENDS dear, are decay'd,
Who lov'd me beſt;
Never was harmleſs Maid
So ſore diſtreſt:
My FATHER he is **dead,**
My MOTHER **baniſhed:**
All Joy is from me fled.
Heav'n! Comfort me.

How well are they at Eaſe,
And ſweetly bleſt,
That may go When they pleaſe,
And Where they liſt,
To ſee their Parents kind,
As *Nature* doth them bind?
Such Joys I cannot find.
Oh! wo is me.

All earthly Joys are gone,
I will, and muſt,
Only in GOD alone
Put all my Truſt.
O Bleſſed TRINITY,
One GOD and PERSONS Three!
Releaſe my **Miſery,**
And Comfort me.

No Creature upon Earth
Can eaſe my Grief,
Until the Time that **Death**
Yield me Relief.
A **Coffin** and a **Grave,**
Is that which I would have.
Sweet CHRIST! my Soul receive,
And ſuccour me.

My [illegible]
Both Great and Small,
Good LORD! I pray to Thee,
Forgive them all.
May *England* flouriſh brave,
When I am laid in **Grave.**
So thus I take my Leave;
CHRIST ſends for me.

I have, in Heav'n above,
A Place prepar'd;
Never ſhall I remove
Thence afterward.
Go toll my **Paſſing-Bell,**
Whilſt *Angels* ring the Knell:
Thou vain World, now Farewel!
CHRIST ſends for me.

When ſhe theſe Words had ſaid,
With chearful Heart,
The Noble-minded Maid
Then did depart.
No Doubt her Soul's at Reſt,
With Them whom GOD hath bleſt:
The laſt Words ſhe expreſs
Prove That to be.

A New Song in Praiſe of the Durham MILITIA.

To the Tune of the Lillies of *France.*

MILITIA Boys, for my Theme I now chuſe,
(your Aid I implore to aſſiſt me, my Muſe)
Whilſt here I relate of the *Durham* Youths Fame,
Who chearful appear'd, when theſe new Tidings came,
That to *Barnard-Caſtle*, they muſt march away,
Embody'd to be, without Stop or Delay.

What tho' ſome Cowards, have betook them to flight,
And for their King and Country, ſcorn for to fight;
Yet we *Durham* Boys, who jovial appear,
Right honeſt we'll be, and we'll banish all Fear,
When Head of the Front, how martial we ſee,
Our COLONEL ſo brave, ſo gallant and free.

Whoſe generous Heart, by Experience we know,
Why need we then dread, along with him to go,
Then farewell dear Wives, and each kind Sweetheart,
Pray do not repine, that from you we muſt part;
But hark! the Drums beat, and the Fifes ſweetly play,
We're order'd to march now to *Richmond* ſtraightway.

Where cloathed in Red and in Purple Attire,
Our Exerciſe then ſhall be all our Deſire,
Which having acquir'd, then we'll merrily ſing,
Succeſs to great GEORGE, and the *Pruſſian* King,
Likewiſe loyal PITT, a Statesman ſo bold,
Who ſcorns to be falſe, for Intereſt or Gold.

If then the Monſieurs, ſhould with their crafty Guile,
E'er dare to moleſt us on *Britain*'s fair Iſle,
We'll laugh at their Fury, and Malice ſo ſtrong,
To *Charon* below, how we'll hurl them headlong,
Do they think that our Muskets uſeleſs ſhall be,
When in Numbers great, them advancing we ſee.

If they do, they're miſta'en, we'll boldly proceed,
And conquer or die, e'er ignobly we'll yield,
Then crowned with Laurel, (for vent'ring our Lives)
Home then we'll return to our Sweethearts and Wives,
What Joy will be greater, our Fame will abound,
The Bells then ſhall ring, and the Trumpets ſhall ſound

Let each loyal Briton, then fill up his Glaſs,
For to drive Care away, ſo round let it paſs,
Drink a Health to King *George*, who ſits on his throne,
(Whoſe Power the *French* to their Sorrow have known)
May the Heavens above, preſerve him from Harm,
And ever defend him from foreign Alarms.

A New *Song*, *on the brave* General Blakeney, *and* Admiral Bing.

COme all you jolly Soldiers,
Of Courage ſtout and bold,

There is moſt of us young Men,
and but few of us old
We are going to *Minorca*,
to fight for the King,
And when that we return,
in Claret we will ſwim *Fal, lal, &c.*

Bold *Blakeney* was valiant,
his Men were very true.
If *Bing* had been the ſame, Boys,
we had made the *French* to rue,
But he refuſed to fight,
all for a little Gold
So he turn'd his Back upon the *French*,
and thus *Minorca* was ſold.

Then adieu to *Minorca*,
as I do ſuppoſe
The ſweet ſmelling Pink,
and the fine blooming Roſe,
The Flowers they were ſweet,
and the Meadows freſh and gay,
But now we are left all alone
with the *French* Dogs to play.

Now if any ſuch News
ſho'd come into this Land,
That we poor Sailors,
were left on the Sand,
It would cauſe many a fair Maiden's
Heart for to ake
And to ſigh and lament,
for their true Lover's Sake.

The young Women cry
we are all undone,
And the old Women cry
for the Loſs of their Sons,
The Widows they do cry,
we are all in Diſtreſs,
We are all left alone
and our Children fatherleſs.

If that our Children,
for Bread they do cry,
There is none that will relieve them,
that is here ſtanding by,
There's none that will relieve them
from Hunger, Want and Cold,
While we do croſs the Ocean,
like jolly Sailors bold. *Fal, lal, &c.*

FINIS.

A

Lamentable Ballad of the LADY's Fall.

To the Tune of, *In Peaſcod Time, &c*





MARK well my heavy doleful tale,
You loyal lovers all,
And heedfully bear in your breaſt
A gallant Lady's Fall.
Long was ſhe woo'd 'ere ſhe was won
To lead a wedded life;
But folly wrought her overthrow,
'Ere ſhe became a wife.

Too ſoon, alas! ſhe gave conſent
To yield unto his will;
Tho' he proteſted to be true,
And faithful to her ſtill.
She felt her body alter'd quite,
Her bright hue waxed pale;
Her fair red cheeks turn'd colour white,
Her ſtrength began to fail:

So that with many a ſorrowful ſigh,
This beauteous maiden mild,
With grievous heart perceiv'd herſelf
To be conceiv'd with-child.
She kept it from her father's ſight,
As cloſe as cloſe might be,
And ſo put on a ſilken gown,
None might her ſwelling ſee.

Unto her love ſecretly ſhe
She did herſelf bewray;
And walking with him hand in hand,
Theſe words to him did ſay.

Behold, ſaid ſhe, a maid's diſtreſs,
My love brought to thy bow.
Behold I go with-child by thee,
But none thereof doth know.

The little babe ſprings in my womb,
To hear the father's voice;
Let it not be a baſtard call'd,
Since I made thee my choice,
Come, come, my love, perform thy vow,
And wed me out of hand:
O leave me not in this extreme,
In grief always to ſtand.

Think on thy former promiſe made,
Thy vows and oaths each one:
Remember with what bitter tears
To me thou mad'ſt thy moan:
Convey me to ſome ſecret place,
And marry me with ſpeed,
Or with thy rapier end my life,
'Ere further ſhame proceed.

Alas! my deareſt love, quoth he,
My greateſt joy on earth;
Which way can I convey thee hence,
Without a ſudden death.
Thy friends they be of high degree,
And I of mean eſtate;
Full hard it is for to get forth
Out of thy father's gate.

L. C. 12. 220.

Dread not thyſelf to ſave my fame,
And if thou taken be,
Myſelf will ſtep between the ſwords,
And take the harm on me.
So ſhall I 'ſcape diſhonour quite,
If ſo I ſhould be ſlain:
What can they ſay, but that true love,
Did work a lady's bane?

And fear not any further harm,
Myſelf will ſo deviſe,
That I may go away with thee,
Unſeen of mortal eyes.
Diſguiſed like ſome pretty page,
I'll meet thee in the dark
And all alone I'll come to thee,
Hard by my father's park.

And there quoth he, I'll meet,
If God doth ſend me life,
And this day month, without all fail,
I will make thee my wife.
Then with a ſweet and loving kiſs,
They parted preſently;
And at their parting briniſh tears
Stood in each other's eye.

At length the wiſh'd for day was come,
Whereon this lovely maid,
With lovely eyes and ſtrange attire,
For her true lover ſtaid.
When any perſon ſhe eſpy'd,
Come riding o'er the plain,
She thought it was her own true love,
But all her hopes were vain.

Then did ſhe weep, and ſore bewail,
Her moſt unhappy ſtate:
Then did ſhe ſpeak theſe mournful words,
While ſuccourleſs ſhe ſat.
O falſe, forſworn, and faithleſs wretch,
Diſloyal to thy love;
Haſt thou forgot thy promiſe made?
And wilt thou perjur'd prove?

And haſt thou now forſaken me,
In this my ſad diſtreſs?
To end my days in open ſhame,
Which thou might'ſt well redreſs:
Woe is the day I did believe
That flattering tongue of thine,
Would God that I had never ſeen
The tears of thy falſe eyne.

And thus with many a bitter ſigh,
Homeward ſhe went again,
No reſt came in her watery eyes,
She felt ſuch bitter pain.
In travail ſtrong ſhe fell that night,
With many a bitter throw:
What woeful pangs ſhe felt that night,
Doth each good woman know.

She called up her waiting maid,
That lay at her bed's feet;
Who muſing at her miſtreſs' woes
Did ſtrait began to weep.
Weep not, ſhe ſaid, but ſhut the doors
And windows round about:
Let none bewail my wretched caſe,
But keep all perſons out.

O miſtreſs! call your mother dear,
Of women you have need;
And of ſome ſkilful midwife's help,
The better you may ſpeed.
Call not my mother for thy life,
Nor call no woman here;
The midwife's help comes now too late,
My death I do not fear.

With that the babe ſprung from her womb,
No creature being nigh;
And with a ſigh that broke her heart,
This gallant dame did die.
The living infant then,
The mother being dead,
Reſign'd his new-received breath,
To him that had him made.

Next morning came her lover true,
Affrighted at this news,
And he for ſorrow ſlew himſelf,
Whom each one did accuſe.
The mother with the new-born babe,
Were both laid in one grave;
Their parents overcome with woe,
No joy of them could have.

Take heed ye dainty damſels all,
Of flattering words beware;
And of the honour of your names
Have you eſpecial care.
Too true alas, the ſtory is,
As many a one can tell,
By other harms learn to be wiſe,
And ye ſhall do full well.

To the King's Moſt Excellent Majeſty.

The humble Addreſs of the Company of his Majeſty's Ship ORFORD.

MOST Gracious Sovereign Lord, may't pleaſe
To accept the Homage of the SEAS,
NEPTUNE who, under You, commands,
Craves Leave to come, and kiſs your Hands;
And we, Your Servants, Sons to *Him*,
Give you *Three Cheers* from *Stern* to *Stem*,
And pray, whilſt we can *ſplice a Rope*,
You'll live, the *Anchor* of our *Hope*.
We mourn Your *Royal Father* dead,
But Joy takes Place, that You ſucceed.
Your *Royal Conſort*, next, we hail;
May *She* long *ride* in *gentle Gale*!
And may Your *Offſpring* never fail!
Receive theſe *Tributes* as they run,
Rough as the *Elements* we're on,
For they're *ſincere*, tho' not for *Show*,
Nor do they from *mean Cuſtom* flow,
But from the *Senſe* of *what we owe*.
Our Duty does not *bounce* and *boil*,
Our Pen's not dipt in *Oxford* Oil:
We uſe no *Tinſel Art* to prove
The *Force* and *Ardour* of our *Love*;
But come, like *open-minded* Folk,
To tell You, We're your *Hearts of Oak*,
And *true* —— as ever ſtruck a Stroke.
Nor ſhall we make our Paper ſound
With *Twenty Shillings* in the *Pound*,
As lying TOTNESS did before;
Tho', if we *cou'd*, we wou'd give *more*;
But we will give You what we *can*,
And all *ſtand by* You, *to a Man*.
Do Tempeſts rage, and Billows toſs?
Do Combinations make a Fuſs?
We'll ſteer you, ſafe SIR, *Thus*, Boys, *Thus*.
Speak, and we'll let your *Thunder* fly,
And make the World dance BARNABY;
Bring all *Invaders* to the Geers,
And cut of all your *En'mies* Ears;
Annex GIBRALTAR to Your Crown,
And all Your *Foreign Foes* pull down;
Make huffing PHIL. and CHARLES obey
Your Scepter —— *Keep us but in Pay*.
If the King asks, *Who are you then*?
We humbly anſwer *Orford's Men*:
Who elſe dare ask, we anſwer bluff,
We're ORFORD's *Men*; *and that's enough*.



THE ORGANS ECCHO.

To the Tune of the Cathedrall *SERVICE.*



1.

MEMENTO MORI,
Ile tell you a ſtrange Story,
Will make you all ſorry,
For our our old friend *William*;
Alas, poore *William*.

2.

As hee was in his Bravery,
And thought to bring us all in ſlaverie,
The Parliament found out his Knaverie,
And ſo fell *William*;
Alas, poore *William*.

3.

His Pope-like domineering,
And ſome other Tricks appearing,
Provok'd Sir *Edward Deering*
To blame the old Prelate;
Alas poore Prelate.

4.

Some ſay, hee was in hope
To bring *England* againe to th' Pope,
But now he is in danger of an Axe or a Rope,
Farewell old *Canterbury*;
Alas poore *Canterbury*.

5.

There's another of the ſame Litter,
Whoſe Breech cannot chuſe but twitter,
Hee was againſt all goodneſſe ſo bitter,
'Twas the Biſhop of *Ely*;
Alas, poore *Ely*.

6.

And all the reſt of that Lordly Crew,
Their great inſolencies are like to rue,
As ſoon as the Parliament their lives do view:
Come downe brave Prelates;
Alas, poore Prelates.

7.

You know likewiſe in this two or three yeare
Many a one for *Lamb* paid very deare,
But now he begins to ſtink for feare:
Therefore take heed Doctor *Lamb*;
Alas, poore Doctor *Lamb*.

8.

Then there is alſo one Doctor *Duck*,
The Proverbe ſayes, *What's worſe than ill luck*,
We hope the Parliam. his feathers wil pluck,
For being ſo buſie, Doctor *Duck*;
Alas, poore Doctor *Duck*.

9.

Deanes and Chapiters, with their Retinue,
Are not like long for to continue,
They have ſo abuſed their great Revenue,
That downe muſt Ceremonies;
Alas, Popiſh Ceremonies.

10.

Eccleſiaſtical Courts are down too, they ſay,
England may be glad of that happy day,
They have of late borne ſuch a great ſway,
That farewell thoſe poore Doctors;
Alas, poore Proctors.

11.

And now the Papiſts are at their wits ends,
To ſee the downfall of ſo many Friends;
But they ſhall all rue it ere the Parliam. ends,
Beleeve it, Romane Catholikes.
Alas, poore Catholikes.

12.

There is another that hardly thrives,
Which many men of life deprives,
Hee was in *Newgate* for having two wives:
It is the young Hangman;
Alas, poore Hangman.

FINIS.

Printed in the yeere 1641.

NUMB. 2.

Love's CHRONICLE:

OR, THE

Changing HEART.

BRITISH MUSEUM

By Cowley.



Margaritta first poſſeſt,
If I remember well my Breaſt,
Margaritta firſt of all;
But when a while the wanton Maid
With my reſtleſs Heart had plaid,
Martha took the flying Ball.

Martha ſoon did it reſign
To the Beauteous *Katherine*,
Beauteous *Katherine* gave Place,
Though loth and angry ſhe to part
With the Poſſeſſion of my Heart
To *Eliſa*'s conquering Face.

Eliſa 'till this Hour might reign,
Had ſhe not *Evil Counſels* ta'en;
Fundamental Laws ſhe broke,
And ſtill new *Favourites* ſhe choſe,
Till up in *Arms* my *Paſſions* roſe,
And caſt away the Yoke.

L5. 6. 22. 126

Mary then and gentle *Ann*
Both to reign at once began,
Alternately they ſway'd;
And ſometimes *Mary* was the *Fair*,
And ſometimes *Ann* the *Crown* did wear,
Sometimes I *Both* obey'd.

Another *Mary* then aroſe,
And did rigorous Laws impoſe,
A mighty *Tyrant* ſhe!
Long, alas, ſhould I have been
Under that *Iron-Sceptred Queen*,
Had not *Rebecca* ſet me free.

When fair *Rebecca* ſet me free,
'Twas then a *golden Time* for me,
But ſoon thoſe Pleaſures fled;
For the gracious Princeſs dy'd
In her Youth and Beauty's Pride,
And *Judith* reigned in her ſtead.

One Month, 3 Days and half an Hour,
Judith held the *Sov'reign power*,
Wondrous beautiful her Face,
But ſo weak and ſmall her Wit
That ſhe to govern was unfit,
And ſo *Sujannah* took her Place.

But when *Iſabella* came
Arm'd with a reſiſtleſs Flame,
And th' Artillery of her Eye,
Whilſt ſhe proudly march'd about
Greater Conqueſts to find out,
She beat out *Sujan* by the Bye.

But in her Place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd *Beſs* her *Vice-Roy Maid*,
To whom enſu'd a *Vacancy*;
Thouſand worſe Paſſions then poſſeſt
The *Inter-regnum* of my Breaſt,
Bleſs me from ſuch an Anarchy!

Gentle *Henrietta* then
And a third *Mary* next began,
Then *Joan*, and *Jane*, and *Audria*,
And then a pretty *Thomaſine*,
And then another *Katherine*,
And then a long *et cætera*.

But ſhould I now to you relate
The Strength and Riches of their *State*;
The *powder*, *patches*, and the *pins*,
The *Ribbons*, *Jewels*, and the *Rings*,
The *Lace*, the *paint*, and *Warlike things*
That make up all their *Magazines*:

If I ſhould tell the Politick Arts
To take and keep Men's Hearts,
The Letters, Embaſſies, and Spies,
The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,
The Quarrels, Fears and Perjuries,
Numberleſs, *Nameleſs Myſteries!*

And all the little *Lime-Twigs* laid
By *Maſchiavill* the *Waiting-Maid*;
I more voluminous ſhould grow,
(Chiefly if I like them ſhould tell
All change of *Weathers* that befel)
Than *Holinſhead* or *Stow*.

NORTHAMPTON,

Printed by WILLIAM DICEY: And ſold by *William Peachey* near *St. Bennet's* Church in *Cambridge*; *Matthias Dagnall*, Bookſeller, and at Mr. *Burnham's* Snuff-Shop, in *Aylesbury*; *John Timbs*, and *Henry Potter* in *Stony Stratford*; *Paul Stevens* in *Biceſter*; *Thomas Williams* of *Tring*; *Anthony Thorpe* of *St. Alban's*; and by *Charrude Brady* in *St. Ives*. At all which Places Chapmen, Travellers, *&c.* may be ſupply'd with all Sorts of Old and New Ballads, Broadſheets, Hiſtories, *&c.*

A NEW BALLAD

To an Old Tune. *Tom of Bedlam.*

MAke room for an *honeſt Red-coat*,
(And that you'll ſay 's a wonder)
The *Gun*, and the *Blade*,
Are his *Tools*, —— and his *Trade*,
Is for *Pay*, to *Kill*, and *Plunder*.
Then away with the Lawes,
And the Good old Cauſe,
Ne'r talk o'the Rump, *or the* Charter,
'Tis the Caſh does the Feat,
All the reſt *'s but a* Cheat,
Without That *there's no* Faith, *nor* Quarter.

'Tis the Mark of our Coin, GOD WITH US,
And the Grace of the Lord goes along with't,
When the *Georges* are flown,
Then the *Cauſe goes down*,
For the Lord is departed from it.
Then away, &c.

For *Rome*, or for *Geneva*,
For the *Table*, or the *Altar*,
This ſpawn of a Vote,
He cares not a Groat ——
For the *Pence*, hee's your Dog in a Halter.
Then away, &c.

Tho' the Name of *King*, or *Biſhop*,
to Noſtrils pure may be *Loathſom*,
Yet many there are,
That agree with the *Mayor*,
That their *lands are wondrous toothſom*.
Then away, &c.

When our Maſters are Poor, we Leave 'em,
'Tis the *Golden Calf* we bow too:
We Kill, and we ſlay,
Not for Conſcience, but Pay;
Give us That, we'll fight for you too.
Then away, &c.

'Twas *That* firſt turn'd the *King* out;
The *Lords*, next: then, the *Commons*:
'Twas that kept up *Noll*,
Till the Devil fetch'd his Soul;
And then it ſet the *Bum* on 's.
Then away, &c.

Drunken Dick was a *Lame Protector*,
And *Fleetwood* a *Backſlider*:
Theſe we ſerv'd as the reſt,
But the City's the Beaſt
That will never caſt her Rider.
Then away, &c.

When the *Mayor* holds the *Stirrop*,
And the *Shreeves* cry, *God ſave your Honours*:
Then, 'tis but a Jump,
And up goes the Rump,
That will ſpur to the Devil upon us.
Then away, &c.

And now for fling at your *Thimbles*,
Your *Bodkins*, *Rings*, and *Whiſtles*,
In truck for your Toyes,
We'll fit you with Boys:
('Tis the Doctrine of* *Hugh's Epiſtle*
Then away, &c.

When your *Plate* is gone, and your *Jew*
You muſt be next entreated,
To part with your *Bags*,
And ſtrip you to *Rags*,
And yet not think y'are cheated.
Then away, &c.

The truth is, the *Town* deſerves it;
'Tis a *Brainleſs*, *Heartleſs Monſter*:
At a *Clubb* they may *Bawl*,
Or *Declare* at their *Hall*,
And yet at a Puſh not one ſtir.
Then away, &c.

Sir Arthur vowd he'll treat 'em,
Far worſe than the men of *Cheſter*:
He's *Bold*, now they're *Cow'd*,
But he was nothing ſo *Lewd*
When he lay in the ditch at Leſter.
Then away, &c.

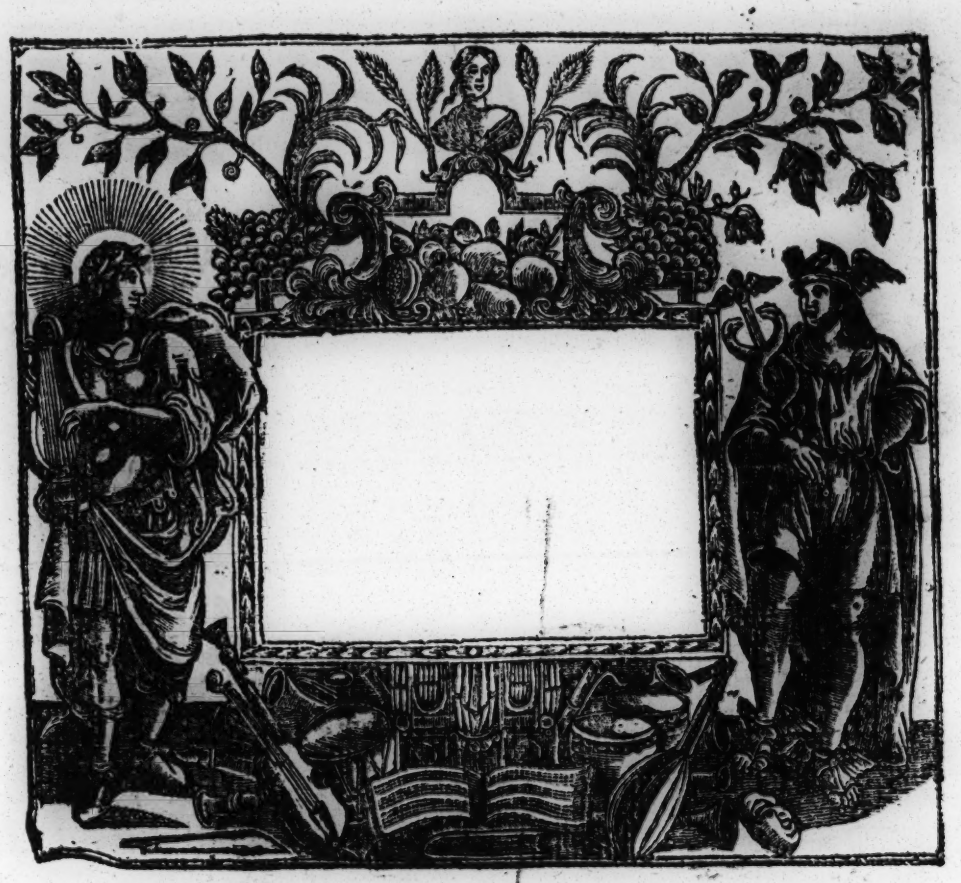
The *Lord* hath left *John Lambert*,
And the *Spirit*, *Feak's Anointed*,
But why oh Lord,
Haſt thou ſheathed thy Sword?
Lo, thy Saints are diſappointed.
Then away, &c.

Tho' Sir *Henry* be departed:
Sir *John* makes good the place now,
And to help out the work
Of the Glorious *Kirk*,
Our *Brethren* march apace too.
Then away, &c.

While *Divines*, and *States-men wrangle*,
Let the *Rump-ridden* Nation bite on't
There are none but we
That are ſure to go free,
For the Souldier 's ſtill in the right o
Then away, &c.

If our *Maſters* w'ont ſupply us,
With *Mony*, *Food* and *Clothing*:
Let the *State* look to't,
We'll find one that will do't,
Let him Live, —— we'll not damn
Then away with the Laws,
And the Good old Cauſe,
Ne'r talk o'the Rump, *or the* Charter,
'Tis the Caſh does the feat,
All the reſt *'s but a* Cheat,
Without That *their's no* Faith, *nor* Quart

FINIS.



An Excellent New Song Entituled

Bonny Jean of Aberdeen.

MY bonny Jean long have I been
a ſeeking thee from morn to e'en;
Thy bonny face ſo full of grace
the like is not in Aberdeen.

I was as briſk as any lad
when firſt thy bonny face I ſaw
Come ſit thee down my bonny maid
and give to me kiſs or twa.

A kiſs or twa if I ſhould give
I know not how it may be tane,
For ſuddenly you'd me betray,
'tis better for to lie alane,

Firſt you muſt ſeek and I'll ſay nay,
you know a woman's modeſty
Come ſlide your hand about my neck,
when I cry ceaſe, let me not be.

What would I give (I tell the truth,)
for one ſweet kiſs of thee my dear
For all the pleaſures of this earth,
there's nothing can with thee compare.

Thy cherry cheeks thy coal black hair
a briſker laſs was never ſeen,
There's none with thee that can compare
in Edinburgh or Aberdeen.

When firſt thy bonny face I ſaw,
ſuch charming eyes were never ſeen;
Thou art the true proſpect of grace
the like is not in Aberdeen.

Thy beauty fair doth me enſnare,
ſince e'er I ſaw your bonny face,
Therefore my dear you need not fear,
to grant me that charming bliſs.

Since I have houſes and lands enough,
to portion me with any man,
If you ſhould take your word and rue
what ſhould become of Jenny then?

If you have lands at your command
a good houſewife you then ſhall be
I think then for a prieſt we'll ſend
and then my dear we'll married be.

My bonny Jean where have you been
and thy minny ſeeking thee;
I have been down in yonder green
kiſſing Jockie, and Jocky me.

My minny ſent me to the well,
the night was dark I could not ſee
My foot did ſlip and then I fell,
and Jocky fell on the top of me,

My bonny Jean thou goes with bairn,
ſay the laſs, how can that be,
For he lay ne're a night with me,
But ſix and ſeven four and three.

But if he be cunning, I'll be crafty,
if he be crafty, I'll be ſlie;
If he were the bonnieſt lad in the land,
he'll ne're get another bairn with me.

I would I were where HELEN lyes, *To its own Proper Tune.* (159.

MY ſweeteſt Sweet and faireſt Fair,
of Birth and Worth beyond compare,
Thou art the Cauſer of my Care
since firſt I loved thee:
I would I were where Helen *lyes,*
where Helen *lyes, where* Helen *lyes,*
For night and day on me ſhe cryes
in Land where e'er ſhe be.

Thy Face is full of Bleſſedneſs,
thy Lips are full of Comelineſs,
Thy Countenance is Lovelineſs,
with Heart, O pity me!
I would I were, &c.

Pity and Vertue they do meet,
which makes thy Body ſo compleat,
The Love of thee my only Sweet
can only comfort me.
I would I were, &c.

Yet GOD hath giv'n to me a Mind,
the which to thee ſhall prove as kind,
As any one that thou ſhalt find,
of high or low Degree.
I would I were, &c.

Yet ne'er theleſs I am content,
and ne'er a whit my Love repent;
But think the time it was well ſpent
though I diſdained be.
I would I were, &c.

Yet *Venus* lov'd a Shepherds Swain,
whoſe name is called *Ordemain,*
And *Roſmond* an inferior Man,
why may not thou love me?
I would I were, &c.

Shall Contemplation be to me,
the Height of my Felicitie?
Shall I adore a Deitie,
can no ways paſſed be?
I would I were, &c.

Shall I continue ſtill to love,
whom neither Tears nor Sighs can move,
Such Conſtancie will fully prove
no Truth but flattery.
I would I were, &c.

The ſhaldeſt River makes moſt Din,
the deepeſt Pool the deadeſt Lin,
The richeſt Man leaſt Truth within,
though he preferred be.
I would I *were,* &c.

The Eagle and the Cock a Match,
can't ſtoop the Butterflie to catch.
Nor can the Hare feed with the Ratch,
no more canſt thou love me.
I would I *were,* &c.

But here I'll ſwear I'll be as true,
as any one ſhall favour you,
The Love I love I'll never rue,
until the day I die.
I would I *were,* &c.

My Heart to thee thou haſt in Tye,
with thee to live, and alſo dye,
I love thee for thy Conſtancy,
and evermore ſhall do,
I would I *were,* &c.

No Accident can have the Force,
to change my Love, or yet it croſs,
Nor can the Worldwith it's Droſs,
hinder my Love from you.
I would I *were,* &c.

O *Helen* fair, without compare,
let not Deſpair, nor killing Care,
My pure Heart tare, but one word mair,
and ſay, thou pities me!
I would I *were,* &c.

O *Helen Sweet* and moſt compleat,
my captive Sp'rit pines at thy Feet,
O think not fit thus for to treat,
thy Priſ'ner cruellie!
I would I *were,* &c.

O *Helen* brave this ſtill I crave,
on thy poor Slave ſome Pitie have,
O do him ſave who's near his Grave,
and pines for Love of thee!
I would I were. &c,

O *Helen* beſt, diſcreet, modeſt,
who is poſſeſt with thee, is bleſt:
With Happineſs thou art increaſt,
Oh if I were with thee!
I would I were, &c.

O *Helen* wiſe, do not deſpiſe
the humble Cryes of him that dyes:
Look where he lyes, and bid him riſe,
and live, and hope for thee.
I would I were, &c.

O *Helen* great in my conceit,
my rigid Fate I muſt regret
Rigour abate, do not him hate,
who loves thee till he die!
I would I were, &c.

O *Helen* coy, my Love my Joy;
do not employ the winged Boy,
Me to deſtroy, or to annoy
that Heart, who ſighs for thee!
I would I *were,* &c.

O *Helen* chaſte, my Wounds bleed faſt
my Life doth waſte, and makes great haſte,
Thou wilt at laſt when time is paſt,
repent thy Cruelty.
I would I *were,* &c.

O *Helen* fair, O *Helen* ſweet,
O *Helen* brave, O *Helen* beſt,
O *Helen* wiſe, O *Helen* great,
O *Helen* coie and chaſt:
I would I *were,* &c.

Think on the Place where we have been,
imbracing of my Love *Helen*
At *Venus* Game hath been right keen,
but now I them deny.
I would I *were*, &c.

O *Helen* rare, O *Helen* fair,
I'll wear a Garland of thy Hair
Shall cover me for evermaire,
until the day I die.
I would I *were,* &c.

O that I were where I would be
even beneath yon green wood Tree,
And my own Deary on my knee
ſo well as we ſhould gree.
I would I *were where* Helen *lyes,*
where Helen *lyes, where* Helen *lyes,*
For night and day on me ſhe cryes,
in Land where e'er ſhe be.

FINIS

MONTROSE's LYNES (42

Or A Proper New BALLAD,

To the Tune of I'le never Love thee more.

MY dear and only love I pray
that litt le World of thee,
Be govern'd by no other sway,
but pureſt Monarchie.
For if Confuſion have a part,
which vertuous ſouls abhore
I'le call a Synod in my heart,
and never love thee more.

As *Alexander* I will reign,
and I will reign alone;
My thoughts did ever yet diſdain
a Rival on my Throne,
He either fears his fate too much,
or his deſerts are ſmall,
That dares not put it to the touch,
to gain or loſe at all.

But I will reign and govern ſtill,
and always give the Law
And have each Subject at my will,
and all to ſtand in aw:
But 'gainſt my Batteries if I find
thou kick or vex me ſore,
As that thou ſet me up a blind,
I'le never love thee more.

And in the Empire of thy heart
where I ſhould ſolely be
If others do pretend a part,
or dares to ſhare with me:
Or Committees if thou erect,
and go on ſuch a ſcore:
I'le laugh and ſmile at thy neglect,
and never love thee more.

But if thou will prove faithful then,
and conſtant in thy word,
I'le make thee glorious by my Pen,
and famous by my Sword.
I'le ſerve thee in ſuch Noble ſort
was never heard before,
I'le crown and deck thy head with bays
and love thee more and more.

The Second Part.

My dear and only love take heed
how thou thy ſelf expoſe,
Let not a longing Lovers feed
upon ſuch looks as thoſe:
I'le marble wall thee round about,
my ſelf ſhall be the door,
And if thy heart chance to ſlide out,
I'le never love thee more.

Let not thy oaths like volies ſhot,
make any breach at all,
Nor ſmoothneſs of their language plot
which way to ſcale the wall;
Nor balls of Wild-fire-love conſume
the Shrine which I adore,
For if ſuch ſmoak about thee foam,
I'le never love thee more.

I know thy vertues be too ſtrong
to ſuffer by ſurpriſe;
If that thou ſlights their love ſo long,
their ſiege at laſt will riſe,
And leave thee conqueror in thy health
and ſtate thou was before,
And if thou prove a common wealth
I'le never love thee more.

But if by fraud, or by deceit,
thy heart to ruine come,
I'le ſound no Trumpet as I wont,
nor march by tuck of Drum:
But hold my arms as Enſigns up,
thy falſhood to deplore;
And after ſigh, and bitter weep,
that e're I lov'd ſo ſore.

I'le do with thee as *Nero* did,
when *Rome* he ſet on fire:
Not only all relief forbid
but to an hill retire:
And ſcorn to ſhed a tear to ſave
thy ſpirit grown ſo poor,
But laugh and ſmile thee to thy grave
and never love thee more.

Then ſhall my heart be ſet by thine,
but in far different caſe,
For mine was true; ſo was not thine
but lookt like *Janus* face:
Thy beauty ſhin'd at firſt ſo bright
and woe is me therefore,
That e're I found the love ſo bright,
that I could love no more.

My heart ſhall with the Sun be fixt,
for conſtancie moſt ſtrange;
And thine ſhall with thee Moon be mixt
delighting ſtill in change:
For as thou waves with everie wind,
and ſails through everie ſhore,
And leaves my conſtant heart behind,
how can I love thee more?

Yet for the love I bare thee once,
leſt that thy Name ſhould die;
A monument of Marble ſtone,
the truth ſhall teſtifie;
That every Pilgrim paſſing by
may pity and deplore;
And ſighing read the reaſon why
I cannot love thee more.

The golden Laws of love ſhall be,
upon theſe Pillars hung,
A ſingle heart, a ſimple eye,
a true and conſtant tongue,
Let no man for more loves pretend,
that he hath hearts in ſtore:
True love begun will never end,
love one and love no more.

And when all gallants lead about,
this Monument to view,
It's written both within and out,
thou'rt treacherous I true:
Then in a paſſion they ſhall pauſe,
and thus ly ſighing ſore,
Alas he had too juſt a cauſe,
never to love thee more.

And when the treſſing gods do face,
from Eaſt to Weſt doth flee,
They ſhall record it to thy ſhame;
how thou haſt loved me:
And how in odds our loves been ſuch
as few hath been before,
Thou lov'd too many, I too much:
that I can love no more.

The miſty mounts, the ſmoking lakes,
the Rocks reſounding echo,
The whiſtling winds, the woods that ſhake,
ſhall all with me ſing hey ho:
The toſſing ſeas, the tumbling boats,
tears droping from each Oar,
Shall tune with me their turtle notes,
I'le never love thee more.

Yet as the turtle chaſt and true,
her fellow ſo regrates,
And daily ſighs for her adieu,
that ne're renews her notes.
But though thy faith was never faſt,
which grieves me wondrous ſore,
Yet I ſhall live in love ſo chaſt,
that I ſhall love no more.

FINIS.



THE

Diſconſolate Nymph.

NOW I'll pull off my green gown of velvet,
And will put on my livery blue.
Since my falſe lover he has forſaken me,
Now he has changed me for a new.

Don't you remember the vows that you made me,
When in the ſhades by ourſelves all alone?
Then you betray'd me of my dear virginity,
Now you have left me to make my moan.

I little thought that you'd have ſlighted me,
When you pretended ſuch love unto me.
Tho' with deceitfulneſs you have requited me,
There is another as good as thee.

In the fine groves, and ſweet-ſmelling bowers,
With thee I ſpent many a ſummers day;
On the banks of ſweet fragrant flowers,
Like pretty lambs we did often play.

Then you betray'd me of my dear virginity,
The which has cauſed my belly to ſwell.
Here in this grove I will range for the ſake of thee,
Falſe-hearted young-man, adieu, farewel.

The time will come when you will be rewarded,
For thus your ſlighting me with diſdain.
Go, go, you falſe and purjured young man,
Never, never, will I truſt man again.

The ANSWER

DRY up your tears, my ſweet amorous jewel,
None in the world I adore but thee;
You thought that I was deceitful and cruel,
But my dear creature ſhall happy be.

Tho' little Cupid ſhot pretty darts to thee,
Venus, his mother, thy heart did trapan.
Altho' I ſtole thy precious virginity,
I'll act the part of an honeſt man.

Jewel, thy amorous charms are inviting,
Thou art the girl whom I adore.
In none but thee I'll ever delight in,
What can my heart deſire more?

Since your love to me is ſo tender,
Mine ſhall ever be ſo to thee.
All that I have to thee I'll ſurrender,
And you my honour'd bride ſhall be.

You are in my thoughts love ſleeping,
In thy ſweet arms I ſhall happy be;
Thy complaint to me was heart-breaking,
Now I am returned to comfort thee.

We will this day be happily wedded,
And my ſweet bride I will adore.
Such ſweet enjoyments, when we are bedded,
You'll be for taking it more and more.

Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, *and* Little John: *Or, a Narrative of the Victory obtain'd againſt the Prince of* Arragon *and the two Giants; and how* Will Scarlet *Married the Princeſs.*

Tune of, *Robin Hood.*

NOW Robin hood Will Scarlet and Little John
are walking over the plain,
With a good fat Buck which Will Scarlet,
with his ſtrong bow had ſlain.
Jog on, jog on, cries Robin hood,
the day it runs full faſt.
For though my Nephew me a breakfaſt gave,
I have not broke my faſt.
Then to yonder lodge, let us take our way,
I think it wonderous good
Where my nephew by my bold Yeomen,
ſhall be welcome unto the green wood,
With that he took the bugle horn,
full well he could it blow:
ſtraight from the woods came ma ching down
one hundred tal fellow and more.
ſtand, ſtand to your Arms, cries will Scarlet,
lo, the enemies are within ken:
With that Robin hood he laugh'd aloud,
cries, they are my bold yeomen,
Who when they arriv'd, and Robin eſpy'd,
cry'd maſter, What is your will?
We thought you had in danger been,
your horn did ſound ſo ſhrill.
Now nay, now nay quoth Robin hood,
the danger is paſt and gone;
I would have you to welcome my nephew here,
that hath paid me two for one.
In feaſting and ſporting they paſſed the day,
till phoebus ſunk into the deep;
Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
his guard there for to keep
Long had they not walked within the green wood,
But Robin he was eſpy'd,
O a beautiful damſel all alone,
that on a black palfry did ride,
Her riding ſuit was of ſable hew black,
cyprus over her Face,
Through which her roſe like cheeks did bluſh,
all with a comely grace.
Come tell me the cauſe thou pretty one:
quoth Robin tell me right'
From whence thou comeſt, and whither thou goeſt,
all in this mournful plight?
From London I came, the damſel reply'd,
from London upon the Thames,
Which circled is, O Grief to tell!
beſieg'd with foreign arms:
By the proude prince of Arragon,
who ſwears by his Martial hand,
To have the princeſs to his ſpouſe
or elſe to waſte this Land;
Except that Champion can be found,
that dare fight three to three;
Againſt the prince and gainſt twain,
moſt horrid for to ſee;
Whoſe griſly looks and eyes like brands,
ſtrike terror where they come,
With ſerpents hiſſing on their helms,
inſtead of feather'd plume.
The Princeſs ſhall be the Victor's prize,
the King hath vow'd and ſaid,
And he that ſhall the conqueſt win,
ſhall have her to his Bride.
Now we are four damſels ſent abroad,
to the Eaſt weſt North and South,
To try whoſe fortune is ſo good,
to find theſe Champions forth.
But all in vain we have ſought about,
yet none ſo bold there are,
That dare adventure Life and Blood,
to free a Lady fair.
When is the Day, quoth Robin hood,
tell me this, and no more,
On Midſummer next, the Damſel ſaid,
Which is June the twenty four.
With that tears trickled down her Cheeks,
and ſilent was her tongue:
With ſighs and ſobs ſhe took her leave,
away her palfry ſprung:
This news ſtruck Robin to the heart,
he fell down on the graſs,
His Action and his troubled mind,
ſhew'd he perplexed was,
Where lies your grief quoth Will Scadlock,
O maſter, tell to me;
If the Damſel's eyes has pierc'd your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.
Now nay, now nay quoth Robin hood
ſhe doth not cauſe my ſmart,
But it is the poor diſtreſſed Princeſs,
that wounds me to the heart.
I will go and fight the giants all,
to ſet the Lady free,
The Devil take my Soul quoth Little John,
if I part with thy company.
Muſt I ſtay behind quoth Will Scarlet
no, no, that muſt not be,
I'll make the third man in the fight,
ſo we ſhall be three to three.

Theſe words cheer'd Robin to the heart
joy ſhon within his face.
Within his arms he hug'd them both,
and kindly did embrace:
Quoth he' we'll put on motley grey,
with long ſtaves in our hands,
A ſcrip and bottle by our ſides,
as come from the holy lands:
So may we paſs along the highway,
none will ask from whence we came,
But take us Pilgrims to be,
or elſe ſome holy men
Now they are on their journey gone,
as faſt as they may ſpeed,
Yet for all haſte e'er they arriv'd,
the princeſs forth was ledr
To be deliver'd, to the prince.
who in the liſt did ſtand
Prepar'd to fight or elſe receive.
his Lady by the hand
With that he walkt about the liſt,
with Giants by his ſide,
Bring forth quoth he your champions.
or bring me forth my bride:
This is the four and twentieth day,
the day prefixt upon,
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
I ſwear by Acaron.
Then cries the King and Queen likewiſe.
both weeping as they ſpeak,
Lo, we have brought our Daughter dear.
whom we are forc'd to forſake,
With that ſtept out bold Robin Hood,
cries, my Leige, it muſt not be ſo
Such beauty as the fair Princeſs,
is not for a tyrants mow,
The Prince he then began to ſtorm,
cries, Fool fanitick, baboon,
How dares yon ſtop my valour's prize
i'll kill the with a frown.
Thou tyrant turk thou infidel,
thus Robin began to reply,
Thy frowns I ſcorn? ſo here's my gage,
and thus I thee defie
Here are two little David by,
that ſoon can tame their pride,
Then did the King for Armour ſend,
for lances ſwords and ſhield;
And thus all three in armour bright,
came marching to the field,
The trumpets began to ſound a charge,
each fingled out his man,
Their armr in pieces ſoon were hew'd,
blood ſprang from every vain:
The prince reacht Robin a blow,
he ſtruct with might and main,
Which forc'd him to reel about the field,
as though he had been ſlain.
God-amercy quoth Robin for that blow,
the quarrel ſhall ſoon be tryed.
This ſtroke ſhall ſhew a full divoree,
betwixt thee and thy bride,
So from his ſhoulders he cut his head,
which on the ground did fall,
And grumble ſore at Robin hood,
to be ſo dealt withal.

The giants then began to raige,
to ſee their Prince lie dead;
Thou'ſt be the next quoth Little John;
except thou will gu rd thy head:
With that his faulchion he whirl'd about,
it was both keen and ſharp,
He cloveathe grant to the belt.
and cut in twain his heart.
Will Scadlock well had played his part,
the giant he brought to his knee,
Quoth will the Devi cannot break his faſt.
unleſs he have you all three;
So with his faulchion he run him through,
a deep and gaſhly woud,
who damn'd and foam'd, curſt & blaſphem'd,
and then fell to the ground,
Now all the Liſts with ſhoots were fill'd,
the skies they did reſound,
Which brought the princeſs to herſelf,
who was fallen in a ſwoond,
The King and Queen and Princeſs fair,
came walking to the place,
And gave the champions many Garland.
and did them further grace.
Tell me, quoth the King, whence you are,
that thus diſguiſed came,
Who valour ſpake that noble Blood
doth run through every vain
A boon, a boon quoth Robin hood,
on my knees I beg and crave
By my Crown, quoth the King I grant
ask what and thou ſhalt have.
Then pardon I beg for my merry men,
which are within the green wood.
For Little John, and will Scadlock,
and for me bold Robin hood,
Art thou Robin hood then? quoth the King,
for the valour thou hath ſhown,
Your pardon I do freely grant,
and welcome every one.
The princeſs I promiſed the Victor's prize,
ſhe cannot have you all three,
She ſhall chuſe quoth Robin, ſaith Little John
then Little ſhare falls to me.
Then did the Princeſs view all three.
with a comly lovely grace,
Who took will Scarlet by the hand,
ſaid Here I make my choice.
With that a noble lord ſtept forth,
of Maxfield Earl was he;
Who Lookt will Scadlock in the face,
then wept moſt bitterly:
Quoth, he I had a Son like thee,
whom I lov'd wonderous well,
But he is gone, or rather dead,
his name is young Gamwell,
Then did will Scadlock fall on his knee:
cries Father, Father, here;
Here kneels your Son, your young Gamwell
you ſaid, you lov'd ſo dear.
But Lord, What imbracing and kiſſing was there
when all theſ friends Were met;
They're gone to the Wedding, and ſo to bedding,
and ſo I bid you good night,

FINIS.





An Excellent New Ballad, Entituled, *Mar*'s Lament for his Rebellion.

To the Tune of, *Now comes on the Glorious Year.*

NOble *Argyle* when he went on,
while Drums did rattle and Trumpet ſo
Come BraveBoys we'l ſtand ourGround, (und
for Three to One we'l fight them.

As ſoon as *Mar* did ſee the ſame,
he cryed aloud with Grief and Woe,
We are not able to fight our Foe,
let us turn back with Mourning.

Yonder's *Argyle* that Champion great,
who to our King hath no Reſpect,
With Bombs and Cannons he'l make us quake,
Let us for Peace implore him.

Theſe Men with Courage bold went on,
like Lyons to the Prey each one,
For if to the King this thing be known,
he'l nobly reward us.

Each Man unto the Spoyl he gat,
Some got Plaids and Snuff mills in their Pack,
Some had Targets, and ſome had none
to keep them from the Volleys.

Saith *Mar* I will to *London* go,
Perhaps the King will Favour ſhow,
But Mercy I fear there will be none
to ſuch a Rebel as I am.

I have wrought Folly in this Land,
both Sword and Gun I did command,
Out of every Place I fetcht a Clan,
For to revenge this Quarrel.

With Fear and Terror I may dread,
what ſhall be the Exent of this Head
Our Land's become a Field of Blood,
its all through my Occaſion.

He brought us from our Native Place,
here to ſuffer much Diſgrace,
His heavy Curſe come on his Face,
for he hath wroght our Ruine.

All for our King we did appear,
our Cries and Groans we thought he'd hear,
And for our Laws he would appear,
yet he doth not regard us.

Two Thouſand Men from me are gone,
to pull the King out of his Throne,
But now they are taken every one,
they are made to beg for Pardon.

Here in *St. Johnſtoun* I do ly,
with Sighs and Groans and Tears I cry,
And I know that many of us ſhall dye,
like Dogs we muſt be hanged.

Here I am ſurrounded about,
no Place nor corner can get out,
For if to the Fields I ſhould go out,
they're at my Heels purſuing.

For if to the Highlands I ſhould flee,
there will be no Refuge for me,
No Cove, no Grove, no Rock I ſee,
to keep me from their Fury.

Argyle he is ſo Valiant ſtill,
that many of my Men he'l kill,
Upon me he advances ſtill,
at length he will undo me.

He with his Mighty Cannon Balls,
he'l batter down both Towns and Walls,
And many of my Captains falls,
they bleedingly before him.

Certainly we have all been mad,
firſt when that Bargain we had made,
He'l ſend us neither Help nor Aid,
to keep us from their Fury.

My Rebellious Weapons I'll lay down,
and will be Subject to the Crown,
To all Generations its be known,
that I ſhall ſtill be Loyal.

Our horrid Plots we did contrive,
thinking the King for to deprive,
But none of our Deſigns did thrive,
they were ſo ill contrived.

We were forty thouſand in this Land,
all bound by Aſſociation Band,
We thought we would get Help at hand,
but *France* has us deceived.

A bold Attempt indeed we did make,
when the Caſtle we deſign'd to take,
But all did prove to no Effect,
our Plots were all diſcover'd.

We know not which way now to turn,
for our Magazine's all deſtroy'd and burn'd,
For all our Projects are backward turn'd,
we've wrought our own Confuſion,

F I N I S.

The *Norfolk* GENTLEMAN's Laſt Will and Teſtament:

WHO

On his Death Bed, committed the keeping of his Two CHILDREN, (a Boy and a Girl) to his Own BROTHER, who did moſt wickedly cauſe them to be deſtroyed, that ſo he might poſſeſs himſelf of the Children's Eſtate, but by the juſt Judgment of God, the Murder was found out, himſelf, and all that he had were deſtroyed from off the Face of the Earth.

To an excellent New Tune call'd, Rogero: &c.



NOW ponder well you Parents dear,
These Words which I ſhall write,
A doleful Story you ſhall hear,
In Time brought forth to Light:
A Gentleman of good Account,
In Norfolk dwelt of late:
Whoſe Wealth and Riches did ſurmount,
Moſt Men of his Eſtate.

Sore ſick he was, and like to die,
No Help that he could have,
His Wife by him as ſick did lie,
And both poſſeſs'd one Grave:
No Love between them two was loſt,
Each was to other kind:
In Love they liv'd, in Love they dy'd,
And left two Babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty Boy,
Not paſſing five Years old;
The other a Girl more young then he,
And made in beauty's Mould.

The Father left his little Son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect Age did come,
Three hundred Pounds a Year.

And to his little Daughter Jane,
Five hundred Pounds in Gold,
To be paid down on Marriage-day,
Which might not be controul'd:
But if the Children chanc'd to die,
E'er they to Age ſhould come
Their Uncle ſhould poſſeſs their Wealth
For ſo the Will did run.

Now Brother, ſaid the dying Man,
Look to my Children dear,
Be good unto my Boy and Girl,
No Friends elſe have I here;
To God and you I do commend,
My Children Night and Day;
But little While ſurely we have,
Within this World to ſtay.

You muſt be Father and Mother both,
And Uncle all in one,
Who knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone?
With that beſpoke the Mother dear,
O! Brother kind quoth ſhe,
You are the Man muſt bring my Babes,
To Wealth or Miſery.

If you do keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwiſe you ſeem to deal,
He will your Deeds regard;
With Lips as cold as any Stone,
She kiſs'd the Children ſmall;
God bleſs you both my Children dear,
With that the Tears did fall.

Theſe Speeches then their Brother ſpoke,
To this ſick Couple there,
The keeping of your Children dear,
Dear Siſter do not fear,

God never proſper me nor mine,
Nor ought elſe that I have,
If I do wrong your Children dear,
When you're laid in the Grave.

Their Parents being dead and gone,
Their Children Home he takes
And brings them Home unto the Houſe,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept theſe pretty Babes,
A Twelvemouth and a Day,
But for their Wealth he did deviſe,
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two Ruffians rude,
Who were of furious Mood,
That they ſhould take the Children young
And ſlay them in a Wood;
He told his Wife and all he had,
He would the children ſend,
To be brought up in fair *London*,
With one that was his Friend.

Away went theſe two pretty Babes,
Rejoicing at that Tide,
And laughing with a merry Mind,
They ſhould on Cock-horſe ride;
They talk'd and prattl'd pleaſantly
As they were on the Way,
To thoſe that ſhould their Butchers be,
And work their Lives Decay.

So that the pretty Speech they had
Made the Murderers Hearts relent,
And they that took the Deed to do
Full ſore did it repent;
Yet one of them more hard of Heart,
Did vow to do his Charge,
Becauſe the Wretch that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell to Strife,
With one another they did fight
About the Children's Life;
And he that was of Milder mood,
Did ſlay the Other there,
Within an unfrequented Wood,
The Babes did quake for fear.

He took the Children by the Hands,
While Tears ſtood in their Eyes,
And bid them come and go with him
And look they did not cry;
And two long Miles he led them thus,
Till they for Bread complain'd,

Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you Bread
When I do come again.

Theſe pretty Babes, with Hand in Hand
Went wandering up and down
But never more they ſaw the Man,
Approaching from the Town.
Their pretty Lips with Black-berries
Were all beſmear'd and dy'd.
And when they ſaw the darkſome Night
They ſat them down and cry'd.

Thus wander'd theſe two pretty Babes,
Till Death did end their Grief,
In one another's Arms they dy'd
Like Babes wanting Relief:
No Burial theſe pretty Babes
Of any Man receives,
Till Robin-red-breaſt painfully,
Did cover them with Leaves,

And now the heavy Wrath of God,
Upon their Uncle fell;
Yea frightful fiends did haunt his Houſe,
His Conſcience felt in Hell:
His barns were fir'd his Goods conſum'd
His Lands were barren made,
His Cattle dy'd within the Field,
And Nothing with him ſtay'd.

And in a Voyage to *Portugal*,
Two of his Sons did die,
And to conclude himſelf was brought
Unto much Miſery:
He pawn'd and mortgaged his Land,
E'er ſeven Years came out
And now at length this wicked Act
Did by this Means come out

The Fellow that did take in Hand,
Theſe Children for to kill,
Was for a Robbery judg'd to die,
As was God's bleſſed Will:
Who did confeſs the very Truth,
The whole is here expreſs'd;
Their Uncle dy'd while he for Debt,
Did long in Priſon reſt.

All you that are Executors made,
And Overſeers eke,
Of Children that are Fatherleſs,
And Infants mild and meek;
Take now example by this Thing,
And yield to each his Right,
Leſt God with ſuch like Miſery,
Your wicked Deeds requite.

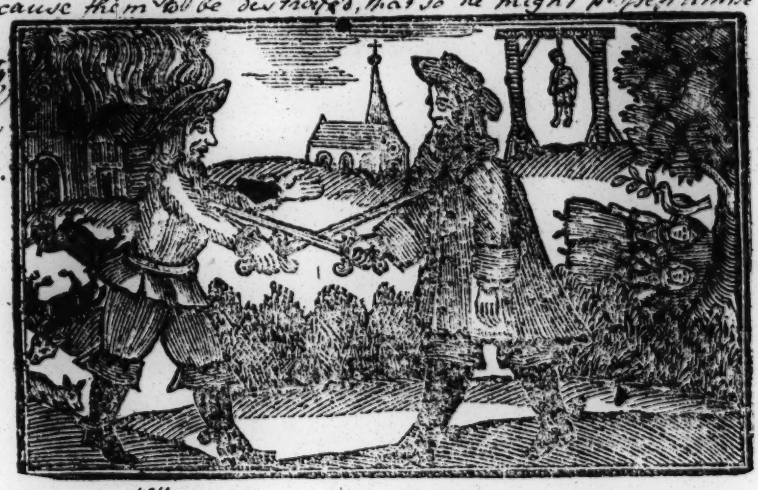
Newcaſtle upon Tyne printed in this preſent Year.

[The Children in the Wood:

OR,] THE

Norfolk Gentleman's laſt Will and Teſtament

who on his Death Bed, committed the keeping of his two children a Boy and Girl to his own Brother, who did most wickedly cause them to be destroyed, that so he might possess himself and children of the Estate; but by the just Judgments of the Almighty Himself and all that he had were destroy'd from off the face of the Earth. To the Tune of, Rogero &c.



NOW ponder well, ~~ye~~ you parents dear,
The words which I ſhall write,
A doleful ſtory you ſhall hear,
In time brought forth to light;
A Gentleman of good account,
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far ſurmount,
Moſt men of his eſtate.

Sore ſick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could ſave; Via/he co. have
His wife by him as ſick did lie,
And both poſſeſt one grave.
No love between theſe two ~~were~~ was left,
Each was to ~~the~~ other kind,
In love they liv'd, in love they dy'd,
And left two babes behind.

The one ~~was~~ a fine and pretty boy,
Not paſſing five years old,
The other girl more young than he,
And ~~fram'd~~ fraught in beauty's mould.
The father left his little ſon,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age ſhould come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane,
~~Six~~ hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid on ~~the~~ her marriage day,
Which might not be controul'd.

But if theſe children chanc'd to die,
E're they to age ~~did~~ come, ſhould
Their Uncle ſhould poſſeſs their wealth,
For ſo the will did run.

Now, brother, (ſaid the dying man,)
Look to my children dear,
Be kind unto my boy and girl,
No friend elſe have ~~they~~ heare.
To god and you I do recommend,
My children ~~dear~~ this night;
But little time we have, 'tis ſure,
Within this world to ſtay.

You muſt be father and mother both,
And Uncle all in one:
God knows what will become of them,
When ~~we are~~ I am dead and gone.
With that
~~And thus~~ beſpoke the mother dear,
Oh! brother kind quoth ſhe,
You are the man muſt bring ~~our~~ my babes,
To wealth or miſery.

And if you do keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward,
But if ~~you~~ otherwiſe ~~ſhould~~ your dear deal,
God will your deeds regard.
With lips as cold as any ſtone,
They kiſs'd their children ſmall,
God bleſs you both ~~our~~ my children dear,
~~Then down~~ With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then the brother spoke,
To this sick couple there,
The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet ~~Dear~~ sister, do not fear.
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor ought else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in the grave.

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them ~~straight~~ home unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes,
A twelvemonth and a day,
But for their wealth he did devise,
To ~~take their lives~~ make them away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians ~~strong~~, rude
Who were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slay them in a wood.
~~Then~~ told his wife and all he had,
He did the children send,
~~For~~ to be brought up in fair London,
~~with~~ By one that was his friend.

A way then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry ~~mood~~, mind,
They should ~~on~~ horseback ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decay.

So that the pretty speech they ~~made~~, had
Made the murderer's heart relent,
They ~~who~~ undertook the deed, [had
Full sorely did repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him,
Had paid him very large.
The other ~~won't~~ would not agree
~~So~~ thereto, here they went to fall at
~~And then together~~ strife, they did fight,
About the children's life.
And he that was the mildest mood,
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When ~~While~~ tears stood in their eyes,
And bid them straitway follow him,
And ~~for~~ cry they did not cry.

And two long miles he led them ~~then~~, thus
While they for bread complain,
Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring ~~you~~ ye bread,
When I come ~~back~~ again.

These pretty babes ~~went~~ with hand in hand,
~~And~~ went wander'ing up and down,
But never more ~~did see the man~~, they saw the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries,
Were all besmear'd and dy'd,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cry'd.

Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,
'Till death did end their grief,
In one another's arms they dy'd,
As babes wanting relief.
No burial these ~~two~~ pretty babes,
Of any man receives,
'Till Robin red breast painfully,
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God,
Upon their Uncle fell:
Yea ~~fearful~~ fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt in hell.
His barns were fir'd, his ~~house~~ goods consum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle dy'd within his field,
And nothing with him stay'd.
And in a voyage to Portugal,
Two of his sons did die,
And to conclude himself was brought,
To want and misery. much
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land,
Ere seven years ~~were out~~, came about,
~~And now~~ Sorrow at length this wicked deed,
Did By this means ~~was found~~ come out.

The fellow that did take in hand,
These children for to kill,
Was for a ~~murder~~ robbery judg'd to die,
As was God's blessed will.
~~He~~ Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here expreſt,
Their Uncle dy'd when ~~he~~ his debt,
Did long in prison rest.

All You that executors be made,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek.
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God ~~for~~ with such like ~~cruelty~~, misery
Your wicked minds requite.

London: Printed and Sold in Stonecutter-street, Fleet Market.

The Cruel COOPER of Ratcliff,

In Three Parts.



PART I.

NEAR Ratcliff-Croſs lived a Cooper there,
Who had a virtuous wife comely and fair,
He by this prudent woman had a ſon,
Beſides this youth they children ne'er had one.
Though wife and prudent, yet this cruel man,
Did oft times beat her with a cruel hand,
And as he did one day with grief of heart,
This youth with tears he took his mother's part.
Cries he, father I'm afraid you will,
With kicks and cuffs my tender mother kill,
Hearing theſe words he then his ſon did beat,
And in the night turned him in the ſtreet.
Saying, if thou comeſt here any more,
I'll break thy bones, and then he lock'd the door,
In the wide ſtreet this lad he lay all night,
And came in th' morning when it was light.
But when this man looked and ſaw his ſon,
In a vaſt paſſion he to him did run;
And with an adz knock'd him on the crown,
Which laid the youth ſprawling upon the ground.
Being thus ſerv'd, in tears he did lament,
Then up he got and out of doors he went,
Saying, if I ſhould any longer ſtay,
I fear in wrath he'll take my life away.
And to prevent what dangers may enſue,
Father and mother he bids both adieu,
And having knowledge of his father's trade,
Went Cooper's mate to Turkey it is ſaid.
[illegible] like the country ſo well we do find,
[illegible] came back and left the lad behind.

He placed himſelf with a native to dwell,
Whoſe family loved him very well.
Though young in years he was grown very tall,
And of a comely countenance withal;
The native damſels did him much admire,
And to enjoy him ſome had vaſt deſire.
His maſter kept him for his ſerving man,
And in ſhort time by death's deſtroying hand,
His maſter happened to tip away,
Who being dead, the young man bore the ſway.
His miſtreſs lov'd him as ſhe did her life,
And in ſhort time was made his lawful wife,
She was prodigious rich as we do underſtand,
And he had many ſlaves at his command
Now will I leave him for a little while,
With providence on him and her to ſmile,
And in the next part, ſome enquiry make,
What ſort of life his cruel ſire doth take.

The Second PART.

NEAR Ratcliff croſs he lived years 'tis known,
And to his wife he was a cruel one,
In proceſs of time death did them part,
And 'tis ſuppoſed this man broke her heart.
After her death he could not thrive at all,
Day after day he down at heels did fall,
And by degrees this man was brought ſo low,
For debt himſelf he was afraid to ſhow,
The bailiffs waited for him day and night,
He knowing of the ſame kept out of ſight;
And to prevent his going to a gaol,
In a merchant man he unto the ſea did ſail.
Thus he for debt was forc'd to fly from home,
And on the raging ſeas where billows foam,
To their great grief this man and twenty more,
Were carried priſoners to the Turkiſh ſhore.
It happened ſo as we do underſtand,
They were made ſlaves under his ſon's command,
Full half a year in ſlavery he had been,
In all which time his ſon he had not ſeen.
This Cooper he was aged ſixty two,
Who was the oldeſt of the whole ſhip's crew,
Being ſtiff with age, his taſk could not perform,
By which he ſuffer'd many a bitter ſtorm.
The taſk maſter to him was ſharp indeed,
He often whipt him till he made him bleed,
Upon a time he laſh'd him ſo one day,
He could no longer ſtand but down he lay.
Being laid down the taſk maſter did go,
And gave the head maſter thus to know,
Crying, ſir, your ſlave an aged man,
Will not perform his taſk do all I can.

He tell me plainly that his work is done,
When hearing that the head maſter his ſon,
Went out among the ſlaves, where he found,
His aged father lying on the ground.
Not knowing him with great ſeverity,
He laſh'd his father very grievouſly;
Which made him cry, Oh! Sir, my fleſh is ſore,
Do hold thy hand and ſtrike me now no more.
The taſk is hard your ſervants put on me,
What I can do, to that I am moſt free,
To ſuffer thus I am not able to live,
Kill me out right, and I will you forgive.
Hearing theſe words his ſon did him view,
And ſaid tell me, what countryman are you?
His anſwer was, I come from old England,
I was a Cooper, ſir, from fair London.
My name is Robert Stark, 'tis known right well,
I was a man in great repute did dwell,
But as it prov'd fortune did frown on me,
Now 'tis my lot your ſuffering ſlave to be.
Have you no family? he anſwered no,
I buried a wife ſeven years ago.
And I had a ſon, a hopeful child was he,
Three years before her death he went from me.
I have not heard from him now all this while,
I was both cruel to my wife and child,
And I do really think now from my heart,
'Tis for my cruelty I thus do ſmart.
Now hearing this his ſon with grief was fill'd,
And tears like water that was finely ſtill'd,
Run down his cheeks amain, tear after tear,
To think that he had laſh'd his father dear.
Then he aſide his taſk maſter did call,
And ſaid do not abuſe this man at all.
He is my father, but don't let him know,
I am his ſon. Then he home did go.

The Third PART.

AND to his cloſet he in private went,
Where he with bitter cries did ſore lament,
At length by chance his wife did him hear.
Who ſaid what makes you to grieve my dear.
His anſwer was, to grieve great cauſe I have,
For my own father is become my ſlave,
Not knowing him I laſh'd him o'er and o'er,
To think of this grieveth me very ſore.
To think the curſe of god ſhould light on me,
But what I did was innocently:
O wife, what ſhall I do? my heart doth bleed,
Do let my father come to me with ſpeed.
They ſent for him and when he came there,
They of his tender fleſh did take great care,
His bleeding wounds anointed were with oil,
And the poor man ſtood trembling all the while.
This being done, choice linen fine and ſoft,
And other coſtly things to him were brought:
And when he in theſe garments was array'd,
He then with tears lift up his eyes and ſaid.

And, what am I more than another ſlave
That I ſuch favour of my maſter have:
Bleſt be his name that thus my friend doth ſtand,
To pity me thus in a foreign land.
Hearing theſe words, his ſon could not refrain
His tears from falling, and to drop amain,
He ſaid the man who for you thus hath done,
Behold he is your dear and only ſon.
I'm griev'd to think that I prov'd ſo ſevere,
To lay my hands upon my father dear,
But god I hope will pardon me, becauſe
I did not know that you my father was,
Hearing theſe words, like one ſtruck in amaze,
He with a bluſh then on his ſon did gaze,
Saying you are my ſon, alas! alas!
By this we ſee what God can bring to paſs.
My ſon, my ſon, I'm glad thy face to ſee,
But what aſtoniſhment is here for me;
That I who beat my child quite out of door,
Should thus be forc'd his favour to implore,
Father the lord he did theſe things foreſee,
That you ſhall come your child's ſlave to be,
And God was pleas'd theſe things to do by you,
To ſhew what he can bring proud mortals too.
The lord has plac'd me here to live and reign,
To be a friend to eaſe thee of thy pain.
I'll ſuccour thee whilſt death and for thy ſake,
I of my natives ſlaves great care will take.
He cheriſh'd him oft times, but one day,
His wife was pleaſed then theſe words to ſay,
Huſband, becauſe he cruel was to you,
I ne'er ſhall love your father, that is true.
I do not care that he ſhould here remain,
From whence he came let him return again,
And unto him ſome riches we will give,
Enough to cheriſh him whilſt he doth live.
For quietneſs ſake he made her this reply,
But turn'd him round, and wept moſt bitterly.
To think that he muſt with his father part,
Grief like a ſpear ſtruck him unto the heart.
Then in ſhort time his father left the ſhore,
And in a merchant ſhip he did come o'er,
Again to England and did bring to town,
As much in riches as five thouſand pounds.
He ow'd an hundred pounds which he paid,
When out of debt theſe words he ſaid,
Firſt my dear God I will give thanks to thee,
Next for my child my prayers ſhall be.
For had it been as I deſerv'd,
In ſlavery, 'till death, I had him ſerv'd;
And ne'er had met one in that diſtant place,
Thus to commiſerate my wretched caſe.
Now to conclude, young men let theſe lines,
Be well engraven in our hearts and minds?
That is to ſerve the Lord, and ſhun the devil,
And like this young man ſtill do good for evil.

Sold in Stonecutter-ſtreet, Fleet Market.



A true Character of ſundry Trades and Callings:

Or, A new Ditty of Innocent Mirth.

NOW Gentlemen ſit you merry,
I'll ſing you a ſong of a want,
I'll make you as merry as may be,
My Money begins to grow ſcant.
A woman without e'er a tongue,
Si e never can ſcold very loud;
It is juſt ſuch another ſad want,
When a Fidler wants his crowd.
A ſhip that's without e'er a ſail,
May be driven the Lord knows whither.
'Tis juſt ſuch another ſad want,
When a Shoemaker wants his leather.
A M n that has g t but one leg,
Will make but a pitiful Runner.
And he that has ne'er an Eye in his Head,
Will make but a ſorrowful Gunnor.
A doctor without any ſtomach
Will make but a ſorrowful dinner.
And he that has no victuals to eat,
Will quickly look thinner and thinner.
A Bell without e'er a clapper,
Will make but a pitiful ſound.
And he that has no Land of his own,
Muſt work on another Man's Ground.
A Blackſmith without any Bellows,
He need not to riſe very ſoon.
An he that's no cloaths to put on,
May lie in Bed till it's noon,
An Inn-keeper without any Cuſtom
Will never get ſtore of pelf;
And he that's no Sign to hang up,
May e'en go hang up himſelf.
A Miller without any Stones,
He has but a ſorrowful ſoul.
And if he has no Corn to grind,
He need not ſtand taking of toll.
The Taylor we know is loth
To take any cabbage at all,
If he has no ſilk, ſtuff or cloth
To do that good office withal.
A woman without e'er a fault
She like a bright Star doth appear.
And a brewer without any Malt,
Will make but pitiful Beer.
A Man that has got but one Shirt,
Whene'er it is waſh'd to his hide,
I hope it is no great hurt,
To lie in bed till it is dry'd.
A Mountebank without his Fools,
And a Skip-kennel out of place.
A Tinker without any tools,
Are all in a ſorrowful caſe.
You know a Diſh of good Meat
Is the ſtaff of Man's life,
But he that's no victuals to eat,
He needs not to draw out his knife.
A Pedlar without any Pack,
It makes him look pitiful blew.
A Shepherd without e'er a Flock,
Has little or nothing to do.
A Farmer without any Corn,
He neither can give, ſell, or lend.
A Huntſman without e'er a Horn,
His wife muſt be his beſt friend.
A Ploughman that has ne'er a Plough,
I think muſt lie at eaſe.
A Dairy without e'er a Cow,
Will make but bad Butter and Cheeſe,
A Man that is pitiful poor
Has little or nothing to loſe.
And he that has never a Foot,
It ſaves him the buying of Shoes.
A Warren without e'er a Coney
Is barren, and ſo much the worſe,
And he that is quite out of Money
Can have no great need of a purſe.
I hope there are none in this Place
That now are diſpleas'd with my Song,
Come buy up my Ballads apace,
I'll pack up my Awls and be gone.

The Unhappy VOYAG

Giving an Account of the *Royal Anne* Galley, Captain *Willis* Comm

which was ſplit to Pieces on the Stag Rocks on the *Lizzard* the 10th of *November*, 1721. having on Lord *Belhaven*, who was going as Governor to *Barbadoes*, with ſeveral other Perſons of Diſtinction, Number on board being 210, out of which there were only three ſaved; whoſe Names are *George Ha Godfrey*, and *Thomas Laurence*, a Boy.

To the Tune of, *Womens Work is never done*, &c.



O! the ſad and diſmal Story,
Brought from off the Lizzard Rocks,
The *Royal Anne* in all her Glory,
There receiv'd a fatal Shock:
The Winds and Waves did both conſpire,
For to ruin all therein:
Oh *Belhaven!* brave *Belhaven!*
Moſt unhappy haſt thou been.

Governor unto *Barbadoes*,
He was ſailing bold and brave,
Little dreaming it was his Fortune,
For to have a watry Grave;
With many more brave noble Perſons,
Which were put in Place of Truſt,
But oh! their Sands were juſt expiring,
Their Time was come and die they muſt.

Above two hundred Souls were periſh'd,
In an Inſtant all were loſt,
By furious Winds and Waves were driven,
On the Stag Rocks they were caſt;
Oh! the diſmal Cries and Scriekings,
'Twould have pierc'd a Heart of Stone,
When the Galley ſplit to Pieces,
For to hear their pitious Moan.

Of all that were on board the Veſſel,
Only three could reach the Shore,
Who on a Wreck by the Winds were carried,
Thro' the Waves and Billows roar:
Then praiſe the Lord for his great Mercy,
You that thus have been preſerv'd,
Adore and magnifie his Goodneſs,
Willingly your Maker ſerve.

Captain *Willis* was Commander,
At this moſt unhappy Time,
Savage to be Attorney General,
With many more juſt in their Prime,
Where going over for to ſettle,
At *Barbadoes* we do hear,
But by the Ocean they were follow'd,
As they did their Courſes ſteer.

What a Scene of diſmal Horror,
There was ſeen when this was o're,
Bodies floating on the Ocean,
By the Waves were drove on Shore,
And the Country People running,
Striving who ſhould get the moſt,
Stripping all without Diſtinction,
'Tis the Cuſtom of the Coaſt.

One Gentleman was drove on Shore,
'Bout whom they found a thouſand Pound,
Whoſe Name's ſuppoſed to be *Croſier*,
By Writings in his Pockets found:
Likewiſe they ſay the Lord *Belhaven*,
Having on a Diamond Ring,
His Shirt mark'd B. the floating Ocean,
Did to Shore his Body bring.

Oh! the Grief and ſad Diſtraction,
Which this Accident hath brought,
On the Wives and near Relations,
Of the Perſons that are loſt;
Some for Husbands, other Fathers,
Brothers, Kinſmen, do lament,
With aking Hearts, and weeping Eyes,
To think how from them they are rent.

But now obſerve the diſmal Story,
Given by theſe three that's ſav'd,
George Hain, likewiſe *William Godfrey*,
And *Thomas Laurence*, a Boy 'tis ſaid,
As to *Barbadoes* we were ſailing,
Lord *Belhaven*, he did ſay,
Come noble Boys and jovial Sailors,
Happy may our Voyage be.

But drawing near unto the *Lizzard*,
There the Storm began to riſe,
Nothing then but Deſolation,
Did appear before our Eyes,
Such a dreadful Scene of Sorrow,
Sure before was never ſeen,
Oh *Belhaven!* brave *Belhaven!*
Moſt unhappy haſt thou been.

Captain *Willis* cry'd brave Sailors,
Do your beſt, or die we muſt,
Lord have Mercy, now relieve us,
In thy Providence we truſt.
Save us in the Time of Danger,
For Death before our Eyes appear,
And when they found all Hope were over,
In Tears they all fell down to Prayer.

Then againſt the fatal Rocks,
The Royal Galley ſplit in twain,
Two hundred Souls aloud were crying,
Lord ſave us from the watry Main,
To ſee each for his Life a ſhifting,
As the Waves toſt Mountains high,
The Galley in the Deep a ſinking,
While dying Groans did pierce the Sky.

I ſee the Noble Lord *Belhave*
Climbing to the Top-Maſt hig
With many more of Birth and
Who likewiſe in the Waves di
At length the Galley ſplit in Pi
Death put an End to all their W
We three poor Souls upon a W
With Waves was toſſed too an

At length unto the Shore wa
Where the People took us in
We prais'd the Lord for his gre
Since we thus preſerv'd have b
And ſav'd us in the fatal Ho
When the Waves did us ſurrou
And a many Souls did periſh,
And before our Eyes were dro

Oh! the dreadful Grief and
That their Wives and Children
Wives a weeping for their Hus
The Children for their Father
Let each tender Heart implore
And pity the Sorrow they are i
And think upon the Lord *Belh*
How unhappy he has been.

A noble Lady in the City,
Hearing of her Husband's Dea
'Twould have mov'd a Heart
To hear the Words ſhe did
Crying, O my tender Jewel,
Is a watry Wave thy Tomb,
I'll ſearch the Deep to find m
O cruel Death come ſeize me

Thus ſhe raves in ſad Diſtra
In her Bed with Cords ſhe's b
Crying Night and Day my Je
He is in the Ocean drown'd:
Thus many a mournful Wid
And Babies Fatherleſs are ma
Conſider then the many Dang
Which poor Sailors thro' do w

Many more that Night di
In the Storm as we do hear,
As in the Downs the Fleet wa
Some Lord *Belhaven*'s Fate di
Lord keep us from all ſuch D
Deliver us from ſudden Death
And give us Grace that we ma
The mighty God while we h

The WOODY CHORISTERS;
Or; The BIRDS Harmony.
In TWO PARTS.

When Birds could ſpeak, and Women they
Had neither Good or Bad to ſay;
The pretty Birds then fill'd with Pain,
Did to each other thus complain.



OH! ſaid the Cukow, loud and ſtout,
I fly the country round about;
While other birds my young ones feed,
And I myſelf do ſtand in need.
Then ſays the ſparrow on her neſt,
I lov'd a Laſs, but it was in jeſt;
And ever ſince that ſelf-ſame thing,
I made a wow I ne'er would ſing.
In came the Robin and thus he ſaid,
I loved once an ill-favour'd maid;
Her beauty kindled ſuch a ſpark,
That on my breaſt I bear the mark.
Then ſaid the Lark upon the Graſs,
I loved once a well-favour'd Laſs:
But ſhe would not hear her true love ſing,
Tho' he had a voice would pleaſe a king.

Then ſaid the Black Bird as he fled,
I loved one but ſhe is dead;
And ever ſince my love I lack,
This is the cauſe I mourn in black.
O ſaid the bonny Nightingale,
Then I muſt end my mournful Tale;
While others ſing, I ſit and mourn,
Leaning my breaſt upon a Thorn.
Ah! ſays the Water-Wag-Tail then,
I ne'er ſhall be myſelf again;
I loved one, but could not prevail,
This is the cauſe I wag my tail.
Then ſays the party colour'd Jay,
My deareſt Love is gone away;
And in remembrance of my dear,
A feather of each ſort I wear.

Then ſays the leather-winged Bat,
Mind but my tail, I'll tell you what
Is the cauſe I fly by night,
Becauſe I loſt my heart's delight.
Then ſaid the Green-Finch as ſhe flew,
I loved one that prov'd untrue:
And ſince he can no more be ſeen,
Love like a ſick-maid I turn to green.
Then did begin the chattering Swallow,
My love is fled, but I'll not follow,
And now upon the chimney high,
I ſing forth my poor melody.
O ſays the Owl, my love is gone,
That I did ſo much doat upon;
I know not how my love to follow
But after her to hoop and hollow.
Then ſays the Lap-Wing as ſhe flies,
I ſearch the meadows and the ſkies:
But cannot find my love again,
So about I fly in deadly pain.
Then ſays thruſh I ſqueak and ſing,
Which doth to me no comfort bring;
For oftentimes I at midnight
Record my love and heart's delight.
The Canary Bird ſhe then come in,
To tell her tale ſhe did begin:
I am of my dear love bereft,
So I have my own country left.
The Chaff-Finch then begins to ſpeak,
For love, quoth ſhe, my heart will break,
I grieve for you, it don't appear,
I ſing but two months in the year.
Then quoth the Magpie I was croſt
In love, and now my dear is loſt;
And warning of my heart's delight,
I mourn for him in black and white.
O ſays the Rook, and eke the Crow,
The reaſon why ſo black we grow;
It is becauſe we are forſook,
Come pity us, poor Crow and Rook.
The Bull-Finch was in a rage,
And nothing could his wrath aſſuage;
So in the woods he would not dwell,
But ſpend his time in a doleful cell.
Thus you have heard the birds complaint
Taking delight in their reſtraint;
Let this to all a pattern be,
For to delight in conſtancy.

PART. II.

DOWN as I lay one morning in May,
My hands they were coupled faſt:
My heart did rejoice to hear the pleaſant voice
Of the Birds in the air as they paſt.
Then comes the Nightingale,
Speaking the words ſo plain,
I prithee kind heart, take it in good part,
And love when thou art lov'd again.
Then ſays Tom-Tit-Mouſe there be ſome men
That will change nine times a day:
O then ſays the Wren there be ſome Women
That will change as often as they.
O then ſays the Crow, if it be ſo,
I'll give you leave to ſmite off my head;
For a man unjuſt, no woman will him truſt,
Until the very day he is dead.
O then ſays the Pye, tell me the reaſon why
You judge ſo hardly of men?
O then ſays the Lark I ſpeak it from my heart,
That Women are worſe than them?
O then ſays the Dove I once had a love,
And ſhe loved me very kind:
O ſays the Rook I'll be ſworn to a book
Such another is hard to find.
O ſays the Daw I care not a ſtraw,
Altho' I may chuſe me a mate:
O then ſay the Thruſh, you ſhall have her in a ruſh,
And take her a lower rate.
O then ſays the Duck, I wiſh you better luck
Than a man that I do know:
When he's from home, there's another in his room,
And ſo ſays the Cuckoo too.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard,
Bow Lane, London.



A

Favourite *Love* Song.

ONE night as I lay on my bed,
The thoughts of love came in my head;
I was ſore oppreſs'd, could take no reſt,
Away to my own true-love I'll go.

Unto my love's window I came,
I boldly call'd her by her name;
'Tis for thy ſake that I came here,
Thro' the bitter froſt and ſnow.

So open me the window my love do,
My Dad and Mammy's both awake,
And if they chance to hear you ſpeak,
There will be no excuſe, but ſore abuſe.

With words and many a blow,
And its go from my window my love do,
Thy Daddy and thy Mammy's faſt aſleep,
And in their window I made bold to peep.

Without the door I heard them ſnore,
And their breath it was not low,
And its open me the door my love do;
My love ſhe aroſe and open'd me the door.

Like an angel bright, ſhe ſtood upon the floor,
Her eyes ſhin'd bright and the ſtars gave light,
Like diamonds in her brow,
And ſtill ſhe cries my jewel whiſper low.

To creep the room it was our doom,
Though our foot ſteps was but ſlow;
And ſtill ſhe cries jewel whiſper low,
Its you muſt ſtay till the break of day.

I'll freely give conſent and ſtraight to the paſtime they went
It was juſt in the breaking of the day,
My love awak'd and bid me go away,
My Daddy dear ſhould chance to hear.

He will us both undo ſo its riſe my dear jewel and go,
It was underneath yon ſhady green tree,
Where my true love and I did firſt agree,
What we did there I'll never declare,
No mortal man ſhall know,
For I'll love the girl while I've got breath to draw.

Hearing what he ſaid; ſhe ſtood like one a
Wiping the tears from off her beautiful
Said ſhe my deareſt Jewel how could you
'Tis doubtful I had died if I'd never ſee

Now this happy Couple they are joined t
The Bells they did ring and the Muſic d
Now they live together, like two loyal l
Bleſs'd be this Couple untill their dying

Captain Barnard's G

WE marched out of Glouceſter th
Colours being flying and ſoldi
Little did I think that my true-love w
My heart was ſtole away by Capt. B

My father and my Mother confi
I jump'd out of the window and I w
It was my good fortune to meet wit
My heart was ſtole away by Capt. Ba

My love goes to the Captian ſo v
He is clothed all in ſcarlet, and la
I waſh'd my love his linen, to pleaſe
My heart was ſtole away by Capt.

The lads loves the muſic our Capt
They play ſuch pleaſant tunes all o
They play'd the ſweeteſt marches tha
When I was in the grove with Ca
dier.

'Tis in came Timothy Clayton wi
drum,
He ſwore he'd kiſs'd the bonnieſt gi
With his ſhoes as black as jet he's po
ear,
Yet ſhe ſwore ſhe'd go along, wit
grenadier.

FINIS

e one amazed,
ut.ful Eyes:
ld you be ſo Cruel,
ever ſeen you more.

oined together,
Muſic did play;
loyal lovers,
r dying Day.

's Grenadier.

fter the 19th of June,
l ſoldiers in full bloom,
love was ſo near,
apt. Barnard's grenadier.

confin'd me in a room,
nd I went into the town,
eet with my deareſt dear
apt. Barnard's grenadier.

n ſo valiant and ſo bold
nd laced round with go
pleaſe my deareſt dear,
Capt. Barnard's grenadie

r Capt. does command,
all on our royal band;
hes that ever I did hear
ith Capt. Barnard's grena-

on with his all wooing
(room;
ieſt girl that was in all the
e's powder'd from ear to

ng, with Capt. Barnard's,

I S.





THE

Fantaſtical Prodigal.

ON a time I was great, now little I'm grown,
A mimick of MULTUM IN PARVO;
I'm bury'd alive in a cloiſter of ſtone,
Some ſay it is what I deſerve O.
In what they ſay there is ſomething of truth,
I have been a wild and extravagant youth,
Some hundreds I have ſpent on Rachel and Ruth,
But now I have got into Limbo.

The ſong that I ſing is abſolute true
Then mark well my woeful condition,
It is of myſelf (Give the devil his due)
I hope it may make an impreſſion
On the heart of all Prodigal beaus;
For friend, let me tell you under the Roſe,
Thoſe whom you feaſted will be your worſe foes,
If ever you get into Limbo.

My Father and Mother 'tis very well known,
They left me abundance of riches,
But I was ſo wild and extravagant grown,
That I daily furniſh'd my breeches
With guineas, and then to the tavern I'd ſtray,
As fine as a fool, or a fop at a play,
I thought in my heart it would never be day,
Till now I am got into Limbo.

My Father he left me five hundred a year,
My Mother ſhe left me her jointure;
And every acre from mortgage was clear,
But I was for bottle and pint, ſir:
So field after field to market I ſent,
My lands was morgaged and money I ſpent,
My heart was harden'd it would not relent,
Until I got into Limbo.

My goods with abundance of old faſhion'd plan,
In ſhort I ſent packing together,
And ſet myſelf up in a pageant of ſtate,
With my powder'd wig, hat, and feather,
With hounds, hawks, and whores making my brags,
I rambled about till I emptied my bags,
So all my gay cloathing was turned to rags,
And now I'm faſt locked in Limbo.

I uſed to vaunt as if I would fly,
And ſtrut like a crow in a Gutrer;
The people would cry as I did paſs by,
There goes Sir Fopling Flutter:
Then top and top-gallant I hoiſted my ſails,
With fringed cravat and wig of two tails:
But now I am ready to gnaw my own nails,
Confin'd to my chamber in Limbo.

My time and my money I woefully ſpent,
On furbelow'd Ladies of pleaſure;
The cunning young gypſies would ſit and invent,
Which way for to ſquander my treaſure.
Watever they aſked I would preſently get,
Rich garments or dainties my palates to fit,
Thus made a mere fool of an abſolute wit,
But now I have got into Limbo.

I once kept a brace of as delicate Jades
As ever brought Ninepence to Nothing;
My credit I morgag'd to ſeveral trades,
To keep them in meat, drink, and cloathing.
The goldſmith for Jewels, lockets, and rings,
And others for laces, and rich bridle-ſtrings,
I pleaſur'd my doxies with fifty fine things,
For which I have got into Limbo.



The PRINCELY LOVERS Garland.





PART I.

ONCE I read a noble volume,
Or a history book, some call em,
Of two lovers true indeed,
None for love could them exceed.
It is of a king's fair daughter,
(pray now mark what follows after)
And a noble prince of fame;
To her father's court he came.
Where he soon observ'd her beauty.
Now, quoth he, it is my duty
For to woo both day and night,
Since thy charming beauty bright
Has my heart so deely wounded,
That my senses are confounded.
Yet to her I dare not speak,
Because her father is so great.
No, no, no, I dare not venture,
Or into her presence enter,
Fearing of her father's rage.
Would I were her serving page.
Then should I observe my duty,
Still admiring her beauty;
Which doth dance from her fair eyes,
As the morning-star doth rise.
In the private garden walking,
He thus to himself was talking.
From her window she did him spy,
Then on the prince she cast an eye
Where young Cupid soon did hover
Round about this princely lover,
With his conquering bended bow,
She was wounded with love also.
This young princess had a brother,
Who her love did soon discover
Where he soon clear'd the same
That noble knight of fame.

Prince and princess both admire
This young knight, and did enquire
Of his noble birth and fame?
None could tell from whence he came.
Tho' he was both son and heir
To a king and queen so fair,
Yet her he never understood,
He was born of royal blood.
And for that very same reason,
It was counted as high treason
For to court this princely dame,
Where he suffer'd for the same.
Her father hearing of the story,
Now, quoth he, I'll blast the glory.
How dare he this thing presume?
Nought but death shall be his doom.
Since it lies within my power,
Instead of love I'll him devour.
Him by these hungry lions jaws,
And with his body fill their maws.
To my daughter you'd be marry'd,
To a den you shall be carry'd;
Where instead of bridegroom's bed,
Lions shall your heart's blood shed.

PART II.

YET these lions had no power
His poor carcase to devour.
Which from them he understood
He was born of noble blood.
Then came down the lions keeper,
For to cleanse the den, and sweep her,
Where this noble knight got hold
Of this lion's shaggy hold.
Where he made him for to swear
That he never would declare,
For his life, to any one,
But the truth that had pick'd his bone.

Now within a short time after,
He wrote to the king's fair daughter,
That he was alive and well,
Living in a lonesome cell.
The young princess told her brother,
He with joy then soon went thither,
Where they soon contriv'd, we hear,
To steal her from her father dear.
Then a ship was soon made ready,
To convey this princely lady.
But now comes a great surprize,
Violent storms did soon arise.
Where the ships was tore and shatter'd,
And these loyal lovers scatter'd
From each other, as we hear,
Fortune proving so severe.
On a plank then swam her brother,
And the princess on another.
Where in short time we understand
They were drove unto the land.
The poor knight in his condition
Was taken up by one a fishing.
To the land he was convey'd,
And to the king he was betray'd.
Tho' you was preserv'd from lions,
You shall now be bound in irons,
Where you shall resign your breath,
In a dungeon starv'd to death.
He being thus confin'd in fetters,
To the jailor he sends letters,
To speak with him speedily,
He being sick and like to die.
Then the jailor he did enter,
Now, quoth he, pray jailor venture
From these irons set me free.
Store of gold I'll give to thee.

And being greedy ofthe treaſure,
Soon he freed him with great pleaſure.
Being from the irons freed,
He the jailor kill'd with ſpeed.
Once more he his freedom gained,
And his liberty obtained,
Yet his heart was filled with woe,
That he muſt from his princeſs go.

PART III.

TRavelling with grief and ſorrow,
To the court of Bohemia,
From that court he underſtood
He was born of noble blood.
Being at a great collation,
Strait appear'd an apparition
At the table where he din'd,
With a flaming torch, we find.
Moſt gracious king and queen ſo royal,
That's your ſon, make no denial.
Ever ſince the rebellion,
He has been miſſing ſo long.
I'm his nurſe, who was diſloyal.
To murder that young prince ſo royal.
My knife was three times at his throat,
To let his royal blood run out.
Yet I having not the power,
Into the woods with him did ſcower,
Where three years I did maintain
The royal prince, till I was ſlain.
As the child and I were walking,
To the young prince, I was talking,
Came a lion from the wood,
Nurs'd the child, and ſuck'd my blood.
When ſhe had the ſame revealed
Which long time had been concealed,
Then ſhe vaniſh'd clear away,
And left them all ſurpriz'd that day.
Now this frightful apparition
Brought good news unto the nation,
Tongue nor pen cannot expreſs
The nation's joys the prince poſſeſs'
Now we'll leave his in this nation
To relate the great vexation
Of that tyarnt king once more,
Of whom we rehears'd before.
He with royal paſſion fretted,
When to him it was related,
That the knight was dead and gone,
And the jailor dead was found.
With revenge ſaid to his daughter,
In great ſpightful ſmiles and laughter,
Madam, you would fain be wed,
Go and take your love that's dead.
You ſhall not have your deſire,
His corps will burn with fire.
The great princeſs in diſtreſs
Ran unto the mournful hearſe.
At the hearſe ſhe met her brother
With a dagger; ſhe had another.
Come, dear brother, ſhe did cry,
Since he's dead let us two die.
Cruel father, prince of tyrants,
You would fain deſtroy with lions;
But his royal, blood you ſee
Sav'd him from that tyranny.
Since you are to me ſo cruel,
His dead corps to burn with fuel.
With my tears I'm him embalm,
And then burn within his arms.
Strait the princeſs with her brother,
Did the mournful hearſe uncover,
Where unto their joy they found
The jailor corps; the prince was gone.
Said the princeſs with diſcretion
I will travel from the nation,
For to find my deareſt dear.
Father, you are too ſevere.
Strait ſhe dreſs'd in man's attire,
Thro' ſtrange nations did enquire
After this brave knight of fame.
To his court at lenght ſhe came.
For a ſervice ſhe enquired.
Her ſweet charms the prince admired,
Come, ſweet youth, the prince he ſaid,
You ſhall by my waiting-page.

PART IV.

AHunting went the prince ſoon after,
With his nobles, full of laughter.
In the middle of the ſport,
The prince left the royal court,
The prince with his page did wander,
'Till at lenght he ſpy'd a farmer.
In one bed the royal pair
Forced to take their lodging were.
The royal prince was diſcontented,
In the night he thus lamented:
Oh! my royal love, ſaid he,
I wiſh you was along with me.
Said the page, Dear lord and maſter,
Don't lament your ſad diſaſter.
Her dear picture you ſhall ſee;
For I have it here with me.
I mean at your palace royal.
The next day without denial,
Returning thanks, they paſs'd away
To the court, without delay.
For her picture long he waited.
Tarrying long, at length he fretted.
Strait he went, in a great rage,
For to ſeek his ſervant-page.
The young princeſs being ready,
There was no page, but a lady.
Oh! great princeſs moſt divine.
Lovely picture, thou art mine.
With great joy beyond expreſſing,
Were this royal pair poſſeſſing.
The great day appointed were
For to join this happy pair.
News was carry'd to her father,
That they both were join'd together
Tho' you held him once in ſcorn,
He is now,boring royal ſon.

Princely Diverſion; or the Jovial Hunting Match,



ON Valentine's Day in the Morning,
bright *Phœbus* began to appear,
Sir Wm. Cook winding his Horn
And was going a hunting the hare,
Says *Handford* uncouple our Beagles,
And let them go queſting along
For looſe her or win her, we muſt go to *dinner*
Or elſe they will think me long,

Says *Handford* I pray now forbare ſi
And talk not of Dinn'r ſo ſoon
For i've not been a hunting this Year
And how can you give over by Noon
Black *Sloven ſhall warm your bay Robin*
And make him go Smoacking along,
Bonny Dick ſhall not Gallop ſo quick
If we light of a Hare that is ſtrong,

Well *Handford* ſaid the good Eſquire,
I'm an to ſhow you a trick
I value not hedges nor Ditches
But i'll let you know bonny *Dick*
Then hie for the *Cloſom-Bow-Field*,
We ſhall get her Ten thouſand to one,
There's Wonder, lays hard upon Thunder
Away, o'er away ſhe is gone,

The Morning was pleaſant all over
So bright and ſo clear was the Sky.
We made all the Woods for to roar,
With the Noiſe of our ſweet harmony,
It was for the ſpace of three Hours
We held all our Horſes to ſpeed
Black ſloven held hard to bay Robin
But Yet could not do the deed,

It was about Nine in the morning
We ſounded our firſt paſſing Bell
ſir William pray put up your horn
For another Freſh Hare will do wel
Well *Handford* ſaid the good Eſquire
What think you of my bonny *Dick*
doe's think thou can make him to tire
or not for to Gallop ſo quick,

Faith Maſter *I* needs muſt Confeſs,
That i fear i was boaſting to ſoon
But hie for another freſh Hare
And your Dick ſhould have dinn'd by noon
Well *Handford* have at your black ſloven
I'll make him in Purple to Ride
And if he does offer to tire
I'll certainly Liquor your hide

You ſerve him righ well ſays Jack Wilſon
for he has taunting at me
I never was beat in the fi ld
ſo for a freſh a Hare let us ſee
for here is ſome Cloſes of Corn
ſee we l at your place e'ery o ne
Then Maſter pray pull out your horn,
for a way, o'er away, ſhe is gone

Young B ue b ll he cry'd is before
And ſhe cry'd it all over the Lane
And after her 12 Couple more,
thus they rattl'd it over the Pla n
Bonny D ck play'd with his Bridle,
And went at a deſperate rate
Come *Handford* Pox take you you're idle
Muſt i open you the Gate

O, your h mble Servant good Maſter,
But I will not die in your debt
You ſhall find black ſloven go faſter
for now he begins for to ſweet
Theres Wonder and thunder and dido.
And merry-laſs ſweetly runs on,
There's Younger old Ranter *Trantive*
But *Beauty* ſhe leads the vain:

She headed them ſtoutly and bravely;
Juſt up into *Suttons*-cloſe field,
Black ſloven began to grow heavy
And made a fair offer to yield
Jack Wilſon came ſwinging before
ſo well did bay Robin maintain,
And after him bonny *Dick* cour'd
black ſloven was ſpur'd in vain

but had the Luck and good chance.
for to go now and then by the ſtring
ſhe led us a delicate dance.
but as we came by the Laſt ring.
A freſh Hare duce take her was ſtarted
We ne'er was ſo vexed before
And e'ey we could make 'Em forſake her;
We run her two Miles or more

And then we left *Sir William Cooke*
for to Ponder upon the old hare
Who preſently lept o'er a brook,
And a deſperate leap I declare
he had n t got paſt a mile
the G unning old Gipſy he ſpy'd
Was making back to her old ſile,
then away, o er away he cry'd

Away o'er away my brave boys
and merrily winded his horn
o r beadle s all tos'd up their heads
and they ſoon made a ſpeedy return
and drawing juſt up to the point.
Where this Cunning yonng Gipſy had r
You never ſaw better Dogs hunt
For life underneath the Sun.

Now there was Tamive and Ranter
They ſounded their laſt paſſing bell
And Wilſon made moan unto Handford
A Cup of Old-Hock will do well
And Handford cry'd Maſter ride faſter
For now i begin to grow cool
With Swet all my cloaths are as wet
As if i had been in ſome Pool

Were not thoſe 2 dainty fine Puſſes
They held us from 7 to one
We ſcour'd thro' Hr.ges and Buſhes
So merrily we run on
And as for the praiſe of theſe Hounds
And horſes too that Gallop ſo free
My Pen would not bring it to ſound,
If time would allow it to be

Now Gallants i bid you farewell
For i fear your Patience i've try'd
And hie for a Glaſs of good Ale,
That Peotry may be admir'd
And here's a good health to the Sportman
That hunts with the horn and the hound
I hope you'l all pledge for the future,
And ſo let this health go round

London, Printed by, *L. How*, in *Petticoat-Lane*, near *White-Chappel-Bars.*

Jack Tar's Return,

ONE Night at ten o'Clock,
As I a reading ſat,
Letters of old I had received
from my dear Sailor Jack,
Somebody at the door,
like a Jack Tar did roar,
Which drove my poor ſenſes,
I cannot tell where.

I aroſe with the ſhock,
and did the door unlock,
Such a fine ſight ſure,
my eyes did behold,
Trowſers as white as ſnow,
buckles down to the toe,
With a flaſhy curl'd get,
and his hat lac'd with gold.

Then I did ſtand and view,
ſtrait in my arms he flew,
Giving me a kiſs,
far ſweeter than rue;
He ſmelt of tar and look'd ſo ſmart,
he reviv'd my heart,
There was nothing, no nothing,
my mind to bring too.

Then to delight me more,
ſtraight in my apron ſure,
Then he began to throw,
handfuls of gold.
Saying I will you deck,
with a gold chain about your neck,
For I have ſail'd with Rodney,
with courage ſo bold.

Then come each lad and laſs,
drink off a flowing glaſs,
And drink a health to the lads,
that are at ſea,
God ſend them again,
unto their native home,
O what a comfort and,
that will be.



The WIFE's Reſolution to find her HUSBAND full Employment.

1 O Now, dear wife, I am marry'd to you,
Pray what muſt I do now?
Why now you rogue, go ſweep the houſe,
You have nothing elſe to do.

2 I'll make you do it again and again,
As oft as it pleaſeth me;
I'll make you repent the day, you dog,
That you were marry'd to me.

4 O now dear wife, I have made a fire,
Pray what muſt I do now?
Go bake an toaſt, and ſet the cups,
You've nothing elſe to do.

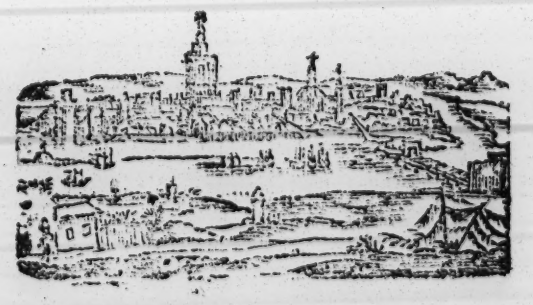
3 O now dear wife, I've ſwept the houſe,
Pray what muſt I do now?
Now you rogue go make a fire,
You have nothing elſe to do.

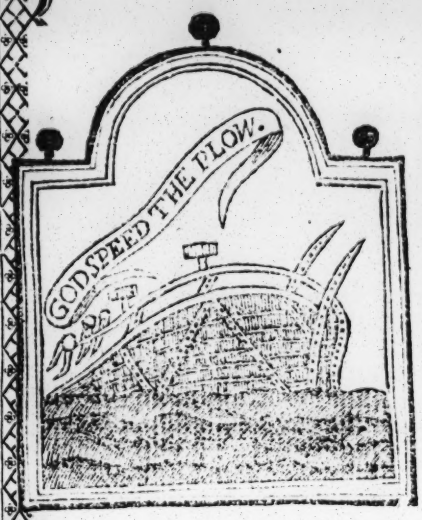
5 O now dear wife I have ſet the cups,
Pray what muſt I do now?
Now you rogue, go drink my ſlops,
You have nothing elſe to do.

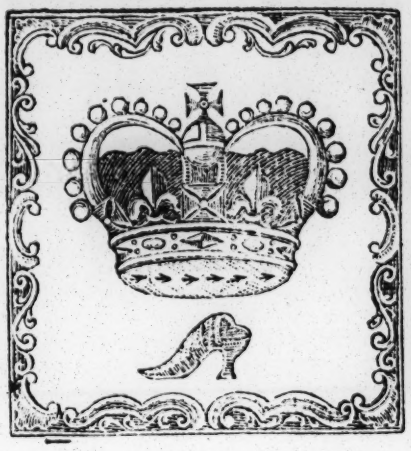
6 O now dear wife, my heart's delight,
Pray what muſt I do now?
Go work you rogue, until it is night,
You have nothing elſe to do.

7 I labour'd all day, until it was night,
Pray what muſt I do now?
Go make my bed, and a candle light,
You have nothing elſe to do.

8 Now I have made the bed, dear wife,
Pray what muſt I do now?
Come in to bed, and kiſs your wife,
You've nothing elſe to do.









Three Excellent New SONGS:

I. Had awa' frae me, Donald. II. The Surprize. III. Whiſtle oe'r the lave o't.

Had awa' frae me, Donald.

O Will you hae ta tartan plaid,
Or will you hae ta ring, Maattam?
Or will you hae ta kiſs o' me?
And dats ta pretty ting, Mattam.
Had awa', bide awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
I'll neither kiſs nor hae a ring,
Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald.

O ſee you not her ponny progues,
Her fecket plaid, plew, cleen, Mattam?
Her twa ſhort hoſe, and her twa ſpiogs,
And a ſhoulter-pelt apoon, Mattam?
Had awa' bide awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Nae ſhoulder-belts nae trinkabouts,
Nae tartan hoſe for me, Donald.

Hur can pe ſhaw a petter hough
Tan him wha wears the crown, mattam;
Herſell hae piſtol and claymore
Ta ſlie ta lallant loun, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
For a' your houghs and warlike arms,
Your no a match for me, Donald.

Hurſell hae a ſhort coat pi pote,
No trail my feets at rin, mattam;
A cutty ſark of good harn ſheet,
My mitter he be ſpin, mattam,
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,
And faſh nae mair wi' me, Donald.

Ye's neir pe pidden work a turn
At ony kind o' ſpin, Mattam,
But ſhug your lenno' in a ſcull,
And tidel highland ſing, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Your jegging ſculls and highland ſang
Will ſound but harſh wi' me, Donald.

In ta morning when him riſe
We's get freſh whey for tea, Mattam;
Sweet milk an ream as much you pleaſe,
Far cheaper tan pohea, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
I winna quite my morning's tea,
Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.

Haper Gallic ye's be learn,
And tats ta ponny ſpeak, Mattam;
Ye's get a cheeſe and putter-kirn
Come wi' me gin ye like, Mattam;
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Your Gallic and your Highland chear
Will ne'er gae down with me, Donald.

Fait ye's pe ket a ſilder brotch
Pe pigger as the moon, Mattam;
Ye's ride in curroch ſtead o' coach,
An wow put ye'll pe fine, Martam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
For a' your Highland rarities
You're not a match for me, Donald.

What's tis ta way tat ye'll pe kind
To a pretty man like me, Mattam?
Sae langs claymore pe po my ſide,
I'll nefer marry tee, Mattam.
O come awa', run awa',
O come awa' wi' me, Donald;
I wadna quite my Highland man;
Frae Lallands ſet me free, Donald.

The Surpriſe

I Had a horſe and I had nae mair,
I gat him frae my daddy;
My purſe was light and my heart was fair
But my wit it was fu' ready.
And ſae I thought upon a wile,
Outwittens of my daddy,
To ſee myſell to a lowland laird,
Who had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
Madam, be not offended,
I'm o'er the luga in love wi' you,
And care nae tho' ye kend it.
For I get little frae the laird,
And far leſs frae my daddy,
And I would blythly be the man
Would ſtrive to pleaſe my lady.

She read my letter, and ſhe leuch.
Ye needna been ſae blate, man;
You might hae come to me yourſell,
And tald me o' your ſtate, man:
You might hae come to me yourſell,
Outwittens of your daddy,
And made John Goukſton of the laird,
And kiſs'd his bonny lady.

Then ſhe pat filler in my purſe,
We drank wine in a cogie;
She ſee'd a man to rub my horſe,
And wow but I was vogie:
But I gat ne'er ſae fair a fleg
Since I came frae my daddy,
The laird came rap rap to the yate,
Whan I was wi' his lady.

Then ſhe pat me below a chair,
And hap'd me wi' a plaidie;
But I was like to ſwarf wi' fear,
And wiſh'd me wi' my daddy.
The laird went out, he ſaw na me,
I went whan I was ready:
I promis'd but I ne'er gaed back
To ſee his bonny lady.

Whiſtle o'er the lave o't

MY mither ſent me to the well,
She had better gaen herſell,
I got the thing I dare nae tell,
Whiſtle o'er the lave o't,

My mither ſent me to the ſea,
For to gather muſles three;
A ſailor lad fell in wi' me,
Whiſtle o'er the lave o't.

THE

Loyal Martyrs; or, Bloody Inquisitor.

BEING

A just Account of the Mercenary and Inhuman Barbarities transacted in the Inquisition of *Spain*.

Shewing, How a Gentleman having married, a young Lady in St *James's Street*, they agreed to travel together for the Space of five Years, to see foreign Parts. How as soon as they came to *Spain*, intending to take a View of the Place, they were both seiz'd by Order of the Inquisitor. Also how they were separately examined and charged with Crimes that they were innocent of. How they underwent their Punishments inflicted on them, in order to exhort a Confession from them. Likewise, how they were tried by their Court of Justice, and condemn'd to be burnt alive. The Manner of their Behaviour at the Place of Execution, where they were tormented near two Hours before they expired, during which Time there continued a dreadful Storm of Thunder and Light'ning: Also the cruel Wretches that came to see them suffer.

How a Gentleman and his Lady travelled to Spain, *and what Misfortune happened them.*

OF all the Nations in the Universe,
There's none sure can compare
With *Spain*, for bloody Sentences,
As I'll to you declare:
The Manner of their Inquisition,
Is what I shall relate:
A beauteous Couple, as we hear,
Fell in their Hands of late.
First will I let you understand,
This 'Squire's Name and Place
Of dwelling, when he left this Land,
Which prov'd unfortunate.
He liv'd in *St James's Street*,
Arrow Smith was his Name;
He had four hundred Pounds a Year
With his Lady of Fame.
For Beauty none could her exceed
She was so lovely fair;
Her Cheeks were like the fragrant Rose
Few could with her compare.
She was the Beauty of the Age,
And he as fine a Youth;
Which did each others Love engage,
As we hear for a Truth.
He says to his Lady one Day,
My Dear, will you agree.
To go with me to foreign Parts,
Their Customs for to see:
And about the Space of five Years Time
We will return again,
Here back into our native Place,
Where we will then remain.
She answer'd Love, I'm ready to
Obey all you Commands;
And with you thro' the World will go
Freely with Heart and Hand.
I am not in the least afraid,
To travel where you please;
For you are all I value here,
My whole Support and Ease.
Then Preparations soon were made,
They having both agreed,
That first of all to *Spain* they'd go,
So they set out with Speed.
They took with them two serving Men
Upon them for to wait;
But now their Scene of Misery,
To you I will relate.
A spacious Lodging there they took,
Some Days in Pleasure spent,
In viewing of the Country round,
Which was their sole Intent:
At last a wicked Jesuit,
Upon her cast an Eye,
Saying, If I do not her enjoy,
They surely both shall die.
This Villain us'd all Means he could,
To gain her Company,
But never could obtain his Ends,
To stain her Chastity:
At last he being swell'd with Rage,
And wicked Lust did burn,
He gave an Information there
Were two that would not turn.
The Inquisitor said, then let them
Be brought then before me,
To answer for their Insolence,
I'll soon make them agree:
How dare they to withstand our Laws,
That are so good and just,
If they be stubborn in their Ways,
They shall burn to Dust.
This beauteous Couple then were seiz'd
Not knowing what they meant,
The Lady fright'ned to them said,
Pray what is your Intent?
I know no Harm that we have done,
What means this sudden Strife?
They said to join in our just Cause,
Or else you'll lose your Life.
The 'Squire before the Inquisitor,
He was examined first,
To know the Reason why he did
Withstand their Laws so just.
He answer'd very boldly then,
Before that I will turn,
From the Religion I profess,
I'll sooner chuse to burn.

The 'Squire and his Lady at the Inquisition House examining before the Inquisitor.

THE Inquisitor was then enrag'd,
Saying, Tortures, Hell, and Fire,
You surely, Sir, shall have,
Since it is your Desire:
You guilty are of many Crimes,
Though you do them deny;
But if that you'll confess and turn,
I'll use you handsomely.
Your Superstition I defy,
I've nothing more to say:
The Inquisitor gave Orders then
For to take him away.
And punish him as I'll describe,
Because he would not plead;
Which when I do relate the same,
'Twill make your Hearts to bleed.
Then in a Dungeon dismal dark,
They seperate were confin'd.
Poor Souls they little thought what Death
They had for them design'd.
The Lady she was frightened much,
And seem'd to grieve full sore;
And for to see each other's Face,
They did the Lord implore.
A Fire quickly was prepar'd,
Before it he was brought.
And mov'd Feet foremost by Degrees,
Till they his Feet had scorch'd.
He never seem'd to winch or cry,
But still endure the Pain;
And when his Life was almost spent,
They brought him back again.
The Lady next examin'd was.
Of Crimes she did not know:
The Judge said, Child if you'll confess
I will you Mercy show.
Confess what! O Sir, she did say,
I know not what you mean;
To my dear God I will be just,
I value not your Spleen.
He said, Child if you'll but understand,
You are in a wrong Cause:
I'd have you know you're in this Land
Submit to our just Laws;
Or else you and your Husband both,
Your Trial soon shall take:
For Heretics you shall be burn'd,
If you don't it forsake.
As for your Punishments she said,
I value not a Pin.
One Thing of you I have to crave,
To see my Dear again;
And grant we both in one Urn,
Together may expire;
For this our good and glorious Cause,
Is all here I desire.
The Inquisitor said, Lady fair,
Pray don't so stubborn be,
I'll save you if you confess,
The Crimes you have done to me.
To our good Religion turn,
Then happy you may dwell;
But if you don't, you'll surely burn,
And both will go to Hell.
Undauntedly she Answer made,
Your Subtile I defy,
All the Torments you can invent,
Shall ne'er make me deny
The blessed Tracks of my dear Christ
That will my Guardian be,
Preserve me from tormenting Pains,
To all Eternity.
To the Secretary then he said,
Now I am fully beat,
Since my Commands she won't obey,
A severe Punishment.
She speedily shall undergo,
And I will see it done;
She shall severely tortur'd be,
Because she will not turn.

The 'Squire and his Lady undergoing the Torture the Inquisitor put them to, because they would not turn to be Roman Catholics.

THEY tied her down upon her Back.
Likewise her Hands and Feet,
Poor Soul the Cords they tied so tight
On her made her sweat:
Then Water through a fine Lawn Cloth,
They pour'd down her Throat;
But still to them she'd not comply,
Though she was almost choak'd.
The Inquisitor gave Orders then,
That she should be untied.
And for their stubborn Insolence,
They both should soon be tried.
Poor Lady she was almost spent,
With their curst Cruelty;
But the first Word she spoke was this,
Before I'll turn, I'll die.
You may torment my Body here,
But cannot hurt my Soul;
With Patience I'll your Torments bear,
You ne'er shall me controul:
My blessed God is good and just,
And will stand by me still;
So I'm resolv'd still to observe
His blessed holy Will.
Sure such undaunted Courage in
Woman's seldom found;
She was sent back unto the Place,
Till she receiv'd her Doom.
'Twas in a dismal Dungeon where,
No Light was to be seen;
She valued not what she endured,
For the blest Cause she stood in.
Six Months this 'Squire and his Love,
Confin'd was in this Place;
He said, O God, grant that I
Once more may see her Face:
I value not these Wretches Spleen,
Could I preserve my Wife:
I all the Torments do defy,
I value not my Life.
Poor Souls they had a great Desire,
Each other for to see;
The Jailor that attended them,
Said, Sir, that cannot be:
You will not see your Lady fair,
Till you're to Justice brought;
And if you don't turn to our Faith,
Your Deaths are surely wrought.
In about six Weeks after this,
There did an Order come,
To bring them both to Justice Hall,
For to receive their Doom.
But when they did each other see,
With Extasy of Joy,
The Lady she fainted away,
Who could such Love annoy.
Soon as they brought her to herself,
Then came on their Trials,
And in the Cages they were put,
Places for Criminals:
Their Accusation being read,
The Judge to them did say,
You hear Prisoners what is alledg'd,
Against you here this Day.

The 'Squire and his Lady brought before the Inquisitor and Judge, to take their Trial.

THE 'Squire then he ask'd the Judge,
Where was his Accuser;
Sir, that is not the Custom here,
Says the Inquisitor:
One horrid Crime's laid to your Charge,
We well assured be.
That you are both guilty of it,
Which is damn'd Heresy.
And if it's so you will not turn,
Unto our heavenly Cause.
You and your Wife shall surely burn,
According to our Laws:
The Judge said to the Lady then,
If you will not comply,
You may be sure your Soul's are damn'd,
To all Eternity.
Then with a smiling Countenance,
The Lady did reply,
Your Idol Worship's what I hate;
I do your Spleen defy:
You are a Pack of Hypocrites,
I value not your Laws:
I'd lay ten thousand Lives at Stake,
For such a glorious Cause.
There is a blest Redeemer dear,
That will support us still;
And all the Tortures you invene,
Can do our Souls no ill;
Since you have doom'd us both to die,
I value not my Breath;
With Crowns of Gold we both shall meet
In Heaven, after Death.
The Inquisitor said to the Judge,
I pray the Sentence give,
For eight and forty Hours longer
They ought not for to live:
If we take all this Insolence,
And they not punish'd be,
To Christ we shall give great Offence,
For such Indulgency.
The horrid Sentence then was pass'd,
that they should burn Talive;
The Executioner was call'd,
On Purpose to contrive,
How he might die a lingring Death;
They answer soon did make,
Leave that to us for Punishment,
When they are at the Stake.
Unto the Judge with Courage bold,
The Lady she did say,
I have but one Thing more to crave,
The Time we here shall stay:
That we may in one Dungeon be.
Our Prayers to make to Christ
Who for us is preparing now
A blest and happy Feast

The 'Squire and his Lady at Prayers.

THIS Favour then granted was,
At last, with much Debate,
Her Beauty was admired much,
By most that round her sat:
She was not daunted in the least,
At whhich she must go through;
Such Courage in a Woman sure,
Before I never knew.
Then in a Dungeon they were put,
Where they could see no Light;
In offerring Prayers, and singing Hymns,
They pass'd away the Night:
The fatal Morning being come,
That they must marty'd be,
The Jailor said, now Order's brought,
That you must go with me.
Says the 'Squire, with all my Heart:
I long to enjoy the Bliss:
Poor Souls they eagerly did meet,
To take a parting Kiss:
Their Lips, O then were loath to part
At last he burst in Tears:
Saying, I value nothing but
This Life of you, my Dear

The Manner of the Procession of all the holy Fathers, Monks, Jesuits, and Priests, from the Inquisition house to the Place of Execution; and their horrid Barbarity is called an holy Act of Faith.

YOU need not value that my Love.
We soon shall meet again:
Who'd grudge to die, when such a glorious Cause we now maintain? (ous
What are those Tortures we endure,
To those blest Joys above,
Which we shall soon in Heaven enjoy,
My Dear and only Love?
The trickling Tears bedew'd their Cheeks,
And loath they were to part:
The Jailor said, we must away,
Which touch'd them most at Heart
Then to the Place of Execution,
Hand in Hand they went;
While they were ying to the Stake,
There was an Order sent,
That the Lady should strangled be,
Before that she was burnt.
Hearing, to the Messenger
She hastily then turn'd:
Go tell your Master now from me,
His Favour scorn I shall;
In all that he can me torment,
I value not at all.

The 'Squire and his Lady at the Place of Execution.

THE Inquisitor hearing of this,
Again his Order sent,
That they should die the hardest Death
That ever could invent: (tied,
When both their Hands with Cords were
Up to the fatal Stake.
They then did put unto their Feet,
A great and mighty Weight.
And them they drawed up and down,
Near an Hour and more;
Yet notwithstanding all this While,
This Pain with Patience bore.
They were not seen to shed a Tear,
In the Torments they went through,
But loud continued singing Psalms,
And Hallelujahs too.
The Fire and the Fuizes then
They did begin to light.
And thrust the Fuizes in their Face,
Which was a dreadful Sight.
A frightful Storm of Thunder, Hail,
And Ligt'ning did descend
Upon these wicked Wretches, that
Did come to see their End.
'Soon as these blessed Soul's expir'd,
The dreadful Storm did ceate,
And then the Sun his glorious Lustre
Greatly did increase,
These Wretches seiz'd upon their Wealth
And then in Scorn did say
Unto their Servants, you to *England*
Now may go away.
And tell how we your Heretic
Master and Mistress used,
Because they remained obstinate,
And did our Laws abuse:
They thought to do just as they pleas'd
But they mistaken were,
And all such Heretics as they,
That will our Power dare.

William Griſmond's Downfal; Or,

A Lamentable Murther by him Committed at *Laintердine*, in the County of *Hereford*, on March 12th, 1650: Together with his Lamentation. To the Tune of, *Where is my Love*, &c.





O Come you wilful young Men,
and hear what I ſhall tell,
My Name is *William Griſmond*,
at *Laintердine* did dwell;
O there I did a Murther,
as it is known full well;
And for my offence I ſhall die.

There was a Neighbour's Daughter
that lived me hard by,
Whom I had promis'd marriage,
and with her I did lye?
I did diſſemble with her,
my luſt to ſatisfie;
And for, &c.

I had my pleaſure on her,
I had my lewd deſire,
The uſing of her Body
was that I did require:
I was o're come and ſnared
by him that was a Lyar;
And for, &c.

She claimed of me marriage,
and ſaid ſhe was with Child,
Saying Marry me ſweet William,
now you have me defil'd:
If you do now forſake me,
I utterly am ſpoil'd,
And for, &c.

When ſhe had us'd theſe ſpeeches,
my anger did ariſe,
And then to work her overthrow,
I quickly did deviſe;
What tho' her words were honeſt,
yet I did them deſpiſe;
And for, &c.

O mark how it did happen,
this Houſe-Wife being Poor,
And I who was my Father's Heir,
her words did urge me ſore;
For I could have another,
with Gold and ſilver ſtore;
And for, &c.

In flattering ſhort I brought her,
into the Field of Broom,
And when we both together
into the field were come,
I had my Pleaſure with her,
and then I was her Doom;
And for, &c.

My Father and my Mother,
I knew would not conſent,
If I had married with her,
I know I ſhould be ſhent;
Then unto wicked Murther,
my Heart was fully bent;
And for, &c.

Then in the Broom I kill'd her,
with my accurſed Knife,
There hatefully I kill'd her,
who lov'd me as her life;
I cut her throat, I kill'd her,
who ſhould have been my Wife;
And for, &c.

Three Days ſhe lay there murdered,
before that ſhe was found,
But when the Neighbours ſearching
within that Broomy Ground,
Did find her there uncovered,
and with a Bloody Wound;
And for, &c.

The Neighbours having found her,
where I did do this deed,
There in the Broom they found her
where I her Blood did shed;
But when I did perceive that,
I ran away with speed;
And for, &c.

No sooner had they found her,
but away I did go,
And thought to go to Ireland,
the very truth is so;
But God he would not suffer me,
to run my Country through;
And for, &c.

Yet I was got on Ship-board,
as you may understand,
But then the Ship was troubled,
I must go back to Land;
I could not get away so,
with guilty Heart and Hand;
And for, &c.

There is some wicked Person,
the Ship-Men they did say,
Within the Ship we know it,
that cannot pass away;
We must returnto Land here;
and make no more delay;
And for, &c.

Then near unto Westchester,
I taken was at last,
And then in Chester-prison,
I suddenly was cast:
From thence brought into Hereford,
to answer what is past;
And for, &c.

But then my loving Father,
his Gold he did not spare,
To save me from the Gallows,
he had of me great care;
But it would not be rganted.
the Gallows was my share;
And for, &c.

My fault it was so hainous,
It would nor granted be,
I must for an Example,
hang on the Gallows Tree;
God grant that I a Warning,
for all young Men may be;
And for, &c.

O my dear Loving Father,
he was to me most kind,
He brought me up most costly,
so was his tender mind:
But I indeed to lewdness,
was too much inclin'd;
And for, &c.

He brought me up in learning,
his love was to me still,
He thought it all too little,
he did bestow on Will;
But when he lookt for comfort,
his Heart I then did kill;
And for, &c.

I might have had a marriage,
my Father to content,
And to that my loving Mother,
would give her Heart's consent;
But I have took such courses,
doth make us all repent;
And for, &c.

Now Yonng Men take warning,
you see my fault is great,
O call to God for mercy,
God's grace do you intreat;
I might have lived bravely,
and had a gallant seat,
And for. &c.

O Lord, I now crave pardon,
with a relenting Heart,
I know my sins are hainous,
I'm very sorry for't;
Alas, I have deserved,
a very hard report;
And for my Offence I shall Die.

Newcastle, Printed and sold by *John White*, at his House at the Head of the *Painter-Heugh*.

An Excellent new

SONG,

To the Tune of, OLD LONG SYNE.

O *CALEDON, O CALEDON,*
How wretched is thy Fate
I, thy St. *ANDREW* do lament,
Thy poor abandon'd State.
O *Caledon,* O *Caledon,*
How griev'd am I to think;
That thy ſad Story written is,
With *Blood* inſtead of *Ink.*

IN Days of Yore you was renown'd,
Conſpicuous was your FAME,
All Nations did your Valour Praiſe,
And Loyalty Proclaim;
You did your Ancient Rights maintain,
And Liberties defend,
And ſcorn'd to have it thought that you
On *England* did depend.

UNTO your Kings you did adhere,
Stood by the Royal Race;
With them you Honour great did gain,
And Paths of Glory trace;
With Royal *STEWART* at your Head
All Enemies oppoſe,
And like our brave Couragious *Clans*;
In Pieces cut your Foes.

YOUR Kings did Juſtice then diſpenſe,
And led you on to Fight;
And your Heroick Valour was,
Like their Example, bright.
An happy People then you were,
In plenty did abound,
And your untainted Loyalty
With Bleſſings great was crown'd.

BUT Oh! Alas, the Caſe is chang'd,
You'r wretched and forlorn;
The Hardſhips now impos'd on you
By Slaves are only born:
Your antient Rights, which you ſo long
Did with your Blood maintain,
Are meanly ſold and given up,
And you dare ſcarce complain.

JUSTICE now hath fled away,
With Taxes you'r oppreſt,
And every little pratling Wretch
May freely you moleſt.

The choiſeſt of your Noble Blood
Are baniſh'd far away,
And ſuch as do remain at Home,
Muſt truckle and obey.

YOU'R Martial Spirit's quite decay'd,
You'r poor contented Slaves,
You'r kick'd and cuff'd, oppreſs'd, harraſs'd,
By Scoundrels, Fools and Knaves.
You did againſt your King rebel,
Abjur'd the Royal Race:
For which juſt Heaven did puniſh you,
With Woes, Contempt, Diſgrace.

THIS Prince alone the Crown ſhould wear
And Royal Scepter ſway,
To Him alone you ſhould ſubmit,
And your Alledgeance pay.
A Prince indu'd with Virtues rare,
So Warlike, Juſt and Great,
That were it not to puniſh you,
He'd have a better Fate.

O *CALEDON, O CALEDON,*
Look back from whence you fell,
And from your Sufferings, learn your Guilt,
And never more rebel;
Regain your antient Liberties,
Redeem your Rights and Laws,
Reſtore your injur'd Lawful King;
Or periſh in the Cauſe.

YOUR Reputation thus you may,
Thus only can retrieve,
And till you Juſtice do to Him,
You need not think to thrive.
O may the Almighty King of Kings,
His Sov'rain Power extend,
And his Anointed's precious Life,
From Perils all defend.

O may juſt Heaven aſſert his Right,
Him to his own Reſtore,
And may the *Scottiſh* Nation ſhine,
Illuſtrious as before.
O *Caledon,* O *Caledon,*
How joyful wou'd I be,
To ſee the King upon the Throne,
And you from Chains ſet free.

FINIS.



The Merites of

PIRACIE

OR,

A new Song on *Captain Green* and his bloody CRUE:

To the Tune of, *My Virgins Treasure.*

OF all the pirates I've heard or seen,
The baseſt and Bloodieſt is Captain *Green*;
To treat our Merchant Ships at ſuch a rate,
After Robbery, his Crime to aggravate,
Under pretence of ſetting them a ſhear;
Our Merchant Men them to devore.
Which clearly is proven to be very true,
He deſerves to be hang'd & all his Crue;

How great was GOD's providence in diſcovering
This odious Murther, and it to Light bring!
By a Villian pretended to marry a Laſs,
That Lives in Burntiſland, if it had come to paſs
That he had obtained her to be his *Bride*,
We ſhould never known what did *Drummond* betid
As he was from *Indies* returning home, (come;
Whom *Green* baſly murthered, when to *Malabra*

This villian *John Hynds*, who at firſt did diſcover,
Deſerves to be hanged, for example to other
Such Villians hereafter to deny what they ſay,
once out of revenge, then with both hands to play
And as for *John Madder*, who ought to have rather
Preſerved his Country, he deſerves a Tadder;
And that is too too little if he got his due:
He's the *Bloodieſt* Villian of all the Crue,

No Murther and Robbery was ever more clear,
Made evident, than this as doth now appear,
By their own Declaration after Sentence given,
Fearing to be debarred from Heaven
If they die ſo hard hearted as not to confeſs,
Or if by confeſſing they may have redreſs:
Which if they obtain, they'l fall to a new,
To Robe, to murther, then hang all the baſe Crue,

Except the *Chirurgion*, the *Cook* and the *Black*,
That yet remains of that Bloody pack;
Becauſe ingenious they were in their *Narrations*
And conſtant were to their firſt *Declarations*,
But for all the reſt of ſo cruel a Crue,
Hanging is too little if they get their due,
And more eſpecially *Madder* and *Hynds*
ſhould be hang'd, draw'n, quarter'd, hung in chaines

Let this to all helliſh Villians here after prove,
A warning from falling into ſuch crimes, leaſt *Jove*
Purſue them with vengeance as he hath done *Green*
And his Bloody Crue, whoſe practiſe has been,
Of a long time to live by Piracie,
And *Murther*, which we ſufficiently ſee;
To be moſt clear and evidently proven,
Let *Green* and his Crue to the Gallows be driven.

FINIS.

THE

Hunting of the Hare;

WITH

Her Laſt Will *and* Teſtament.

As it was perform'd on BANSTEAD DOWNS.
By CONEY-CATCHERS and their HOUNDS.

To a moſt pleaſant and delightful Tune.



OF all Delights that Earth doth yield,
Give me a Pack of Hounds in Field,
Whoſe Eccho ſhall throughout the Sky,
Make *Jove* admire our Harmony;
And wiſh that he a Mortal were,
To view the Paſtime we have here.

I will tell you of a rare Scent,
Where many a gallant Horſe was ſpent:
On *Banſtead Downs* a Hare we found,
Which led us all a ſmoking round;
O'er Hedge and Ditch away ſhe goes,
Admiring her approaching Foes.

But when ſhe found her Strength to waſte,
She parly'd with the Hounds at laſt;
Kind Hounds, quoth ſhe, forbear to kill
A harmleſs Hare that ne'er thought ill:
And if your Maſter Sport do crave,
I'll lead a Scent as he would have.

Huntſ. Away! away! thou art alone,
Make Haſte, I ſay, and get thee gone;
We'll give thee Law for half a Mile,
To ſee if thou can'ſt us beguile:
But then expect a thund'ring Cry,
Made by us and our Harmony.

Hare. Now ſince you ſet my Life ſo light,
I'll make a black Stone turn to White,
And *Yorkſhire* Grey that runs at all,
I'll make him with he was in Stall;
And *Sorrel*, he that ſeem'd to fly,
I'll make him ſupple e'er I die.

And *Barnard's Bay*, do what you can,
Or *Baron's Bay*, that now and then
Did interrupt me, now they ſay,
I'll make them neither Jeſt nor Play:
Or conſtant *Robin*, though he lie
At his Advantage, what care I.

Will. Hutton he hath done me Wrong,
He ſtruck me as I run along;
And with one Bat made me ſo ſore,
That I ran reeling to and fro:
But if I die, his Maſter tell,
That Fool ſhall ring my Paſſing Bell.

Hounds. Alas! poor Hare, it is our Nature,
To kill thee and no other Creature;
For our Maſter he wants a Bit,
And thou will well become the Spit:
He'll eat thy Fleſh, and pick thy Bone,
This is thy Doom, ſo get thee gone.

Hare. Your Maſter may have better Cheer,
For I am dry, and Butter's dear;
But if he pleaſe to make a Friend,
He'd better give a Pudding's End:
For being kill'd, he Sport will lack,
And I muſt hang o'er the Huntſman's Back.

Hounds. Alas! poor Hare, we pity thee,
If with our Nature 'twould agree:
But all thy doubling Shifts, we fear,
Will not prevail, thy Death's ſo near:
Then make thy Will, it may be that
May ſave thee, or we know not what.

Hare. Then I bequeath my Body free,
Unto your Maſter's Courteſy;
And if he pleaſe my Life to grant,
I'll be his Game when Sport is ſcant:
But if I die, each greedy Hound
Divides my Entrals on the Ground.

Imprimis, I bequeath my Head,
To him that a fair Fool doth wed,
Who hath before her Maidenhead loſt;
I would not have the Proverb croſt,
Which I've heard among many Quiblets,
Set the Hare's Head 'gainſt the Gooſe-giblets.

Item, I do give and bequeath
To Men in Debt, (after my Death)
My ſubtle Scent, that ſo they may
Beware of ſuch as would betray
Them to a miſerable Fate,
By bloody Hounds from *Compter-gate.*

Item, I to a Turncoat give,
That he may more obſcurely live,
My ſwift and ſudden Doublings, which
Will make him politick and rich:
Though at the laſt, with many Wounds,
I wiſh him kill'd by his own Hounds.

Item, I give it into their Hands,
That purchaſe Dean and Chapter Lands,
My wretched Jealouſies and Fears,
Mix'd with the Salt of Orphans Tears;
That long Vexations may proſper,
To plague them and their Heirs for ever.

Before I die, for Life is ſcant,
I would ſupply their proper Want;
And therefore I bequeath to you,
The Scriviner, give the Devil his due,
That forgeth, ſwears, and then forſwears,
To ſave his Credit, both my Ears.

I give to ſome ſequeſter'd Man,
My Skin to make a Jacket on;
And I bequeath my Feet to they
That ſhortly mean to run away:
When Truth is Speaker, Falſhood's dumb,
Foxes muſt fly when Lions come.

To Fidlers, for all Trades muſt live,
To ſerve for Strings, my Guts I give;
For Gameſters that do play at Rut,
And love the Sport, I give my Skut:
But laſt of all in this ſad Dump,
To *Tower-hill* I bequeath my Rump:

Hounds. Were ever Hounds ſo baſely croſt,
Our Maſters call us off ſo faſt,
That we the Scent have almoſt loſt,
And they themſelves muſt rule the Roaſt:
Therefore, kind Hare, we pardon you.
Hare. Thanks, gentle Hounds, and ſo adieu.

And ſince your Maſter pardons me,
I'll lead you all to *Banbury*,
Where *John Turner* hath a large Room,
To entertain his Gueſts that come,
To laugh and quaff in Wine or Beer,
A full Carouſe to your Career.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne: Printed and ſold by *JOHN WHITE.*



A New Touch of the Times. a SONG.

O Drink, drink and never give o'er,
Drink my brave Boys as I said before,
The French they have sent us a freſh ſupply,
And ſwear they will drink Old England dry.
But now they are landed the Truth you may think,
The Devil ſhall have them before they ſhall drink.
Our Cannons ſhall thunder, our Bullets ſhall fly,
Before they ſhall drink Old England dry.
We care not a fig for the beſt of them all,
We will ſupply our Army with Powder and Ball,
We will ſoon make them and their Forces to fly,
Before they ſhall drink old England dry.
Come all you brave Soldiers and Sailors ſo bold,
That will venture your Lives for Silver and Gold,
For now is the Time your Valour to try,
That they never may drink old England dry.
It is but a Folly to bolter and boaſt,
For we hope that old England will ſtill Rule the Roaſt,
And make them be glad away for to fly,
They never ſhall drink old England dry.
There's the valiant Duke of Jame and renown,
He will ſtand true to the Church and the Crown,
And make all its Enemies away for to fly,
Before they can drink old England dry
Old Engand is loal we do underſtand,
They have rais'd the Militia and all the trainbands,
With a full Reſolution our King to ſtand by,
They never can drink old England dry.
And if we ſhou'd meet with their fleet on the Seas,
They well may expect they ſhall have little Eaſe,
We will take burn and ſink them, and make 'em to fly
They never ſhall drink old England dry.
When firſt that he Landed unto them he ſaid,
If Scotland would receive him no tax ſhould be paid,
But we will not believe him for fear he ſhould lie,
They never can drink old England dry.
Let us drink a Health to the Church and the Crown,
And ſend us much ſtrength to pull Popery down,
For our Church and our King we'll fight till we die,
They never ſhall drink Old England dry.

PAUL JONES,

A New SONG.

OF heroes and Stateſmen I'll juſt mention four,
That cannot be match'd, if we trace the world o'er,
For none of ſuch fame ever ſtept o'er the ſtones,
As G—n, Jemmy Twitcher, Lord N—th & Paul Jones.
Thro' a mad-headed war, which old Eng. will rue,
At London, at Dublin, and Edinburgh too,
The tradeſmen ſtand ſtill, and the merchant bemoans
The loſſes he meets with, from ſuch as Paul Jones.
Contractors about this bold rebel harangue,
And ſwear if they catch him the traitor they'll hang;
But 'mongſt theſe devourers of ten per cent. loans,
Are full as great robbers as any Paul Jones.
How happy for England, would Fortune but ſweep
At once all her treacherous foes to the deep;
For the land under burthens moſt bitterly groans,
To get rid of ſome that are worſe than Paul Jones.
To each honeſt heart that is Britain's True friend,
In bumpers I'll freely this toaſt recommend,
May Paul be converted, the Miniſtry purg'd,
Old England be free, and her enemies ſcourg'd.
If ſucceſs to our fleets be not quickly reſtor'd,
The Leaders in office to ſhove from the board,
May they all fare alike, & the De'il pick the bones
Of G—n, Jemmy Twitcher, L—d N—th, & Paul Jones

F I N I S.

LEAPING OF THE LORDS



OF all the Lords in merry *England*,
and Gallants both blith and Gay,
There is a *Lancaſhire* Lord amongſt them all,
Muſt ſtill have the praiſe of me,
Brave *William* of *Derby* a Man of Renown
and he is Related to *England*s Crown
and ſing O brave Gallants and brave,
For the Honour of England's Crown.

Once three Scotch Lords a proud Challenge did make,
and upon the Engliſh Ground,
For to leap with any ſtout Engliſh Lord
for ſeven Good thouſand Pounds,
a boon cry'd Southampton, and fell upon his Knee,
My Liege I deſire you will grant it to me
and ſing O brave, &c.

O no, O no, then ſaid our King
Southampton that may not be,
there is far better Lords in merry England,
Liker to take up this Challenge than thee,
it is not a boon my Liege, it is but a fee,
and I'll go the Wager my ſelf every penny,
and ſing O brave, &c.

Brave *Derby* hearing him ſay ſo
was preſent upon the Ground
Southampton this boon ſhall be Given to thee,
if it were for ten thouſand pound,
Our Majeſty ſaid it goes by degree
Well then Couſin *Derby* I'll give it to thee,
and ſing O brave, &c.

Then came forth our young Prince *Charles*
a Glittering Prince to be ſeen,
With ſilver Haſps and Golden Lace
his Scarf was black and Green,
But amongſt them all he made ſuch a Reproof,
that all the whole Country did him belove,
and ſing O brave, &c.

Stout Southampton he ſaid I have ten thouſand pound
to venture on thee this Day
and before thou ſhalt Out-brayed be
a thouſand more I will lay,
I thank you my Prince Southampton he ſaid,
ſeven thouſand of my own I will leap for to day
and ſing O brave, &c.

Southampton he lighted from off his Horſe,
and he jumpt upon the Ground
He bid his Men bring forth bags of Gold,
Of ſeven Good thouſand pound,
The bags they were brought and ſet on the Ground,
The brave Earl of *Derby* cauſed Trumpet to ſound
and ſing O brave &c.

O then came forth our Saint Lawrence,
and he Leap'd with his Might and main
He Leapt four Yards and full two inch
and he Jumpt off the Ground again.
Well leapt Sir Lawrence ſaid our King
Methinks thou doſt Leap with muckle Good ſpring
and I fain would have thee the Wager to win,
and ſing O brave, &c.

Then came forth our Southampton,
and he Leapt with a bigger Might,
He Leapt fix Yards and full two foot,
before that ever he did light,
Well Southampton thou haſt in thy Power,
thou Leapt a far Greater Deap,
when thou Leapt out of the Tower,
and ſing O brave &c.

And ſo did your ſelf and like your Grace
ſaid *Derby* that ſtood on the Ground,
You leapt a Greater Leap over Scotland Gates,
to wear our Engliſh Crown,
but e'er before we Go hence
we will prove ourſelves Right Good
Or elſe on the Ground we'll loſe our heartsblood
and ſing O brave, &c.

There's never a proud Scot in all Scotland,
if he were never of ſuch a high Renown,
if he be but Scotchman bred and born
I think I can pull him down
But then beſpoke K. James ſo free,
and ſaid I am Scot and thou pulls not down me
and ſing O brave &c.

Brave *Derby* hearing him ſay ſo
this anſwer he made to him again,
My Liege, he ſaid, we needs muſt own
You are a Prince of worthy Fame
but if in Scotland you had been bred and born,
Our Engliſh Crown you ſhould never have worn
and ſing O brave, &c

But I'll a proud Offer ſaid Derby's Earl,
to make all the Scots abound,
half a Yard for England Given ſhall be
for ſeven Good thouſand Pound
and I'll take thy Part ſaid young *Charles ſo free*,
and a whole Yard for England Given ſhall be,
and ſing O brave, &c.

There was Eſſex Earl and Brookes me Lord,
and my brave Lord Willoughby,
There was ſouthampton and Piercy's Earl
and the Earl of ſhrewsbury
But of all the Lords that in England does dwell
Brave William of Derby now beats the Bell,
And ſing O brave Gallants and brave
for the Honour of Englands Crown.

An Excellent New BALLAD, intitled,

The CRIPPLE of CORNWALL.

Wherein is ſhew'n his diſſolate LIFE and deſerved DEATH.

To the Tune of, The Blind Begger.



OF a ſtout Cripple that kept the High-way.
And begg'd for his Living all time of the Day,
A Story I'll tell you that pleaſant ſhall be,
The Cripple of Cornwall, ſirnamed was he.

He crept on his Hands and his Knees up and down,
In a torn Jacket and a ragged torn Gown;
For he had never a Leg to the Knee,
The Cripple of Cornwall, ſirnamed was he.

He was of Stomach courageous and ſtout,
For he had no cauſe to complain of the Gout;
To go upon ſtilts moſt cunning was he,
With a Staff on his Neck moſt gallant to ſee.

Yea no good Fellowſhip would he forſake,
Were it in ſecret a Horſe for to take;
His Help was as good as any might be,
The Cripple of Cornwall, ſirnamed was he.

When he upon any Service did go,
The Crafty young Cripple provided it ſo,
His Stool he kept cloſe in an old hollow Tree,
That ſtood from the City a Mile two or three.

Thus all the Day long he begg'd for Relief,
And all the Night long he play'd the falſe Thief,
For ſeven long Years together this Cuſtom kept he,
And no Man knew him ſuch a Perſon to be.

There were few Graziers went on the High-way,
But unto the Cripple for paſſage did pay;
And every brave Merchant that he did deſcry,
He empty'd their Purſes e'er they paſſed by.

The noble Lord *Courtney* both Gallant and bold,
Rode forth with great plenty of Silver and Gold;
At *Exeter* there a purchaſe to pay,
But that the falſe Cripple his Journey did ſtay.

For why the falſe Cripple heard Tidings of late,
As he ſat for Alms at the Nobleman's Gate;
This is, quoth the Cripple, a Booty for me,
And I'll follow it cloſely, as cloſely can be.

Then to his Companions the Matter he moved,
Which their falſe Actions before had proved;
They make themſelves ready, and deeply they ſwear
The Money's our own before they come there.

Upon his two Stilts the Cripple did mount,
To have the beſt Share it was his full Account;
All clothed in Canvas down to the Ground,
He took up his Place, his Mates with him round.

Then came the Lord *Courtney* with half a Score Men,
Yet little ſuſpecting the Thieves in their Den;
And they perceiving them come to their Hand,
In a dark Evening they bid them to ſtand.

4° L 28 [illegible]

Deliver thy purſe, quoth the Cripple with Speed,
We be good Fellows and therefore have Need,
Not ſo, quoth Lord *Courtney*, but this I'll tell ye,
Win it and wear it, elſe get none of me.

With that the Lord *Courtney* ſtood in his Defence,
But ſo did his Servants; but e'er they went hence,
Two of the true Men were ſlain in this Fight.
And four of the Thieves were put to Flight.

But while for their Safegaurd they run thus away,
The Jolly old Cripple did hold them in Play;
And with his Pike Staff he wounded them ſo,
As they were unable to run or to go.

With fighting the Lord *Courtney* was out of Breath,
And moſt of his Servants were wounded to Death;
Then came other Horſemen riding ſo faſt,
The Cripple was forced to fly at the laſt.

And over a River that run there beſide,
Which was very deep and eighteen Foot wide;
With his long Staff and Stilts leaped he,
And ſhifted himſelf in an old hollow Tree.

Then through the City Hue and Cry was made,
To have theſe Thieves apprehended and ſtaid;
The Cripple he creeps on his Hands and his Knees,
And nigh the High-way great paſſing he ſees,

And as they were riding, he begging did ſay,
O give me one Penny good Maſters, I pray;
And thus unto *Exeter* creeps he along.
No Man ſuſpecting that he had done wrong.

Anon, the Lord *Courtney* he ſpies in the Street,
He comes unto him and kiſſes his Feet;
God ſave your Honour, and keep you from ill,
And from the Hands of your Enemies ſtill.

Amen quoth Lord *Courtney*, and therewith threw down
Unto the poor Cripple an *Engliſh* Crown,
Away went the Cripple, and thus he did think
Five hundred pound more will make me to drink.

In vain that Hue and Cry it was made,
They found none of them, though the Country was laid;
But this grieved the Cripple both Night and Day,
That he ſo unluckily miſs'd his Prey.

Nine hundred Pound this Cripple he got,
By Begging and Thieving ſo good was his Lot;
A Thouſand Pound he would make it he ſaid,
And then he intended to give over his Trade.

But as he ſtriv'd his Mind to fulfill,
In following his Actions ſo lew'd and ſo ill,
At laſt he was taken the Law to ſuffice,
Condemned and hanged at *Exeter* Aſſize.

Which made all Men amazed to ſee,
That ſuch an impudent Cripple as he,
Should venture himſelf to ſuch Actions as theſe,
To rob in ſuch ſort upon the Highway.

The HONOUR of a

LONDON 'PRENTICE;

Being an Account of his

Matchleſs Manhood and brave Adventures done in TURKEY.



OF a worthy LONLON 'PRENTICE,
My purpoſe is to ſpeak;
And tell his brave Adventures,
Done for his Country's Sake,
Seek all the World about,
In vain will be your ſpeed,
To find any like to him,
In Valor to exceed.
He was born in Cheſhire,
The chief of Men was he;
From thence brought up to London,
A 'Prentice for to be,
A Merchant on the Bridge,
Did like his ſervice to.
That for three Years his Factor
To Turkey he ſhould go.
And in the famous Country
One Year he had not been,
'Ere he by Tilt maintain'd
The honor of his queen,
ELIZABETH his Princeſs,
He nobly did make known,
To be the Phenix of the World,
And none but ſhe alone,
In armor rich and gilded,
Well mounted on a Steed;
One Score of Knights moſt hardy,
He made for to bleed:
And brought them all unto the ground,
Who proudly did deny
ELIZABETH to be the Pearl
Of princely Dignity.
The King of that ſame Country
Began therefore to frown,
And will'd his Son then preſent
To pull this youngſter down:
Who at his Fathers words
Theſe boaſting ſpeeches ſaid;
Thou art a Traytor Engliſh Boy,
And haſt the Traytor play'd.
I am no Boy nor Traytor,
Thy ſpeeches I defy;
For which I'll be revenged
On thee by and by;
A London Prentice ſtill
Shall prove as good a Man
As any of your Turkiſh Knights,
Do all the beſt you can.
And therewithal he gave him
A ſwinging box o'the Ear.

Which broke his Neck aſunder,
As plainly doth appear;
How now proud Turk, ſaid he,
I am no Engliſh Boy,
Who can with one ſmall Box o'the Ear,
The Prince of Turks deſtroy.
When as the King perceived
His ſon ſo ſtrangely ſlain,
His Soul was ſo afflicted
With more than mortal Pain;
And in Revenge thereof
He ſwore that he ſhould die
The crueleſt death that ever Man
Beheld with mortal Eye.
Two Lions were prepar'd
The 'Prentice to devour,
Near famiſhed with hunger,
Ten Days within the Tower;
For to make them more fierce,
And eager for their prey,
To glut themſelves with human gore,
Upon this dreadful Day.
The appointed Time of Torment
At length drew near at Hand,
When all the noble Ladies
And Barons of the Land,
Attended on the King,
To ſee this 'Prentice ſlain.
And buried in the hungry Maws
Of theſe fierce Lions twain,
Then in his ſhirt of Cambrick
With Silks moſt richly wrought,
This worthy London Prentice
Was from the Priſon brought,
And to the Lions given,
To ſtaunch their hunger great,
Which had not eat in ten days Space,
Not one ſmall bit of Meat.
But God, who knows all ſecrets
The Matter ſo contriv'd
That by this young Man's Valour
They were of Life depriv'd;
For being faint for want of Food,
They could not withſtand
The noble Force and Fortitude
And Courage of his Hand:
For when the hungry Lions
Had on him caſt their Eyes,
The elements did thunder,
With ecchoes of their Cries:
And running all amain,
His Body to devour,
Into each Throat he thruſt his Arm
With all his Might and Power;
From thence with manly Force,
He tore their Hearts aſunder,
And at the King he threw them
To ſill the People's Wonder.
This have I done, quoth he,
For lovely England's Sake,
And for my Country Maiden Queen
Much more will undertake.
But when the King perceiv'd
The wrathful Lion's Hearts,
Afflicted with great Sorrow,
His Anger ſoon reverts,
And turned all his Hate
Into Remorſe and Love;
And ſaid it is ſome Angel
Sent down from Heaven above.
No, no, I am no Angel,
The courteous young Man ſaid,
But born in famous England,
Where God's Word is obey'd;
Aſſiſted by the Heavens,
Who did me thus befriend,
Or elſe they had moſt cruelly
Brought here my Life to End.
The King in Heart amazed,
Lift up his Eyes to Heaven,
And for his foul Offences
Did beg to be forgiven;
Believing that no Land
With England could be ſeen,
No People better govern'd
By Virtue of a Queen.
So taking up this young Man,
He pardon'd him his Life,
And gave his Daughter unto him
To be his wedded Wife.
Where then they did remain,
And liv'd in quiet Peace,
In ſpending of their happy Days,
In Joy and Love's encreaſe.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary-Church Yard,

Bow Lane, London. ſt

An excellent BALLAD of St. *George* for *England*, and the King of *Egypt*'s only Daughter, whom he delivered from Death: And how he slew a monstrous Dragon.





OF *Hector*'s Deeds did *Homer* sing.
And of the Sack of stately *Troy*,
What Grief fair *Helen* did them bring,
Which was Sir *Paris*'s only Joy;
And with my Pen I must recite
St. *George*'s Deeds, an *English* Knight,

Against the *Saracens* full rude,
Fought he full long and many a Day;
Where many a Gallant he subdu'd,
In Honour of the Christian Way:
And after many Adventures past,
To *Egypt*'s Land he came at last.

And as the Story plain doth tell,
Within the Country there did rest
A dreadful Dragon, fierce and fell,
Whereby they were full sore oppress;
Who by his poyson'd Breath each Day,
Did many of the City slay.

The Grief whereof did grow so great,
Through all the Limits of the Land;
That they their wise Men did entreat,
To shew their Cunning out of Hand;
Which Way this Dragon to destroy,
That did their Country so annoy.

The wise Men all before the King,
Form'd this Matter incontinent.
The Dragon none to Death might bring,
By any Means they could invent.
His Skin more hard than Brass was found,
No Sword nor Spear could pierce or wound.

When this the People understood,
They cry'd out most piteously,
The Dragon's Breath infects their Blood,
That they each Day in Heaps did die:
Among them such a Plague is bred,
The Living scarce can bury the Dead.

No Means there was that they could find,
For to appease the Dragon's Rage,
But by a Virgin pure and kind,
Whereby he might his Fury swage,
Each Day he should a Maiden eat,
For to allay his Hunger great.

This Thing by Art the wise Men found,
Which truly must observed be;
Wherefore throughout the City round,
A Virgin pure of good Degree,
Was by the King's Commission still
Snatch'd up to serve the Dragon's Will.

Then did the Dragon every Day,
A Maiden of the Town devour,
Till all the Maids were worn away,
And none were left that present Hour,
Saving the King's fair Daughter bright
Her Father's Joy and Heart's Delight.

Then came the Officers to the King
This heavy Message to declare;
Which did his Heart with Sorrow sting.
She is, quoth he, my Kingdom's Heir;
Oh! let us all be poyson'd here,
E'er she should die that is my Dear.

Then rose the People presently,
And to the King in Rage they went,
Who said, his Daughter dear should die,
The Dragon's Fury to prevent.
Our Daughters all are dead, quoth they,
And have been made the Dragon's Prey.

And by their Blood thou hast been blest,
And thou hast sav'd thy Life thereby,
And now in Justice it doth rest,
That thy own Daughter now shall die.
Oh! save my Daughter, said the King,
And let me feel the Dragon's Sting.

Then fell fair *Sabrine* on her Knee,
And to her Father thus did say.
O Father, strive not thus for me,
But let me be the Dragon's Prey:
It may be for my Sake alone,
This Plague upon the Land was shewn.

'Tis better I shou'd die, she said,
Then all your Subjects perish quite.
Perhaps the Dragon here was laid,
For my Offence to work this Spite;
And after he has suck'd my Gore,
Your Land shall know the Grief no more.

What hast thou done, my Daughter dear,
For to deserve this heavy Scourge,
It is my Fault, it shall appear,
Which makes the Gods our State to grudge,
I ought to die to stint the Strife,
And to preserve thy happy Life.

Like mad Men all the People cry'd,
Thy Death to us can do no Good;
Our Safety only doth abide,
To make thy Daughter Dragon's Food,
Lo! here I am, O then, quoth she,
Therefore do what you will with me.

Nay stay, dear Daughter, said the Queen,
Stand as thou art a Virgin bright,
That has for Virtue famous been,
So let me cloath thee all in White,
And crown thy Head with Flowers sweet,
An Ornament for Virgins meet.

And when she was attired so,
According to her Mother's Mind
Unto the Stake she then did go,
To which they did this fair Maid bind;
And being bound to Stake and Thrall,
She bid farewel unto them all.

Farewel, dear Father, then quoth she,
And my dear Mother meek and mild;
Take you no Thought or Care for me,
For you may have another Child.
Here for my Country's Good I'll die,
Which I receive most willingly.

The King and Queen with all their Train,
With weeping Eyes then went their Way,
And left their Daughter to remain,
To be the hungry Dragon's Prey:
But as she there did weeping lie,
Behold St. *George* came riding by.

And seeing there a Lady bright,
Fast tied to the Stake that Day;
Most like unto a valiant Knight,
Straight unto her did take his Way:
Tell me, sweet Madam, then quoth he,
What Person thus abused thee?

And lo by all! his Blood I vow,
Where he is figur'd on my Breast,
I will revenge it on his Brow,
And break my Lance upon his Crest:
And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The Dragon issu'd from the Wood.

The Lady that did ſoon eſpy,
The dreadful Dragon coming ſo,
Unto St. *George* aloud did cry,
And willed him away to go:
Here comes that ugly Fiend, quoth ſhe,
That ſoon will make an End of me.

St. *George* then looking round about,
The fiery Dragon ſoon eſpy'd,
And like a Knight of Courage ſtout,
Againſt him he did fiercely ride:
And with ſuch Blows he did him greet,
That he fell at his Horſe's Feet.

For with a Launce that was ſo ſtrong,
As he came gaping in his Face;
In at his Mouth he thurſt it long,
The which could pierce no other Place:
And there within the Lady's View,
This dreadful Dragon then he ſlew.

The Savour of his poyſon'd Breath,
Could do this Chriſtian Knight no Harm:
Thus did he ſave this Lady from Death,
And home he led her by the Arm;
Which when *Ptolomy* he did ſee,
There was great Joy and Melody.

When as this famous Knight St. *George*,
Had ſlain the Dragon in the Field,
And brought the Lady to the Court,
Whoſe Sight with Joy their Hearts did fill,
He in the *Egyptian* Court then ſtay'd,
Till he moſt falſely was betrayed.

The Lady *Sabrine* lov'd him well,
He counted her is only Joy;
But when their Loves were open known,
It prov'd St. *George*'s great Annoy;
The *Morocco* King was then in Court,
Who to the Orchard did reſort.

Daily to take the pleaſant Air,
For Pleaſure's Sake he us'd to walk
Under the Wall, whereas he heard,
St. *George* with fair *Sabrine* talk:
Their Loves he revealed to the King,
Which to St. *George* great Woe did bring.

Theſe Kings together did deviſe,
To make the Chriſtian Knight away:
With Letters him Embaſſadors,
They ſtrightway ſent to *Perſia*,
And wrote to the *Sophy* him to kill,
And treacherouſly his Blood to ſpill.

Thus they for Good did him reward
With Evil and much Subtility;
By ſuch vile Means they did deviſe
To work his Death moſt cruelly.
While he in *Perſia* abode.
He ſtraight deſtroy'd each Idol God.

Which being done, he ſtraight was flung,
Into a Dungeon dark and deep:
But when he thought upon his Wrong,
He bitterly began to weep;
Yet like a Knight of Courage ſtout,
Forth out of Dungeon he got out.

And in the Night three Horſe-keepers,
This valiant Knight by Power ſlew,
Although he faſted many a Day,
And then away from thence he flew,
On the beſt Steed the *Sophy* had,
Which when he knew, he was full ſad.

Then into *Chriſtendom* he came,
And met a Giant by the Way,
With him in Combat he did fight,
Moſt valiantly a Summer's Day:
Who yet for all his Bars of Steel,
Was forc'd the Sting of Death to feel.

For *Chriſtendom* this warlike Knight,
Then with a warlike Soldier's Haſte;
Vowing upon the Heathen Land
To work Revenge, which at the laſt,
E're thrice three Years were gone and ſpent,
He did unto his great Content.

Save only *Egypt*'s Land he ſpar'd,
For *Sabrine* bright her only Sake:
And e'er his Rage he did ſuppreſs,
He meant a Tryal kind to make.
Ptolomy knew his Strength in Field,
And unto him did kindly yield.

Then he *Morocco* King did kill,
And took fair *Sabrine* to his Wife,
And afterwards contentedly,
With her St. *George* did lead his Life;
Who by the Virtue of a Chain,
Did ſtill a Virgin pure remain.

To *England* then St. *George* did bring,
This gallant Lady, *Sabrine* bright:
An *Eunuch* alſo came with them,
In whom the Lady did delight;
None but thoſe three from *Egypt* came,
Now let me print St. *George*'s Fame.

When they were in the Foreſt great,
The Lady did deſire to reſt;
And then St. *George* to kill a Deer,
To feed upon did think it beſt.
Left *Sabrine* and the *Eunuch* there,
While he did go and kill a Deer.

The mean Time in his Abſence comes
Two hungry Lions fierce and fell,
And tore the *Eunuch* preſently
In Pieces ſmall, the Truth to tell;
Down by the Lady then they laid,
Whereby it ſeem'd ſhe was a Maid.

But when St. *George* from Hunting came
And did behold the heavy Chance,
Yet for his lovely Virgin pure,
His Courage ſtout he did advance;
And came within the Lion's Sight,
Who run at him with all their Might.

He being no Whit diſmay'd,
But like a ſtout and valiant Knight,
Did kill the hungry Lions both,
Within the Lady *Sabrine*'s Sight;
But all this while, ſad and demure,
She ſtood like a Virgin pure.

But when St *George* did truly know,
His Lady was a Virgin pure,
Thoſe doleful Thoughts that e'er were dumb,
Began moſt firmly to renew.
He ſet her on a Palfrey Steed,
And towards *England* came with Speed.

Where he arrived in ſhort Time,
Unto his Father's Dwelling Place.
Where with his deareſt Love he liv'd,
When Fortune did their Nuptials grace,
They many Years of Joy did ſee,
And led their Lives in *Concord*.

THE Merry *Cuckold* and Kind *Wife*.





OH! I went into the ſtable, and there for to ſee,
And there I ſaw three horſes ſtand, by one, by two and by three,
O I call'd to my loving Wife, and anon, kind Sir, quoth ſhe.
O what do theſe three horſes here, without the leave of me?
Why you old Cuckold, blind Cuckold, can't you very well ſee,
Theſe are three milking Cows my mother ſent to me?
Hey-day! God-zounds! milking Cows with bridles and ſaddles on. The like was never known.
Old Wichet a Cuckold went out, and a Cuckold he came home.

O I went into the Kitchen, and there for to ſee,
And there I ſaw three ſwords hang, by one, by two, and by three,
O I call'd to my loving Wife, and anon, kind Sir, quoth ſhe,
O what do theſe three ſwords do here, without the leave of me?
Why you old cuckold, blind cuckold, can't you very well ſee,
They are three roaſting ſpits my mother ſent to me?
Hey-day! God-zounds! roaſting ſpits with ſcabbards on.
The like was never knewn,
Old Wichet, &c.

O I went into the Parlour, and there for to ſee,
And there I ſaw three cloaks hang, by one, by two, and by three;
O call'd to my loving Wife, and anon, kind Sir, quoth ſhe:
O what do theſe three cloaks do here, without the leave of me?
Why you old Cuckold, blind Cuckold, can't you very well ſee,
Theſe are three mantuas my mother ſent to me:
Hey-day! God-zounds! Mantuas with capes on. The like was never known.
Old Witchet, &c.

I went into the Pantry, and there for to ſee,
And there I ſaw three pair of boots hang, by one, by two, and by three:
O I call'd to my loving Wife, and anon, kind Sir, quoth ſhe:
O what do theſe three pair of boots do here, without the leave of me?
Why you old Cuckold, blind Cuckold, can't you very well ſee,
Theſe are three pudding bags my mother ſent to me?
Hey-day! God-zounds! pudding bags with ſpurs on. The like was never known.
Old Wichet a Cuckold went out, and a Cuckold he came home.

I went into my cloſet, and there for to ſee,
And there I ſaw three pair of breeches lie, by one, by one by two, and by three:
O I call'd to my loving wife, and anon, kind ſir, quoth ſhe:
O what do theſe three pair of breeches here, without the leave of me?
Why you old Cuckold, blind Cuckold, can't you very well ſee,
Theſe are three petticoats my mother ſent to me.
Hey-day! God-zounds! petticoats with waiſtbadns no.
The like was never known —Old Wichet, &c.

I went into the Dairy, and there for to ſee,
And there I ſaw three Hats hang, by one, by two, and by three;
I call'd to my loving wife, and anon kind ſir, quoth ſhe;
Pray what do theſe three hats do here, without the leave of me?
Why you old Cuckold, blind Cuckold, can't you very well ſee,
They are three ſkimming diſhes my mother ſent to me.
Hey-day! God-zounds! ſkimming diſhes with hatbands on. The like was never known.
Old Wichet, &c.

I went into the Chamber, and there for to ſee,
And there I ſaw three Men in bed, lie by one, by two, and by three,
I called to my loving Wife, and anon, kind Sir, quoth ſhe.
O what do theſe three Men in bed, without the leave of me?
Why you old Cuckold, blind Cuckold, don't you very well ſee,
Theſe are three milking maids my mother ſent to me.
Hey-day! God-zounds! Milking Maids with beards on. The like was never known.
Old Wichet a Cuckold went out, and a Cuckold he came home.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, London.

A Remarkable and Memorable SONG of

Sir *ROBERT BEWICK* and the Laird *GRAHAM*,

GIVING

An Account of Laird Graham's Meeting with Sir Robert Bewick in the Town of Carliſle and they going to a Tavern, a diſpute happened betwixt them, which of their Sons was the beſt Man. How Graham rode Home in a Paſſion, and cauſed his Son to fight young Bewick, which proved their Deaths.



OLD *Graham* he is to *Carliſle* gone,
Where Sir *Robert Bewick* there met he:
In Arms to the Wine they are gone,
And drink till they were both merry.
Old *Graham* he took up the Cup,
And ſaid, Brother *Bewick* here's to thee;
And here's to our two Sons at Home,
For they live beſt in our Country.
Nay, were thy Son as good as mine,
And of ſome Books he could but read,
With Sword and buckler by his Side,
To ſee how he could ſafe his Head;
They might have been call'd two bold Brethren,
Wherever they do go or ride:
They Might have been called two bold Brethren.
They might have cracked the border ſide.
Thy Son is bad, he is but a Lad,
And Bully to my Son cannot be;
I put him to School, but he would not learn,
I bought him Books, but he would not read;
But my bleſſing he's never have,
Till I ſee how he can ſave his Head.
Old *Graham* he call'd for an Account,
And he asked what there was to pay,
There he paid a Crown, ſo it went round,
Which was all for Wine and Hay.
Old *Graham* is to the Stable gone,
Where ſtood thirty good Steads and three:
He's taken his own Stead by the Head,
And Home rode he right wantonly.
When he came there he did eſpy,
A loving ſight to 'ſpy or ſee;
There did he eſpy his own three Sons,
Young *Chriſty Graham* the foremoſt was he;
Where have you been all Day, Father?
That no counſel you'll take by me
Nay I have been at *Carliſle* Town,
Where Sir *Robert Bewick* there met me,
He ſaid thou was bad and call'd thou a Lad,
And baffled Man by thee I be.
He ſaid, thou was bad, and call'd thee a Lad,
And Bully to his Son cannot be;
For his Son *Bewick* can both write and read,
And ſure I am that cannot be.
I put thee to School, but thou wouldſt not learn;
I bought thee Books, but thou wouldſt not read;
But my Bleſſing thou's never have,
Till I ſee with *Bewick* thou canſt ſave thy Head.
Oh! pray forbear, my Father dear,
That ever ſuch a Thing ſhould be:
Shall I venture my Body in Field to fight,
With a man that's Faith and Troth to me;
What's that thou ſayeſt, thou Limmer Loon;
Or how dare thou ſtand to ſpeak to me;
If thou do not end this Quarrel ſoon,
Here is my Glove thou ſhalt fight me.
Chriſty ſtoop'd low unto the Ground;
Unto the Ground as you'll underſtand;
O Father put on your Glove again,
The Wind hath blown it from your Hand.
What's that thou ſayeſt thou Limmer Loon;
Or how dare you ſtand to ſpeak to me;
If you do not end this Quarrel ſoon,
Here is my Hand thou ſhalt fight me.
Chriſty Graham is to his Chamber gone,
And for to ſtuddy as well might be,
Whether to fight with his Father dear,
Or with his Bully *Bewick* he.
If it be my Fortune my Bully to kill,
As you ſhall boldly underſtand,
In every Town that I ride through,
They'll ſay there rides a brotherleſs Man.
Nay, for to kill my brother dear,
I think it were a deadly Sin;
And for to kill my Father dear,
The bleſſing of Heaven I ne'er ſhall win.
O give me your bleſſing, Father, he ſaid,
And pray well for me then to thrive;
If it be my Fortune my bully to kill,
I ſware I ſhall never come home alive.
He put on his back a good old Jacket,
And on his head a Cap of Steel;
With Sword and Buckler by his Side,
O 'gin he did not become them weel,

e well my Father dear,
re thee well thou *Carliſle* Town,
If it be my Fortune my Bully to kill,
I'll ſwear I'll ne'er eat Bread again.
Now we'll leave off talking of Chriſty Graham,
And talk of them again belive;
But we will talk of bonny *Bewick*,
Where he was teaching his Scholars five.
Now when he had learned them to fence,
To handle their Swords without any Doubt,
He's taken his Sword under his Arm,
And walked his Father's Cloſe about;
He look'd between them and the Sun,
To ſee what Farlies he could ſee,
There he eſpy'd a Man with Armour on,
As he came riding o'er the Lee.
I wonder much what man you be,
That ſo boldly this way doth come;
I think it my nigheſt Friend,
I think it is my Bully Graham.
O welcome, O welcome, my Bully Graham,
O Man, thou art my dear, welcome,
O Man, thou art my Dear, welcome,
For I love thee beſt in Chriſtendom.
Away, away, O bully Bewick,
And of thy Bullyſhip let me be:
The Day is come that I ne'er thought on,
Bully, I'm come hither to fight with thee.
O no, not ſo, O Bully Graham,
That e'er ſuch a Word ſhould ſpoken be;
I was thy Maſter, and thou waſt my Scholar,
So well I learned thee.
My Father he was in Carliſle Town,
Where thy Father Bewick there met he:
He ſaid, I was bad, and he call'd me a Lad,
And a baffled Man by thou I be.
Away, away, O Bully Graham.
And of that talk, Man, let us be;
We'll make three Men on either Side.
To ſee if we can our Fathers agree.
Away, away, O bully Bewick,
And of thy Bullyſhip let me be?
But if thou be a Man, as I true thou art,
Come over this Ditch and fight with me.
O no, not ſo, my bully Graham,
That e'er ſuch a word ſhould ſpoken be;
Shall I venture my body in Field to fight,
With a Man that's faith and Truth to me.
Away, away, thou Bully Bewick,
And of Care, Man, let us be:
If thou be a Man as I true thou art,
Come over this Ditch and fight with me.
Nay, if it be my Fortune thee Graham to kill,
As God's Will, Man, it almoſt be,
But if it be my Fortune thee Graham to kill,
'Tis Home again I'll never gae.
Thou art then of my Mind, Bully Bewick,
And ſworn Brethren will we be:
If thou be a Man as I true thou art,
Come over this Ditch and fight with me.
He flang his Cloak from off his Shoulder,
His Pſalm Book from of his Shoulders, flang he,
He clapp'd his Hand upon the Hedge,
And o'er lap he right wantonly.
When Graham did ſee his Bully come,
The Salt Tears ſtood long in his Eye:
Now needs muſt I ſay, thou art a Man,
That dare venture thy Body to fight with me.
Nay, I have a Harneſs on my Back,
I know that thou hath none on thine;
But as little as thou hath on thy Back,
Sure as little ſhall there be on mine.
He flang his Jacket from of his Back,
His Steel Cap from off his Head flang he,
He's taken his Spear into his Hand,
He's ty'd his Horſe unto a Tree.
Now, they fell to it with two broad Swords,
For two long hours fought Bewick and he,
Much Sweat was to be ſeen on them both,
But never a Drop of Blood to ſee.
Now, Graham gave Bewick an auckward Stroke,
An auckward ſtruck ſurely ſtruck he,
He ſtruck him now under the left Bread,
Then down to the Ground as dead fell he.
Ariſe, ariſe, O Bully Bewick,
Ariſe, and ſpeak three Words to me,
Whether this be thy deadly Wound.
Or God and good Surgeons will mend thee.
O Horſe, O Horſe, O Bully Graham,
And pray do get thee far from me,
Thy Sword it is ſharp, it hath wounded my Heart,
And ſo no farther can I gae.
O Horſe, O Horſe, O Bully Graham,
And get thee far from me with Speed,
And get the out o' this Country quite,
That not one may know who has done the Deed.
Oh! if this be true, my Bully dear,
The Words that thou doth tell to me,
The Vow I made and the Vow I'll keep,
I ſware I'll be the firſt that die.
Then he ſtruck his Sword in a Mould Hill,
Then he leap'd thirty good feet and three;
Firſt he bequeath'd his Soul to God,
And upon his own Sword leap'd he.
Now, Graham he was the firſt that died;
And then Robert Bewick came to ſee:
Ariſe, ariſe, O Son he ſaid,
For I ſee thou's won the Victory.
Ariſe, ariſe, O Son, he ſaid,
For I ſee thou's won the Victory.
Father, could you not drink your Wine at home,
And letten me and my Bully be,
Nay, dig a Grave both low and wide,
And in it us two pray bury.
But bury my bully Graham on the Sun-ſide,
For I'm ſure he's won the Victory.
Now we'll leave of talking off theſe bold Brethren,
In Carliſle Town where they were ſlain,
And talk of theſe two good old Men
Where they were making a pitiful Moan.
With that beſpoke now Robert Bewick,
O Man, was I not much to blame;
I have loſt one of the livelieſt Lads,
That ever was bred unto my Name.
With that beſpoke my good Lord Graham,
O Man, I have loſt the better Block;
I have loſt my Comfort and my Joy,
I have loſt my Key, I have loſt my Lock.
Had I gone through all Lauderdale,
And forty Horſe had ſet on me,
Had Chriſty Graham been at my Back,
So well he would have guarded me.
I have no more of my Song to ſing,
But two or three Words I'll name,
But it will be talked in Carliſle Town,
That theſe two old Men were all the Blame.

An Excellent BALLAD,

Of a moſt Dreadful COMBATE Fought between

Moore *of* Moore-hall, *and the* Dragon *of* Wantley.

OLD Stories tell, how *Hercules*
a Dragon ſlew at *Lerna*;
With Seven Heads, and Fourteen Eyes,
to ſee and well diſcern a:
But he had a Club this Dragon to drub,
or he'd ne'er have don't, I'll warrant ye;
But Moore of Moore-hall, with nothing at all,
he ſlew the Dragon of Wantley.

This Dragon had two furious Wings,
each one upon each Shoulder:
With a Sting in his Tail, as long as a Flail,
which made him bolder and bolder:
He had long Claws, and in his Jaws
four and forty Teeth of Iron:
With a Hide as tough as any Buff,
which did him round environ.

Have you not heard of the *Trojan* Horſe,
with Seventy Men in his Belly?
This Dragon was not quite ſo big,
but very near, I'll tell ye:
Devoured he poor Children three,
that could not with him grapple;
And at one Sup he eat them up,
as a Man would eat an Apple.

All Sorts of Cattle this Dragon did eat:
ſome ſay he eat up Trees;
And that the Foreſt ſure he would
devour by Degrees:
For Houſes & Churches were to him Geeſe & Turkies,
he eat all, and left none behind:
But ſome Say's dear Jack which he could not crack,
which on the Hills you will find.

In *Yorkſhire*, near Sir *Rotherham*,
the Place I know well:
Some two or three Miles, or thereabouts,
I vow, I cannot tell;
But there is a Ledge, juſt on the Hill Edge,
and Matthew's Houſe hard by it:
Oh! there and then was this Dragon's Den,
you could not chuſe but ſpy it.

Some ſay this Dragon was a Witch;
ſome ſay he was a Devil:
For from his Noſe a Smoke aroſe,
and with it burning Snivel;
Which he caſt off, when he did cough,
into a Well that ſtands by;
Which made it look juſt like a Brook
running with burning Brandy.

Hard by a furious Knight there dwelt,
of whom all Towns did ring: (and huff,
For he could wreſtle, play at Quarter-ſtaff, kick, cuff,
call Son of a Whore, do any Kind of Thing:
By the Tail and the Mane, with his Hands twain,
he ſwung a Horſe till he was dead:
And what is ſtranger, he for very Anger,
eat him all up but his Head.

Theſe Children, as I told, being eat:
Men, Women, Girls, and Boys,
Sighing and Sobbing, came to his Lodging,
and made a hideous Noiſe:
O! I've us all, Moore of Moore-hall,
thou peerleſs Knight of theſe Woods;
Do but ſlay this Dragon, who won't leave us a Rag on,
we'll give thee all our Goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no Goods I want:
but I want, I want in ſooth,
A fair Maid of Sixteen, that's brisk,
and ſmiles about the Mouth:
Hair black as a Sloe, both above and below,
with Bluſhes her Cheeks adorning:
To 'noint me o'er Night, e'er I go to Fight,
and to dreſs me in the Morning.

This being done, he did engage
to hew this Dragon down:
But firſt he went ſtrong Armour to
beſpeak at *Sheffield* Town:
With Spikes all about, not within but without,
of Steel ſo ſharp and ſtrong:
Both behind and before, Arms, Legs, and all o'er,
ſome five or ſix Inches long.

Had you but ſeen him in this Dreſs,
how fierce he look'd, and how big;
You would have thought him to have been,
ſome *Egyptian* Porcupig:
He frighten'd all, Cats, Dogs, and all,
each Cow, each Horſe, and each Hog;
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be,
ſome ſtrange Out-landiſh Hedge-hog.

To ſee this Fight all People then,
got upon Trees and Houſes:
On Churches ſome, and Chimnies too,
but they put on their Trowſes,
Not to ſpoil their Hoſe: As ſoon as he aroſe,
to make him ſtrong and mighty:
He drank by the Tale ſix Pots of Ale,
and a Quart of Aqua-Vitæ.

It is not Strength that always wins,
for Wit does Strength excel:
Which made our cunning Champion
creep down into a Well:
Where he did think this Dragon would drink,
and ſo he did in Truth:
And as he ſtoop'd low, he roſe up and cry'd Boh!
and he hit him on the Mouth.

Oh! quoth the Dragon, pox take you, come out,
thou that diſturb'ſt me in my Drink:
With that he turn'd, and ſh——t at him,
good lack, how he did ſtink!
Beſhrew thy Soul, thy Body is foul:
thy Dung ſmells not like Balſam.
Thou Son of a Whore, thou ſtink'ſt ſo ſore,
ſure thy Diet is unwholſome.

Our Politick Knight, on the other Side,
crept out upon the Brink:
And gave the Dragon ſuch a Dowſe,
he knew not what to think;
By Cock, quoth he, ſay you ſo; do you ſee?
and then at him he let fly:
With Hand and Foot, and ſo they went to't:
and the Word it was, Hey, Boys, hey;

Your Words, quoth the Dragon, I don't underſtand,
then to it they fell all at all:
Like two wild Boars, ſo fierce: I may
compare great Things with ſmall:
Two Days and a Night with this Dragon did fight
our Champion on the Ground:
Tho' their Strength it was great, their Skill it was neat,
they never had one Wound.

At length the hard Earth began for to quake,
the Dragon gave him ſuch a Knock:
Which made him to reel, and ſtraight he thought
to lift him as high as a Rock,
And then let him fall: But Moore of Moore all,
like a valiant Son of Mars:
As he came like a Lout, ſo he turn'd him about,
and hit him a Kick on the A—ſe.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, with a deep Sigh,
and turn'd ſix Times together;
Sobbing and tearing, curſing and ſwearing,
out of his Throat of Leather;
Moore of Moore-hall, O thou Raſcal,
would I had ſeen thee never:
With the Thing at thy Foot thou haſt prick'd my (Arſe-gut,
and I am undone for ever.

Murder, Murder, the Dragon cry'd,
alack! alack! for Grief;
Had you but miſs'd that Place, you could
have done no more Miſchief:
Then his Heart it ſhak'd, trembled and quak'd,
and down he lay'd and cry'd:
Firſt on one Side, then on Back tumbled he,
ſo groan'd, kick'd, ſh—t, and dy'd.

SHEFFIELD: Printed and Sold by *John Garnet*.



Will the Weaver.

O Mother, mother, I am married,
O that I had longer tarried,
For the woman do declare,
That the breeches they will wear.
(She) Is ſhe coſtly in her diet?
Does ſhe ſcold, or does ſhe riot?
(He) She ſometimes to the tavern goes,
With Will the Weaver, And God knows,——
(She) Loving Son, no more diſcover,
But my dear. go home and love her,
Give my daughter what's her due,
And let me hear no more of you.
(He) I'll give her gold, I'll give her die.
I'll give her all things, if ſhe's quiet;
But if in words ſhe does rebel,
I'll take my ſtick and bang her well.
A neighbour run for to meet him,
On purpoſely for to vex him,
Saying, neighbour, I'll tell you how,
And who I ſaw with your wife juſt now.
There was he and Will the Weaver,
Mighty free and cloſe together;
At the threſhold of the door,
They went in, I ſaw no more,
Then he ran home all in a wonder,
Knocking at the door like thunder;
Who is that? the Weaver cry'd,
It is my huſband, you muſt dide.
Then up the chimney ſoon he ventur'd,
And her huſband in he enter'd,
Where have you been all this day,
Come and tell me now I pray
Spending of our gold and treaſure,
All the day long out of meaſure;
Whilſt I, poor girl muſt ſtay at home,
By myſelf making of moan.
Loving wife no more affliction,
But I pray follow my direction;
Get me ſome beer, for I am dry,
To his wife he did reply.
Then he did is beſt endeavour,
For to find out Will the Weaver;
He ſerch'd the rooms and chambers round,
But not a ſoul was to be found.
Then up the chimney ſtrait he gazed,
And there he ſtood like one amazed,
The wretched ſoul he ſpied there,
Sttting up the chimney bar.
I am glad that I have found thee,
I will neiher hang nor drown thee;
But I'll ſtifle you with ſmoak,
This bethought, but nothing ſpoke.
Then he made up a rouſing fire,
For to pleaſe his own deſire,
His wife cry'd out with a free good-will,
Huſband, Huſband, the man you'll kill.
Then he ſoon put on more fuel,
She cry'd out my deareſt jewel,
Since I am your lawful wife,
Take him down and ſpare his life.
Off the chimney-bar he took him,
And ſo merrily he ſhook him,
Every ſtroke theſe words he ſpoke,
Come here no more to ſpoil my ſmoak.
Never was a chimney-ſweeper,
Half ſo black as Will the Weaver;
Face and hands, and cloaths likewiſe,
He ſent him home with two black-eyes.

A GENUINE

COPY

Of two Excellent

COURT BALLADS

DEDICATED

To the Right Honourable Sir *Robert Walpole.*

Admiral VERNON's *Reſolution.*

TUNE —— *Pritty Polly, ſays.*

PRithy Robin ſay, make no more delay
Why you ſeek this N— decay,
By giving P – B –,
It is our Right, for it we'll Fight;
And you are B —te,
They ſhall find we will be Maſter,
Perhaps you think your Head ſo long, *&c.*
Yet we ſee you do us wrong.
Robin tell why, it is thus you deny,
To give Account of the Supply,
You had from P— B—,
It is ſaid come o'er, thouſands ſtore;
And ſtill we are Poor,
I doubt you've gave it your ——
Ch——e and P—— B—, *&c.*
If ſo we are all undone.
Pray make it plain appear from 500*l.* Year
I think you ought to ſhow moſt clear,
How you got this Treaſure,
It is thought you, have not been true;
With your Crew,
You have trick'd us out of Meaſure,
We daily to ſee you fall, *&c.*
We hate you one and all.
How can we then commend that is not *England*'s Friend,
Indeed you ſlily may pretend,
And wheedle your great Maſter,
But the Parliament;
Is fully bent, by Conſent,
To defend with Hand and Heart Sir,
And great George he will ſtand by, *&c,*
We will make the Spaniards fly.
We will make them know that he ſhall be Maſter of the Sea,
Nor all their ſpanish Tyranny,
ſhall make England knock under,
We have Men will fight for the Nations right;
Tho' you are a bite,
Perhaps you would ſell your Country,
England has tormenting Foes, *&c.*
I fear you are one of thoſe.
ſo Robin I declare as there is war;
As I rule you ſhall be there,
Plac'd in the Line of Battle,
To fight or die, the Reaſon why,
You cannot fly,
Where thundering Cannons rattle,
There is no Room of biteing Gold, *&c.*
P----t B--- and Ch---e ſhant be ſold.

ARGYLE's *Advice to Sir R---t W--p--e*

TUNE.—— *The King and the Miller.*

IN Days of Yore, when Stateſmen wore,
Clean Hands and honeſt Faces,
No Feuds were then amongſt Great Men,
Nor ſtriving for great Places.

Their only Aim was laſting Fame,
Their Virtues made them great Sir,
But now friend BOB, *'tis who ſhall rob*
The Britiſh *Church and State Sir.*

Of that good Fare, thou hadſt thy ſhare,
And feather'd well thy Neſt, Sir,
Then don't provoke the G——n *Folk,*
To ſacrifice the reſt Sir.

Remember this, the Rod's in Piſs,
It's Laſhes thou ſhalt feel,
Although thy A —— ſe was like thy Face
Caſe-harden'd well with Steel.

If POULTNEY *fail, what will prevail,*
He hath not low to fall Sir,
If thou art beat thou'ſt no Retreat,
Thy Neck muſt pay for all.

Now ſince alas! thus ſtands thy Caſe,
Robin *look ſharp about thee,*
Stow thick thy Gold, but Purſe faſt hold,
Or the P——t will rout thee.

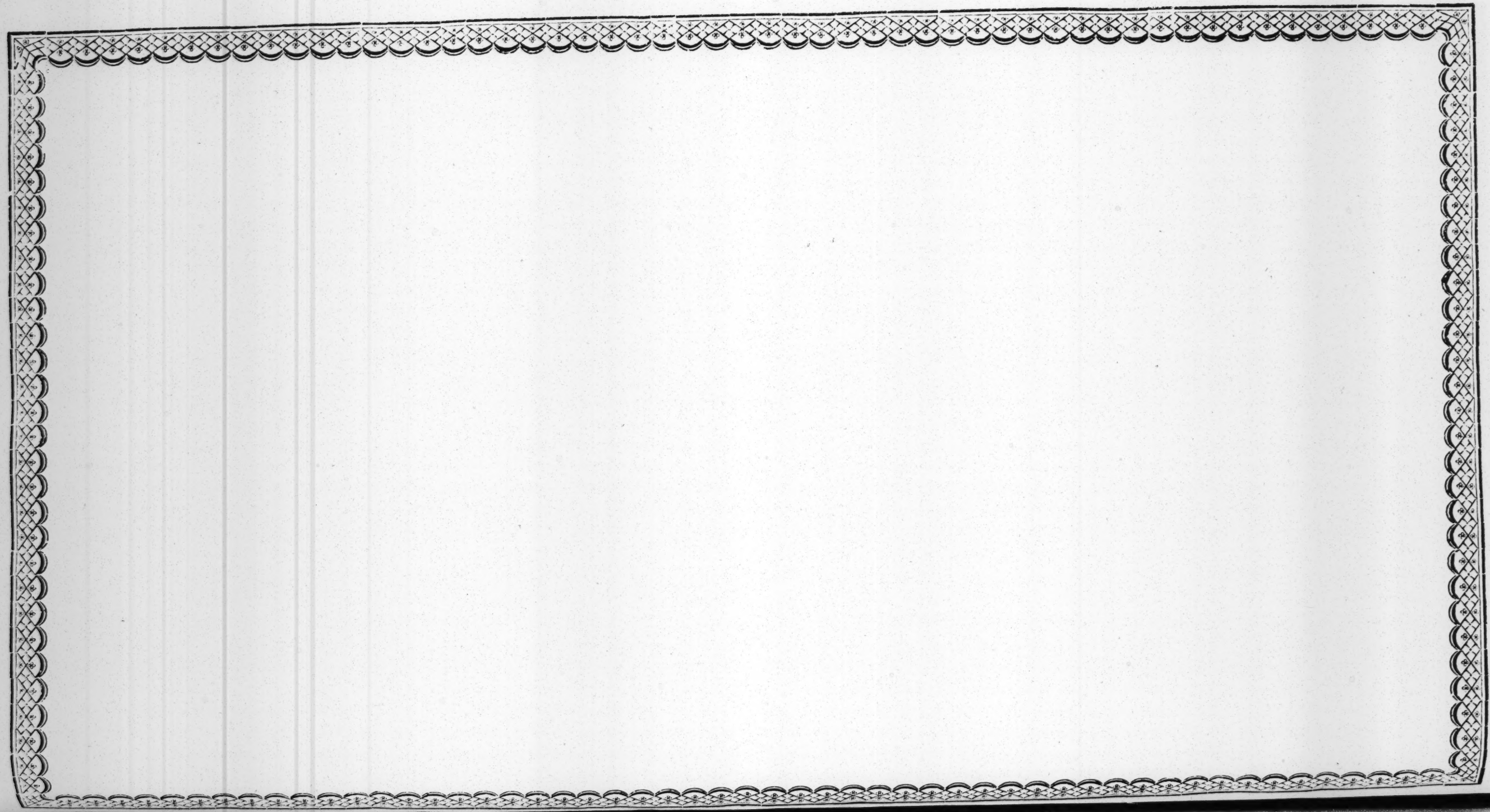
If thou art wiſe thou'l't rub thy Eyes,
To make thy ſight moſt clear Sir,
That thou may'ſt ſee what's like to be
Abroad as well as here Sir.

Conſider well the Road to Hell,
Is wide and free for all Sir,
But Heaven's hath narrow Gates,
Where few can paſs at all Sir.

Therefore take Care and ſtill beware,
That thou art not miſled Sir,
If thou ſhouldſt miſs the way to bliſs,
Thou art D—n'd when thou art dead Sir.

See Robin *pray now while you may,*
Save your Neck as well as Soul Sir,
For you are pray'd for Night and Day,
To ſee your Head on Pole Sir.

F I N I S.



(1)

Constance Anthony:

OR, AN

Admirable New Northern STORY,

Of two constant Lovers, as I understand,
Were born near *Appleby* in *Westmorland*;
The Lad's name *Anthony*, *Constance* the Lass;
To Sea they went both, and great Dangers did pass:
How they suffered Ship-wrack on the Coast of Spain.
For two Years divided, and then met again;
By wonderful Fortune and Care accident,
And now both live at Home with Joy and Content.

To the Tune of, I would thou were in Shrewsbury.

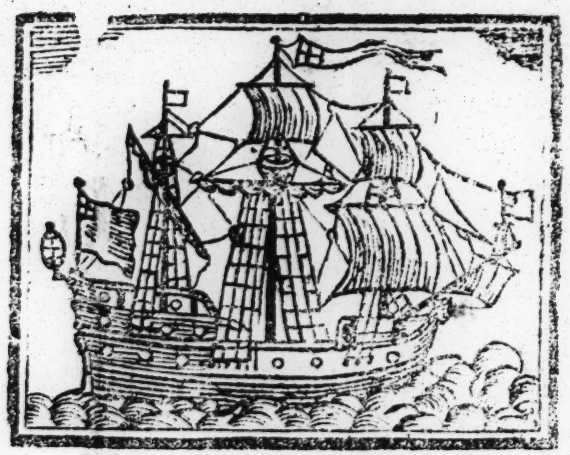


Lovers in the North,
Constance and Anthony,
Of them I will set forth
a gallant History:
They lov'd exceeding well,
as plainly doth appear;
But that which I shall tell,
the like you ne'er did hear:
Still she crys Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by Land or Sea,
I'll wend along with thee.

Anthony must to Sea,
his Calling did him bind,
Quoth Constance, Dear, quoth he,
I must leave thee behind;
Pray thee do not grieve,
thy Tears will not prevail;
I'll think on thee, my Sweet,
when the Ships under sail.
Still, &c.

How may that be? said she,
consider well the case.
Quoth she, Sweet [illegible]
I'll hide me in this place:
If thou gang, so will I,
of the same do not doubt;
A Woman's Policy
great matters may find out,
My bonny Anthony, &c.

I would be very glad,
but prithee tell me how?
I'll dress me like a Lad,
what say'st thou to me now?
The Sea thou can'st not brook,
yes, very well, quoth she,
I'll Scullion to the Cook,
for thy sweet company:
My bonny Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by Land or Sea,
I'll wend along with thee.



Anthony's leave she had,
and dyest in Man's array,
She seem'd the blithest Lad
seen on a Summer's day.
O see what Love can do,
at home she will not bide:
With her true Love she'll go,
let weal or woe betide:
My dearest Anthony,
my dearest Anthony,
Gang thou by Land or Sea,
I'll wend along with thee.

In the Ship 'twas her lot
to be Under-cook;
And at the Fire hot,
wonderful pains she took:
She serves e'ry one
fitting to their degree:
And now and then alone
she kissed Anthony:
My bonny, &c.

Black and welladay,
by tempest on the Main,
Their Ship was cast away
upon the Coast of Spain,
To th' mercy of the waves:
they all committed were,
Constance her own self saves,
then she crys for her Dear,
My bonny, &c.

Swimming upon a plank,
at Bilbo she got ashore,
First she did thank,
then she lamented sore,
O woe is me, said she,
the fairest lass alive,
My dearest Anthony,
now on the Sea doth drive:
My bonny Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by Land or Sea,
I'll wend along with thee.

What shall become of me,
why do I strive for shore,
Sith my sweet Anthony,
I never shall see more?
Fair Constance do not grieve,
the same good Providence,
Hath sav'd thy Lover sweet,
but he is far from hence:
Still she, &c.

A Spanish Merchant rich,
saw this fair seeming Lad,
Who did lament so much,
and was so grievous sad:
He had in England been,
and English understood,
He having heard and seen,
he in amazement stood:
Still she, &c.

The Merchant asked her,
what was that Anthony,
Quoth she, my Brother Sir,
who came from thence with me.
He did her entertain,
thinking she was a Boy,
Two Years she did remain,
before she met her Joy:
Still she crys Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by Land or Sea,
I'll wend along with thee.

Anthony was up taine
by an English Runagate,
With whom he did remain,
at the Sea-roving-trade:
I'th' nature of a Slave,
he did i'th' Galley row,
Thus he his Life did save,
but Constance did not know:
Still she crys, Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by Land or Sea,
I'll wend along with thee.

Now mark what came to pass,
see how the Fates did work,
A Ship that her Master's was
surpriz'd this English-Tusk,
And into Bilbo brought
all that aboard her were:
Constance full little thought,
Anthony was so near:
Still she, &c.

When they were come on shore,
Anthony and the rest,
She who was sad before,
was now with Joy possest:
The Merchant much did muse
at this so sudden change,
He did demand the News,
which unto him was strange:
Now she, &c.

Upon her Knees she fell,
unto her Master kind,
And all the truth did tell,
nothing she kept behind:
At which he did admire,
and in a Ship of Spain,
Not paying for their hire,
he sent them home again:
Now she, &c.

The Spanish Merchant rich
did of's own bounty give
A sum of Gold, on which
they now most bravely live:
And now in Westmorland,
they were join'd hand in hand:
Constance and Anthony,
they live in mirth and glee:
Still she crys Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Good Providence we see
hath guarded thee and me.

FINIS.

Alas poore Scholler, whither wilt thou goe:

OR

Strange altrations which at this time be; There's many did thinke they never ſhould ſee:

To the tune of, *Halloo my Fancy, &c.*





IN a melancholly ſtudy
None but my ſelfe,
Me thought my muſe grew muddy,
After ſcaven yeares reading
And coſtly breeding,
I felt, but could finde no pelfe:
Into learned raggs
I'ue rent my Pluſh and Sattin,
And now am fit to begg
in Hebrew, Greeke and Lattin,
Inſtead of Ariſtotle,
would I had got a Patten:
Alaſſe poore Scholler whither wilt thou go?

Cambridge now I muſt leave thee
And follow Fate,
Colledge hopes doe deceiue me,
I oft expected
To haue beene elected,
But deſert is reprobate:
Maſters of Colledges
haue no common graces,
And they that haue Fellowſhips
haue but common places,
And thoſe that Schollers are,
they muſt haue handſome faces:

I haue bow'd, I haue bended,
And all in hope,
One day to be befriended,
I haue Preach'd, I haue Printed
What ere I hinted,
To pleaſe our Engliſh Pope;
I worſhipt towards the Caſt,
but the Sunne doth now forſake me,
I finde that I am falling,
the Northerne winds doe ſhake me,
~~Would I had beene upright,~~
for bowing now will breake me:
Alas poore Scholler, whither wilt thou goe?

At great preferment I aymed
Witneſſe my ſilke,
But now my hopes are maimed,
I looked lately,
To liue moſt ſtately,
And haue a Dairy of Bell-ropes milke:
But now alaſſe,
my ſelfe I muſt not flatter,
Bygamy of Steeples
is a laughing matter,
Each man muſt haue but one,
and Curates will grow fatter.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.



INto ſome Country Village
Now I muſt goe,
Where neither Tith nor Tillage,
The greedy Patron
And parched Patron,
Sweare to the Church they owe:
Yet if I can preach
and pray two or a ſudden,
And confute the Pope
at adventure without ſtudying,
Then ten pounds a yeare
beſides a ſunday pudding.
Alas poore Scholler whither wilt thou goe?

All the Arts I haue Skill in,
Diuine and Humane,
Yet all's not worth a thuling,
When the women heare me,
They doe but teare me,
And ſay I am profane:
Once I remember,
I Preached with a Weaver,
I quoated Auſtine,
He quoated Dodd and Cliver,
I nothing got,
he got a Cloke and Beaver.
Alas poore Scholler whither wilt thou goe?

Shipps, Shipps, Shipps I diſcover,
Croſsing the Maine,
Shall I in and goe over
Turne Iew or Atheiſt,
Turke or Papiſt,
To Geneva or Amſterdam:
Biſhoppricks are voyde
in Scotland, ſhall I thither,
Or follow Windebanke
and Finch to ſee if either
Doe want a Prieſt to ſhriue them,
O no tis bluſtring weather.
Alas poore Scholler whither wilt thou goe?

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it,
Peace goodman ſole,
Thou haſt a trade will fit it,
Draw thy Indenture,
Be bound at adventure,
An Apprentice to a Free-ſchoole;
There thou may'ſt command
By William Lillies Charter,
There thou mayſt whipp, ſtrapp
and hang and draw and quarter,
And commit to the red Rod,
both Will. and Tom. and Arthur.
I, I, 'tis thither, thither will I goe.

(633)

Queen ELEANOR's Confeſſion:

SHEWING

How King* HENRY, *with the Earl* MARTIAL, *in Friars Habits came to her, inſtead of two Friars from* France, *which ſhe ſent for.

To a pleaſant New Tune.



QUEEN *Eleanor* was a ſick Woman,
And afraid that ſhe ſhould die;
Then ſhe ſent for two Friars of *France*,
For to ſpeak with them ſpeedily.

The King call'd down his Nobles all,
By One, by Two, and by Three,
And ſent away for Earl *Martial*,
For to ſpeak with them ſpeedily.

When that he came before the King,
He fell on his bended Knee,
A Boon, a Boon, our gracious King,
That you ſent ſo haſtily.

I'll pawn my Living and my Lands,
My Scepter and my Crown,
That whatever Queen Eleanor *ſays,*
I will not write it down.

Do you put on a Friar's Coat,
And I'll put on another,
And we will to Queen Eleanor *go,*
One Friar like another.

Thus both attired then they go,
When they came to *Whiteball*,
The Bells they did ring and Quirifters ſing,
And the Torches did light them all.

When they came before the Queen,
They fell on their bended Knee,
A Boon, a Boon, our gracious Queen,
That you ſent ſo haſtily.

Are you two Friars of France? ſhe ſaid,
Which I ſuppoſe you be;
But if you are two Engliſh Friars,
Then hanged ſhall you be.



We are two Friars of France, they said,
As you ſuppoſe we be,
We have not been at any Maſs
Since we came from the Sea,

The firſt vile Thing that e'er I did,
I will to you unfold,
Earl Martial *had my Maidenhead,*
Under this Cloth of Gold.

That's a great Sin, then ſaid the King,
God may forgive it thee,
Amen, Amen, quoth Earl *Martial,*
With a heavy Heart then ſpoke he.

The next vile Thing that e'er I did,
To you I'll not deny,
I made a Box of Poiſon ſtrong,
To poiſon King Henry.

That is a vile Sin, then ſaid the King,
God may forgive it thee,
Amen, Amen, quoth Earl *Martial,*
And wiſh it ſo may be.

The next vile Thing that e'er I did,
To you I will diſcover,
I poiſoned fair Roſamond,
All in fair Woodſtock *Bower.*

That is a vile Sin, then ſaid the King,
God may forgive it thee,
Amen, Amen, quoth Earl *Martial,*
I wiſh it ſo may be.

Do you ſee yonder a little Boy,
A toſſing of the Ball?
That is Earl Martial's *eldeſt Son,*
And I love him the beſt of all.

Do you ſee yonder a little Boy,
A catching of the Ball?
That is King Henry's *Son,* ſhe ſaid,
And I love him the worſt of all,

His Head is like unto a Bull,
His Noſe is like a Boar,
No matter for that, King *Henry* ſaid,
I love him the better therefore.

The King pull'd off his Friars Coat,
And appear all in Red;
She ſhriek'd, ſhe cry'd, and wrung her Hands,
And ſaid ſhe was betray'd.

The King look'd over his left Shoulder,
And a grim Look he looked he:
And ſaid, *Earl* Martial, *but for my Oath,*
Then hanged ſhould thou be.

NEWCASTLE: Printed and Sold by Robert Marchbank, in the *Cuſtomhouſe-Entry.*

The Honeſt JURY

OR,

CALEB TRIUMPHANT.

To the Tune of *Packington's Pond.*

I.

REJOYCE, ye good Writers, your Pens are ſet free;
Your Thoughts and the Preſs are at full Liberty;
For your *King* and your *Country* you ſafely may write,
You may ſay *Black is Black*, and prove *White is White*.
Let no Pamphleteers,
Be concern'd for their *Ears*,
For every Man now ſhall be try'd by his Peers.
Twelve good honeſt Men ſhall decide in each Cauſe,
And be Judges of *Facts*, tho' not Judges of *Laws*.

II.

'Tis ſaid Maſter *Caleb* a Paper did print,
Which ſometimes at *ſome Folks* look'd ſlyly a-ſquint,
He weekly held forth of no *Peace*, and no *War*,
So was forc'd from his Trade to appear at the *Bar*:
Thus for talking too free,
Maſter *Att-----*
Strain'd his Lungs for to ſet him in the *Pillory*;
But *Pillories* now ſhall be rais'd for the Shame
Of *ſome Rogues* as yet 'tis not proper to name.

III.

You may call the Man *Fool*, who *Treaties* do's blunder,
And ſtile him a *Knave*, who his Country doth plunder;
If the *Peace* be not good, it can ne'er be a Crime,
To wiſh it were better, in Proſe or in Rhime.
For Sir *Philip* well knows,
That *Innuen----does*,
Will ſerve him no longer in Verſe or in Proſe,
For *Twelve honeſt Men* have decided the Cauſe,
And were Judges of *Facts*, tho' not Judges of *Laws*.

IV.

Twelve Judges there are, and *twice Twelve Aldermen*,
Many Lords, many Members and Biſhops, --- what then?
Although you ſhou'd travel all *England* around,
Amongſt them Twelve *honeſter* cnanot be found,
Than this ſame *Jury*,
Which ſet *Caleb* free,
And brought in their Verdict, *He was not Guiltie*.
Then let theſe honeſt Men, who do pay Scot and Lot,
While Ballads are Ballads, be never forgot.

V.

This *Jury* ſo truſty, and Proof againſt RHINO
I am apt to believe to be *Jure Divino*,
But 'tis true in this Nation (oh! why is it ſo?)
Men the *Honeſter* are as the lower you go;
So a Fiſh when 'tis dead,
I have often heard ſaid,
May be ſweet at the *Tail*, tho' it ſtinks at the *Head*.
Oh! may *Honeſty* riſe and confound the baſe Tribe,
Will be corrupted by Penſion or Bribe.

VI.

A Jury there was when the Pope was in Power,
That brought our ſeven Biſhops alive from the Tower
They ſav'd our Religion from *Jacobite* Fury,
Both that and King GEORGE we owe to a Jury;
So thoſe that brought out
The Biſhops —— no Doubt
Brought in our King *George*, who's ſo gallant and brave,
Then ſure 'tis the Intereſt of Country and King,
That Juries ſhould never be led in a String.

VII.

Thus far honeſt *Duncan* hath propheſy'd right,
And prov'd himſelf bleſs'd with true *Second Sight*,
Who tho' Deaf and Dumb, in Aſtrology famous,
As *Patridge*, *poor Robin*, or old *Noſtradamus*,
Did lately Divine,
That *Caleb* ſhould ſhine,
And prevail o'er his Foes in the Year *Twenty nine*,
For Twelve honeſt Men have determin'd his Cauſe,
And reſcued from Quibles our old *Engliſh* Laws.

VIII.

But one Thing remains his Predictions to crown,
And that is to ſee the *LEVIATHAN* down:
Nor let us deſpair, the Year is not out,
And a *Month or two more* may bring it about.
Then in *Chorus* let's ſing,
And ſay, *GOD bleſs the King:*
And grant that all thoſe who deſerve it may ſwing.
If Twelve honeſt Men were to judge in this Cauſe,
One good Verdict more might ſecure all our Laws.

F I N I S.

The true Scots Mens Lament, for the Loss of the Rights of their Ancient Kingdom.

SHall Monarchy be quite forgot,
and of it no more heard;
Antiquity be razed out,
and Slav'ry put in ſtead:
Is *Scots* Mens Blood now grown ſo cold,
the Valour of their Mind,
That they can never once reflect
on old long ſine, &c.
What ſhall become now of our Crown,
we have ſo long poſſeſt?
Is it no more Faſhionable,
that we ſhould have it dreſt?
Shall we it for Tobacco ſell,
and never once repine?
Ah, then it's late for to Reflect
on old long ſine, &c.
How oft have our Fore-fathers ſpent
their Blood in it's Defence;
Shall we then have it ſtol'n away
by *Engliſh* Influence?
We'll curſe the Actors of the Deed,
when under Yoke we pine:
Why will ye not again reflect
on old long ſine, &c?
Old *Albion*, what will come of thee,
when *England* ſits thy Judge?
May thou not only then expect
Oppreſſion, but Refuge?
It's their Deſign to ruin thee,
as clearly may be ſeen:
Why wilt thou not again reflect,
on old long ſine, &c.
How ſhall our crazy Shoulders bear
the Burden of their Tax?
Tho' they be rich, and we but poor,
they will not us relax;
Unleſs ſome skilful one ov'rturn
the Ground of the Deſign;
But then it's late for to reflect
on old long ſine, &c.
The Name of *Britain* ſhortly will
thy Body hence poſſeſs;
England thy Head will flouriſh great,
thy Body will decreaſe:
The Union will thy Ruin be,
thou'lt know in future Time;
And you ſeem for to forget
good old long ſine, &c.
Was not our Nation ſometime brave,
invincible and ſtout?
Conquering *Ceſar* that great King
could not it put to Rout;
Nor not ſo much as Tribute get
for all his great Deſign:
Theſe Men I think thought to maintain
good old long ſine, &c.
Did not *Romiſh* Ambaſſadors
before our King kneel down?
I mean *Corbredus Claudius* great,
moſt valiant of Renown:
And the Propoſals of a Peace,
unto him did refuſe;
Theſe Actions may make us reflect
on old long ſine, &c.
The Royal *Bruce*, if now alive,
he ſurely would regret,
And blame our Grandees irefully,
of *Scotland*'s wretched State;
And tell them he priz'd Monarchy,
while he was in his Prime,
And bid them look right ſpeedily
to old long ſine, &c.
May not Experience teach thee well,
in *Edward Longſhank*'s Reign,
How they pretended good to thee,
yet ſince meant no ſuch Thing;
But meerly ſtole from us the Chair
we did ſo high eſteem:
It's ſtrange to me ye ſhould forget
good old long ſine, &c.
Yet it was not by their own Strength,
that they gain'd ſuch a Prize;
But by our own baſe *Malecontents*,
who did them well adviſe;
I mean, the *Cuming*, *Kirkpatrick*,
Vallange of treach'rous Mind:
Such Men I fear have now the Cauſe,
that we muſt now ſo pine.
Do not you mind the Barns of *Air*,
where Eighteen Score were Kill'd,
Under the Colour of a Truce,
our Worthies Blood was ſpill'd?
And what by Force they could not win,
by Fraud they did obtain:
Me wonders you ſhould ſo forget,
good old long ſine, &c.
Remember *William Wallace* Wight,
and his Accomplices;
Scotland they undertook to free,
when it was in Diſtreſs.
Likewiſe Sir *James* the Black *Douglaſs*,
under the *Bruce*'s Reign:
Theſe Men ſpar'd not their Blood to ſpill,
for old long ſine, &c.
Why did thou then thy Union break,
thou had of late with *France*,
Where Honours were conferr'd on thee?
but now not ſo's thy Chance:
Thou muſt ſubject thy Neck unto
an high proud Nation;
And more and more ſtrive to forget
good old long ſine, &c.
Was it their ſeeming Riches that
induced thee to ſell
Thy Honours, which as never yet
no Monarch ev'r could quell;
Nor our Integrities once break,
in all the bygone Time?
Yet now you ſeem for to forget
good old long ſine, &c.
The elder Brother let him read
the Neighbour Margin Line;
The ſecond let him but look back
to ruin'd *Darien*:
I'm hopeful then you will remorſe,
on former Ill that's done;
And ſtrive in Time for to maintain
good old long ſine, &c.
Now mark and ſee what is the Cauſe
of this ſo great a Fall;
Contempt of Faith, Falſhood, Deceit,
and Villany withall;
But rouſe your ſelves like *Scotiſh* Lads,
and quit your ſelves as Men,
And more and more ſtrive to maintain
good old long ſine, &c.

FINIS.

The Contented LOVERS:

OR,

A pleaſant Dialogue between a Shepherd and a Nymph.

(9)





SHepherd *Adonis*, being weary of his ſport,
Return'd to the woods, where he uſed to reſort,
He let fall his crook, and he laid himſelf down,
He envy'd no monarch, nor wiſh'd for no crown.

He drank of the brook, eat the fruit of the tree,
Enjoying himſelf, from all cares was he free:
He valu'd no nymph, were ſhe ever ſo fair;
No pride, no ambition, had he, nor no care.

But as it fell out in oue evening ſo clear,
A charming ſweet voice he chanced to hear:
He ſtood like a ſtone, nor one foot could he move,
He knew not what ail'd him, but fear'd it was love.

The nymph ſhe beheld him with a modeſt grace,
Seeing ſomething appear, ſhe diſguiſed her face;
She diſguiſed her face, and unto him did ſay,
How now, Mr. Shepherd, how came you this way?

The Shepherd reply'd, and to her he ſaid,
I ne'er was ſurpriz'd at the ſight of a maid:
When firſt I beheld thee, from all care I was free,
But now I am captive, my deareſt, to thee.

O ſhepherd! O ſhepherd! leave not your free ſtate,
For love will entangle you in ſorrow that's great,
And diſtract your brain, that you ne'er can have reſt,
Then incline not to love, for as yet you are bleſt.

Fair nymph of the wood, and thou charmer of man,
Thy beauty's ſo great, that I can't it withſtand;
Then pity my caſe, and yield me ſome Joy;
O pity, O pity, a wounded young Boy.

The nymph ſhe reply'd, with a languiſhing look,
Saying, Shepherd, alas! my way I miſtook,
Or you had never known me, nor I who you were,
For now I do pity you, I do declare.

Then ſit thee down by me, thou beauteous nymph,
And let me enjoy thy ſweet perſon, not glimple
Of thy beauty celeſtial, ſo charming and fair;
Thy beauty indeed is beyond all compare.

O don't prove my downfal! why with you? O why
Will you let your poor ſhepherd thus languiſhing lie?
If you grant me not love, all the world can't me ſave,
Tho' once I did ſlight you, 'twill bring me to my grave.

With that poor *Adonis* let fall ſome few tears,
His face looked pale, which diſcover'd his cares:
The nymph looked red, and bluſhing did cry,
O no, ſweet Adonis! *for me you ſhan't die.*

Then take your ſhepherdeſs, I'll be no more coy,
In love let us live, and each other enjoy;
In groves that are pleaſant, under trees that are high,
In love let us live, and in love let us die.

This anſwer reviv'd poor *Adonis*'s heart,
His troubles were fled, and he felt no more ſmart:
The nymph ſhe receiv'd him with looks moſt kind,
And from her ſhepherd ſhe comfort did find.

Then cloſe he embrac'd her, and ſoft laid her down,
The sky was their teſter, their bed was the ground:
He folded her ſo oft within his fond arms,
Her face and her features diſcover'd her charms.

As charming as *Venus* was, when ſhe was took
Along with brave *Mars*, when the Gods at them look.
Yet this nymph and this ſhepherd moſt beautiful fair,
Like the light of the ſun-beams ſo charming were.

Thus in ſweet enjoyment, free from care and ſtrife,
This happy couple do lead a ſweet life:
No wars, nor no battles, no rumours they ſee,
In peace, in great comfort, and pleaſure they be.

Among the ſweet groves thus they pleaſant do live,
And nothing do want but what nature doth give;
It is there, it is there, it is there they do keep
Their quiet, contented, and ſweet harmleſs ſheep.

All the day near to fountains and rivers they rove,
At night they return to the peaceable grove;
And thus in the day, as well as the night,
They live in great pleaſure, in joy, and delight.

One ſings with her voice, t'other plays with his flute,
Whilſt one is employed, the other ſtands mute;
They look at each other ſo charming and ſweet,
Sometimes interpoſing their lips they do meet.

Thus charming, thus loving, they lead a ſweet life,
So free from all care, and ſo void of all ſtrife;
If therefore all of you contentment would find,
Like this happy couple be loving and kind.

Amintor's Lamentation for *Celea*'s Unkindneſs.

Both Sexes from this Song may learn, } { *How in Extreams they may diſcern,*
Of what they ſhould beware : } { *Unkindneſs and Deſpair.*

To a new Tune.



SINCE *Celia*'s my Foe,
To the Deſarts I'll go,
Where ſome River,
for ever,
ſhall eccho my Wo!
The Trees will appear,
More relenting than her,
In the Morning
adorning
each Leaf with a Tear.
When I made my ſad Moan
To the Rocks all alone,
From each Hollow
will follow
ſome pitiful Groan
But with ſilent Diſdain,
She requites all my Pain:
To my Mourning,
returning
no Anſwer again.
O why was I born,
To Fate ſo forlorn?
To inherit
no Merit,
But Anguiſh and Scorn.
Yet my Affection is ſuch,
As no Blemiſh can touch
Yet I'm ſlighted
and ſpighted,
for loving too much.

Perhaps could I prove,
More unjuſt to my Love,
I might find her
yet kinder,
and Pity might move:
But I'll chuſe to obey;
Tho' I die by the Way:
Yet 'tis better
than get her,
by going aſtray.
Then why ſhould you fly
My fair *Celia*? O why?
When to pleaſe ye,
'tis eaſie,
If for *Amintor* to die
Your Lover you'd ſhun,
You no Danger ſhall run;
Him you baniſh,
will vaniſh,
and from you begone.
Stay *Celia* unkind,
Will you leave me behind?
Let me enter,
and venture,
My ſelf with the Wind.
Ah! from me will ye part,
Who ſo loves your Deſert?
Either tarry,
or carry
Your Slave with his Heart.

Were you but ſecure,
I'd your Abſence endure,
Were all Danger,
a Stranger,
to a Virgin ſo pure:
But ſome inſolent Wave,
May your Merit out-brave,
Both regardleſs,
and careleſs,
of me your poor Slave.
Yet Storm ſhall not dare,
To aſſault one ſo fair,
To attend you,
I'll ſend you,
Sighs ſofter than Air.
The *Nymphs* of the deep,
My dear *Celia* ſhall keep,
On a Pillow,
each Billow,
ſhall lull you aſleep,
The Seas they ſhall dance,
And Winds ſhall advance,
With your Gally,
to dally,
And guide you to *France*.
While I from the Shoar,
My fair Idol adore;
'till that *Neptune*
your Captain,
Hath wafted you o'er.

H. 6. 28. 40.

Then *Celea* adieu,
When I ceaſe to purſue,
You'l diſcover
no Lover,
Was ever ſo true.
Your ſad Shepherd flies,
From thoſe dear cruel Eyes
Which now ſeeing,
his being,
decays and he dies.
Yet 'tis better to run,
To the Fates we can't ſhun;
Than for ever,
t'endeavour,
what cannot be won:
What is this I have done,
That *Amintor* alone
Is thus treated,
and hated,
for loving but one?
And thus I complain,
Tho' 'tis all in Vain;
Yet the Trouble
is double,
to ſtifle my Pain:
The Sea for the Shoar,
I as well might implore,
They're as moving,
and Loving,
as her I adore.
Then ſince 'tis the Fate,
Of any wretched State
Without Pity,
'tis fit I,
ſubmit to her Hate.
For as Winter comes on,
When *Apello* is gone,
So declining,
and Pining,
ſhe leaves me alone.
'Tis better than ſo,
Tho' you force me to go,
You abuſe me,
to accuſe me,
of being your Foe,
If well underſtood,
'twill be all for your good;
I'm the kinder,
to hinder
the Heat of your Blood.
You ſwore you'd be true
But I well enough knew
You'd deceive me,
and leave me,
as now I muſt you.
For thoſe that are Lewd,
And inclin'd to be rude,
'Tis the Faſhion,
in Paſſion,
to Swear and Delude.
I'd ſlicken your Fire,
'Till your Flame did expire;
If with Honour
the Donor
could grant your Deſire:
But much were I to blame,
To extinguiſh your Flame.
By expoſing,
and looſing,
my Virtue and Fame.
Then take it not ill,
That I do not fulfil
Your requeſting;
proteſting,
I honour you ſtill,
But more Safety I find,
In the Waves of the Wind,
To deſert you,
with Virtue,
than ſtaying behind.
You'll Pardon my Lord
That I cannot afford,
Your demanding,
by Landing,
to fetch you abroad.
Since I muſt not comply,
You had better to try,
If another
will ſmother,
the Love I deny.
For Thouſands there are,
That are ten Times as Fair
Town or City
will fit ye
with Feature and Air.
Such as make new Delights
In their amorous Sights,
Who in Courting,
and ſporting,
do wear out the Night.
What Preſents you make,
They'le be certain to take:
When you're ſleepy.
they'll keep ye,
with Pleaſure awake,
But for me ſilly Girl,
Neither Jewels nor Pearl,
Can ever awe me,
or draw me
to Bed with an Earl,
Then good Sir away,
'Tis the beſt of your Play,
To deal plainly,
you vainly
perſwade me to ſtay:
For I find greater Eaſe
In appeaſing the Seas,
Than aſſwaging
the Raging,
of *Cupid*'s Diſeaſe.
Then ſince 'tis in Vain,
And more to complain;
Take your Pleaſure,
at Leaſure,
to talk of your Pain;
To the Wave of the Flood
Or the Trees of the Wood,
Tell your Story,
and Glory,
in being ſo good.
In the Notes of your Song,
As you ſing 'em along,
Let your *Celia*
in *Ela*,
be blam'd for the Wrong,
But the Kingdom ſhall know
Whether juſtly or no;
Since *Amintor*
in Winter
compell'd me to go.
And yet I'll away,
For a Year and a Day;
Neither Reaſon,
nor Seaſon,
ſhall force me to ſtay.
Tho' the Waves in their Pride,
Seem the Rocks to divide;
By Intreaties,
to *Thetis*
I ſafely ſhall ride.
Then ſince we muſt Part,
You may take back your Heart
'Tis a Preſent
unpleaſant,
and favours of Art:
I like not the Charm,
For I find there is harm,
If we handle,
and dandle,
a Snake 'till he's warm,
Then *Amintor* farewel,
When the Story you tell,
You may blame me,
and ſhame me,
and all will be well,
Yet in Spight of your Skill,
Tho' poor *Celea* you kill,
You could never
deceive her,
to yield to your Will.

FINIS.

An Excellent New Song,

CALLED,

An End to our Sorrows.

To the Tune of, *I Laugh at the Pope's Deviſes.*

1.

Sing Praiſe to our Grac'ous Queen *Anne*,
Who Quietly ſits on Her Throne,
Having well got rid of a *Clan*,
That too *Saucily Wiſe* were grown.

2.

For their *Councils* (as well it is ſeen)
And *Schemes* were ſo *very Correct*,
They left no Pow'r in the Queen,
Or Amendments to Make or Reject.

3.

Which was a *Juſt Cauſe* to diſcard 'm,
And lodge the whole Power in *One*.
Heav'n, doubtleſs, will juſtly Reward him,
If he Finiſhes, as h' has begun.

4.

His Act'ons ſo *wiſe* are and *juſt*,
Without any *ſiniſter* Ends;
Although he ſhould do, what his Truſt
Will not warrant, we will be his Friends.

5.

His Capacity's greater by far, than
Any Stateſman that e'er went before him;
Having paid a *vaſt Debt* to a Farthing
Without Money, for which we Adore him.

6.

He'll *Silver* in *Plenty* bring home
By the *Trade* fixt in the *South Sea*;
Which, if it to *any thing* Come,
No doubt it will *ſomething be*.

7.

Our *Credit* was once at a ſtand,
But now 'tis *Reſtor'd* again;
Since *Nine* or *Ten* does Command
What with *Six* was endeavour'd in vain.

8.

And *Fifty per Cent.* has ſuch Savour
'Twill always our *Navy* ſupply,
And who, for truſting his *Favour*,
Can give better Reaſons Why?

9.

But this is but part of the Sum,
That to his great Wiſdom we owe,
A *Peace* he has under his Thumb,
That does all his great Act'ons out-go.

10.

By which, of the *Ballance* of *Power*,
We need have no further Care;
Since *Philip*, of *Spain*, ſhall Reſtore
Ev'ry Inch that *Old Lewis* can ſpare.

11.

The *Act of Succeſſion* ſhall be
Confirm'd to the Joy of the Nat'on;
Of which, we all muſt agree,
That *Perkin* has no Expectat'on.

12.

Of our *Trade* too, is taken great Care;
Which cannot be reckon'd in vain:
For now we have nothing to fear,
If *France* does her *Promiſe Maintain*.

13.

For th' *Allies*; the Queſt'on is, Whether
(Such *Care* of our ſelves being *Taken*)
'Tis Mater'al to keep 'm together,
To ſave one anothers Bacon.

14.

'Tis a Work ſo hard to be done,
Each ſeparate State to pleaſe;
'Tis better to let it alone,
Than thereby to obſtruct ſuch a Peace.

15.

While the *Church*, as Eſtabliſh'd by Law,
Is fenc'd with ſuch *Zealous Defenders*;
As ſoon we may dread any Clauſe
That may Favour the *Pope*, as *Diſſenters*.

16.

All this being gain'd by the Peace,
Will ſure drive away all our Fears;
Eſpec'ally ſince a *long Leaſe*,
Is ſecur'd of at leaſt *Three Years*.

17.

Then ſing to the Praiſe and Glory
Of Her who ſits on the Throne.
Let every *Whig* and *Tory*
Be thankful for this when done.

18.

Till when, for Better or Worſe,
We Impat'ently wait the Succeſs;
Which a *Bleſſing* will be or a *Curſe*,
Pray God, it may be for the Beſt.

Printed in the Year M DCC XI.

CROMLET's LILT,

To be ſung with its own proper Tune.

SInce all thy Vows, falſe Maid,
are blown to Air;
And my poor Heart betray'd
to ſad diſpair;
Into ſome Wilderneſs,
My grief I will expreſs,
And thy hard Heartedneſs,
O cruel Fate.

Have I not graven our Loves,
on every Tree:
In yonder Warden Groves,
though falſe thou be;
Was there not a ſolemn Oath
plighted between us both;
Thou thy Faith, I my Troth,
real to be?

Some gloomy Place I'll find,
ſome doleful ſhade,
Where neither Sun nor Wind
ne'er Entrance had.
Into that hallow Cave,
Myſelf I would down leave,
For that Thing I do crave,
call'd Conſtancy.

Wild Fruit ſhall be my Meat,
I'll drink the Spring.
The Earth ſhall be my Seat;
I for covering,
I'll have the ſtarry Skie,
My Corps to canopie,
Till my Soul from me flie
to Heaven's King.

I'll have no Funeral Fire,
no tears for me,
No Grave do I deſire,
no Obſequie;
The courteous Red-breaſt he
With Leaves will cover me,
And ſing my Elegie,
with doleful Voice.

And when I Soul-leſs am,
I'll viſit thee:
O thou obdureſt Dame,
whoſe Cruelty
Hath kill'd the kindeſt Heart,
E'er pierc'd by Cupid's Dart,
No Grief my Soul ſhall part
from loving thee.

Her REPLY,

HE whom I muſt affect,
doth me diſdain,
His cauſeleſs Diſreſpect
makes me complain,
Wherefore I'll me addreſs
into ſome Wilderneſs.
Where unheard I'll expreſs
my anxious Pain.

Did we not both conjure,
by Stygian Lake;
That ſacred Oath moſt pure,
the Gods did take;
That we ſhould both prove true,
You to me, I to you.
By that moſt ſolemn Vow
we both did make.

But thou perfidiouſly
didſt violate
Thy Promiſe made to me,
to my Regrete.
For all the great Reſpect,
Wherewith I the affect,
Is paid with ſuch Neglect,
Love's turn'd to Hate.

What Tyrrant e'er could hatch,
though, Inhumane,
A torturing Rack, and match
to this my Pain:
O barbarous Cruelty,
That I for loving thee,
Should baſely murder'd be
by thy Diſdain.

I'll go find out a Cell,
where Light ne'er ſhin'd;
There I'll reſolve to dwell,
and be confin'd,
Untill it pleaſeth thee,
With Love to pity me,
Forſake thy Cruelty
and prove more kind.

In that dark Vault I'll call
for Bats and Owls,
The Screech-Owl, worſt of all
Prodigious Fowls,
Shall be my Mate by Day,
By Night with her I'll ſtay,
In dark and uncouth Way,
'mongſt wandring Souls.

And in that ſtrange Exile
I'll thee arreſt,
Amongſt thoſe Monſters vile,
to be my Gueſt.
Untill that thou relent,
And thy hard Heart repent;
Freely to give Conſent
to my Requeſt.

No Clothes ſhall deck my Skin,
no Raiment ſoft;
But Hair cloth rough and thin,
that's comely wrought:
No Bed will I ly on,
My pillow ſhall be Stone,
Each Accent prove a Groan,
repeated oft,

No danty Diſh I'll eat,
compos'd by Art:
No Sauces for my Meat,
ſweet ſour or tart.
My Food ſhall be wild Fruits,
Green Herbs and unboil'd Roots,
Such as poor Hermits eat
in wild Deſarts.

All Solace, Mirth and Game
I will deſpiſe,
A doleful Mourning then,
with watring Eyes.
Shall be my Muſick ſound,
Till all the Hills reſound,
And fill the Valleys round
with piteous Cries.

Yet for all this I'll not
abandon thee,
Nor alter in a Jot
my firſt Decree;
But in Deſpite of Fate,
Thy Grief to aggravate,
I'll love thee, tho' thou hate,
until I die.

Another Reply.

ALL my deſires are paſt,
ſadly I groan,
O! All my Hopes are paſt,
pity my Moan:
I'll to ſome quiet Grove,
Where I ſhall clearly prove,
That I am wrong'd by Love'
O cruel Fate!

Deplorable is my State,
ſtill more and more;
I'm ſubject to cruel Fate,
I mourn therefore:
Yet I'll be conſtant ſtill,
Let Fortune frown as it will,
Heavens keep him from all Ill,
whom I adore.

Grief added unto Grief,
each Day I die,
I can find no Relief,
where ſhall a fly?
I'll to ſome deſart Place,
Where none ſhall ſee my Face,
There I'll bewail my Caſe
untill I die.

Silent I'll be a while,
hopping the beſt,
Fortune perhaps may ſmile,
and ſend me Reſt:
I will expect the End,
And on my Fates attend,
The Gods ſome Help will ſend
to one diſtreſt.

I'll to a Hermitage,
for I do ſee
Nought in this preſent Age,
but Miſerie.
There none will me moleſt,
I will not be oppreſt,
But will find quiet Keſt
untill I die.

Vain Hopes I bid adieu,
for they'er not ſure:
Farewel now Fortune true,
for I'm ſecure;
Far from the Frowns of Fate
And undeſerved Hate,
Far better is my State,
than was before.

FINIS,

The *Somerſetſhire* TRAGEDY:

OR, THE

Wronged Lady's Lamentation, and Untimely DEATH.



SIR William, a Knight of ſix thouſand a year,
He courted fair Suſan of Somerſetſhire :
The beautifulleſt creature that ever was ſeen,
A Lady by birth, tho' her fortune was mean :
What paſſed between them I'll tell you in brief,
Who hear it may ſigh with a heart full of grief.

To her he pretended the greateſt of Love,
And held her in hand for three months and above ;
Inviting her often to feaſt at his hall,
At length he to wanton embraces did fall ;
Which when ſhe perceived, ſhe ſighing would ſay,
Don't ruin an innocent Lady I pray.

O talk not of ruin, thou Joy of my heart,
So long as we live, Love, we never will part ;
So ſure as I give thee this amorous Kiſs:
Then let me arrive at this rapture of Bliſs :
If ever I'm falſe or diſloyal to thee,
May God's divine vengeance then fall upon me.

The innocent Lady then ſtruck with ſurpriſe,
Beſought him with ſorrowful tears in her eyes,
That he would not tempt her to any ſuch thing,
The which without queſtion her ruin would bring ;
Yet ſtill with new arguments her he aſſail'd,
Tho' long ſhe reſiſted, at length he prevail'd.

He having obtain'd his earneſt requeſt,
She proved with child, then with ſorrows oppreſt,
He left her, whom once he did ſeem to adore,
And all his raſh vows he regarded no more ;
No creature ſo falſe and deceitful as he,
That ſwears to be true, and yet perjur'd will be.

The innocent Lady with ſorrows oppreſt,
With tears in her eyes, with ſobs from her breaſt ;
She cry'd there's no ſorrow, no ſorrow's like mine,
O why had Sir William ſo baſe a deſign !
Before I conſented, O that I had dy'd !
I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd, ſhe cry'd.

Againſt you Sir William, I needs muſt exclaim,
You courted for luſt, and have cloath'd me with ſhame,
A ſorrow which I am unable to bear,
My honour is gone: I will die in deſpair :
And haunt you by night with my wandering ghoſt,
That you may not have any reaſon to boaſt.

You ſhall have no pleaſure, but conſtantly find,
The Cries of your conſcience, the trouble of mind;
Both ſleeping and waking wherever you go,
For ſeeking my Ruin and ſad Overthrow;
And breaking the Vows that you ſolemnly made,
Before you my innocent Virtue betray'd.

Retir'd from Friends her cloſe chamber ſhe kept,
Where for her misfortunes ſhe bitterly wept:
And finding her folly ſhe no ways could hide,
With grief ſhe miſcarry'd, in ſorrow ſhe dy'd;
Whoſe wandering Ghoſt then did often affright
Her falſe-hearted Lover and treacherous Knight.

Sometimes to his chamber at midnight ſhe came,
The room being fill'd with a terrible flame:
Her trembling ghoſt near the curtains would ſtand
With either a dagger or ſword in her hand;
As if ſhe would ſtab this falſe Knight where he lay,
And then with a ſhriek ſhe would vaniſh away.

But once above all a ſtrange groaning he hear'd,
And ſtrait with a child in her arms ſhe appear'd,
Which then in his bed ſhe laid cloſe on his ſide;
This frighted him ſo that he ſicken'd and dy'd
Within a week after the ſame he beheld;
To all that he told it, with wonder were fill'd.

Now as in a frightfu condition he lay,
To all his dear friends he was pleaſed to ſay
I wronged a Lady, I needs muſt confeſs,
And brought her to ſorrow, to ſhame, and diſtreſs:
And now ſince the glaſs of my life is near run,
I'm going to anſwer for what I have done.

I was falſe to my love, and my oath I have broke,
And death now ſtands ready at one fatal ſtroke,
To ſend me away, but I cannot tell where,
I have done amiſs, and muſt die in deſpair:
Let me be a warning to all that ſhall hear,
Of my death, for being falſe to my Dear.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard, London.

The Dead MAN's Song:

Whoſe Dwelling was near *Baſing-Hall* Street, in LONDON.

Tune of, *Flying Fame.*





SOre ſick, dear Friends, long time I was,
and weakly laid in Bed,
And for five Hours in all Mens ſight,
at length I lay as dead:
The Bell rung out, my Friends came in,
and I Key cold was found.
Then was my Carcaſs brought from Bed,
and laid upon the Ground:
My loving Wife did weep full ſore,
my Children loud did cry,
My Friends did mourn, yet this they ſaid,
All Fleſh is born to Die.
My Winding-ſheet prepared was,
my Grave was alſo made,
And for five Hours in all Mens ſight,
in this ſame caſe I laid.
During which time my Soul did ſee
ſuch ſtrange and fearful ſights,
That for to hear the ſame diſclos'd,
would Baniſh all delights:
Yet ſince the Lord reſtor'd my Life,
which from my Body fled,
I will declare the ſight I ſaw,
the time that I was Dead.
Me thought upon a lovely Green,
where pleaſant Flowers ſprung,
I took my way, whereas I thought
the Muſes ſweetly ſung;
The Graſs was ſweet, Trees was fair
and lovely to behold,
And full of Fruit was every Twig,
which ſhin'd like gliſtering Gold.
My chearful heart deſired much,
to taſte the Fruit ſo fair,
But as I reacht a fair young Man,
to me did make repair.
Touch not, ſaid he, 'tis none of thine,
but turn and walk with me,
And ſee thou mark each ſeveral thing,
which I ſhall ſhew to thee.
I wondred greatly at his Words,
yet went with him away,
Till on a gallant goodly Park,
with him he bid me ſtay:
With Branches then of Lilies white,
mine Eyes there wiped he,
When this was done, he bad me look:
what I far off could ſee,
I looked up, and loe at laſt,
I did a City ſee,
So fair a thing did never Man
behold with Mortal Eye:
Of Diamonds, Pearls and Precious Stones,
it ſeems the walls were made:
The Houſes all with beaten Gold,
were til'd and over-laid.
More brighter than the Morning Sun,
the Light thereof did ſhow,
And every Creature in the ſame,
like crown'd Kings did go:
The Fields about the City fair,
were all with Roſes ſet,
Gilliflowers and Carnations fair,
whom Canker could not fret.
And from the Fields there did proceed,
a ſweet and pleaſant ſmell
That ever living Creature felt,
the Scent did ſo excell:
Beſides ſuch ſweet and pleaſant mirth,
did from the City ſound,
That I therewith was raviſhed,
my Joy did ſo abound.
With muſick, mirth and melody,
Princes did there embrace
But in my heart I long'd to be
within that bleſſed Place:
The more I gaz'd, the more I might,
the ſight pleas'd me ſo well,
For what I ſaw in every thing,
my Tongue no way can tell
Then of the Man I did demand,
what place the ſame might be,
Whereas ſo many Kings did dwell,
in joy and melody.
Quoth he, that bleſſed Place is Heave
where yet thou canſt not reſt;
And thoſe that do like Princes go,
are thoſe whom God hath bleſt.
Then did he turn me round about,
and on the other ſide,
He bad me view, and mark as much,
what things were to be ſpy'd:
With that I ſaw a Cole-black Den,
all tan'd with ſoot and ſmoak,
Where ſtinking Brimſtone burning w
which made me like to choak;
An ugly Creature there I ſaw,
whoſe Face with Knives was was
And in a Cauldron of Poiſon'd filth,
his ugly Corps were waſh'd.
About his Neck were ſundry ſtuffs,
that flam'd on every ſide,
I ask'd, and loe the Young Man ſaid,
That he was damn'd for Pride.
Another ſort there did I ſee,
whoſe Bowels Vipers tore,
And grievouſly with gaping mouth,
they did both Yell and Roar.



A Spotted Perſon by each one,
ſtood knawing on their Hearts,
And this was Conſcience I was told,
which Plagu'd their inward Parts:
They were no ſooner out of ſight,
but ſtraight came in their Place,
A ſort ſtill throwing burning Fire,
which fell againſt their Face:
And Ladles full of melted Lead
were poured down their Throats,
And theſe were ſet, it ſeem'd to me,
in midſt of burning Boats:
The foremoſt of the Company,
was *Judas*, I was told,
who had for filthy Lucre's ſake,
his Lord and Maſter ſold.
For Covetouſneſs he was Condemn'd,
ſo it was told to me.
And there me thought another Rout
of Hell-hounds I did ſee:
Their Faces ſeem'd flat in my ſight,
yet all their Bones were bare,
And Diſhes full of crawling Toads
were made their fineſt fair:
From Arms, from Hands, from Thighs, from (Feet,
with Red-hot Pincers then,
The fleſh was pluck'd even from the bone
of thoſe vile Glutt'nous Men:
On Cole-black Beds and other ſort,
in grievous ſort did lie,
And underneath them burning brands,
their fleſh did burn and fry:
With Brimſtone fierce their Pillows eke,
whereon their Heads was laid,
And Fiends with glowing whips of fire
their Lecherous fleſh of flead.
Then did I ſee another come,
ſtabb'd in with Daggers thick,
And filthy Fiends with fiery Darts,
their Hearts did wound and prick:
And mighty bowls of corrupt blood,
was brought for them to drink,
And theſe Men were for Murder plagu'd,
from which they could not ſhrink.
I ſaw when they were gone away,
the Swearer and the Liar,
And they were hung up by the Tongue,
over a flaming fire.
From Eyes, from Ears, from Navel and Noſe
and from their lower Parts,
The blood me thought did guſhing run,
and clogged like Mens Hearts:
I asked why that puniſhment,
was now on Swearers laid,
Becauſe, quoth he, wounds heart and blood,
were all the Oaths they made;
And there withal from ugly Hell,
ſuch grievous Cries I heard,
As though ſome greater grief and care,
had vext them afterward.
So that my Soul was ſore afraid,
ſuch Terror on me fell;
Away then went this Young Man quite,
and bad me not farewell.
Wherefore unto my Body ſtraight,
my Spirit returned again,
And lively blood did afterwards
ſtretch forth in every Vein.
My cloſed Eyes I opened,
and raiſed from my ſwound,
I wondered much to ſee my ſelf,
ſo laid upon the Ground;
Which when my Neighbours did behold,
great fear upon them fell,
To whom ſoon after I did tell,
the News from Heaven and Hell.

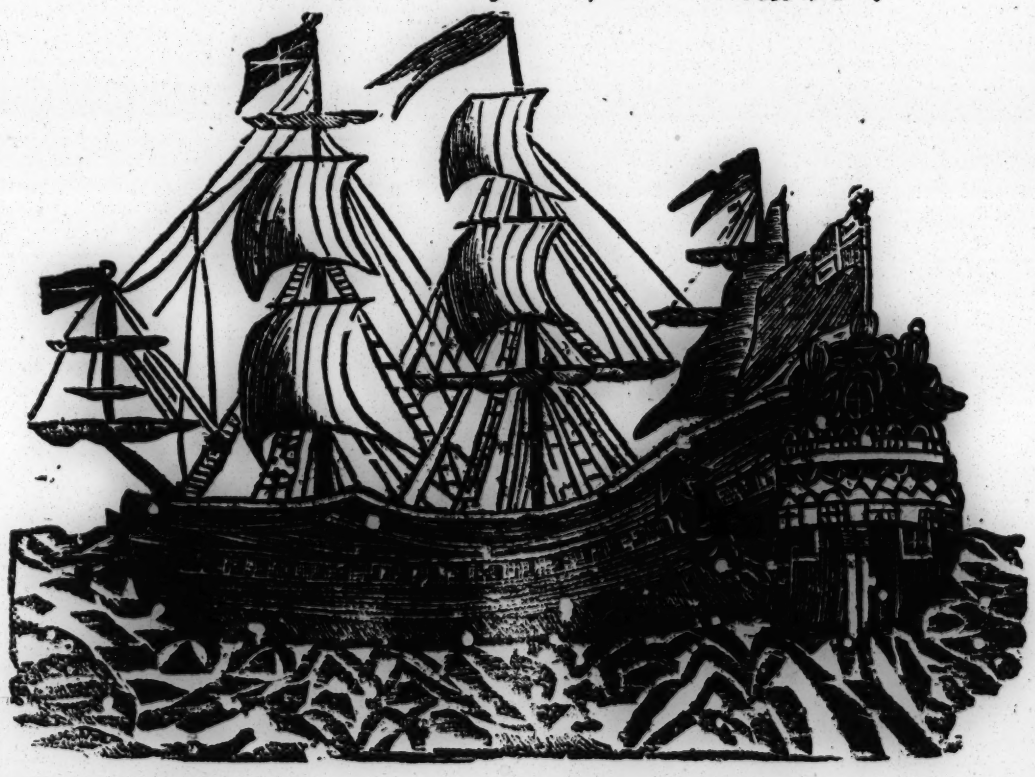
Corrected from an old Copy in the Brit. Mus.

A Famous SEA-FIGHT,

BETWEEN

Captain Ward and the Rainbow.

To the Tune of, Captain Ward &c.



STRIKE up ~~ye~~ you lusty gallants,
With musick & sound of drum,
For ~~there is such~~ we have all of ye
a Rover,
Upon the sea is come;
His name is Captain Ward,
~~Right~~ well it doth appear,
There has not been such a Rover
Found out these thousand years.

For he hath sent unto the King,
The sixth of January,
Desiring that he might come in
With all his company:
And if ~~the~~ your King will let me come,
Till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransom,
Full thirty tun of Gold.

O nay, O nay, then said the King,
O nay, that must not be,
To yield to such a Rover,
Myself will not agree.

He hath deceiv'd the Frenchmen,
Likewiſe the King of Spain,
Then how can he be true to me,
Who has been falſe to twain.
With that the King provided
A ſhip of worthy fame,
The Rainbow ſhe is call'd.
If you would know her name.

And now the gallant Rainbow
She rolls upon the ſea,
Five hundred gallent ſeamen
To ~~keep~~ bear her company:
The Dutchmen and the Spaniards,
She made them for to flee,
Alſo the bonny Frenchmen,
As ſhe met on the ſeas.

When as the gallant Rainbow
Did come where we did lie
Where is the Captain of that ſhip,
The Rainbow ſhe did cry:
O that I am, ſaid Captain Ward,
There's no one bids me lie,
And if thou art the King's fair ſhip,
Thou'rt welcome unto me.

I'll tell thee what, ſaid the Rainbow,
Our King is in great grief,
That thou ſhouldſt lie upon the ſeas,
And play the arrant thief:
You will not let your merchantmen ſhips,
Paſs as they did before;
Such tidings to our King is come,
Which grieves his heart full ſore.
With that this gallant Rainbow,
She ſhot out of her pride,

Full fifty good braſs pieces
Charged on every ſide:
And yet theſe galant ſhooters
prevailed not a pin,
Though they were braſs on the outſide,
Brave Ward was ſteel within.

Shoot on, ſhoot on, ſaid Captain Ward,
Your ſport well pleaſeth me,
And he that firſt gives over,
Shall yield unto the ſea.

I never wrong'd an Engliſh ſhip,
But Turk and King of Spain,
~~Likewiſe~~ the ~~blackguard~~ ſervice Dutchmen,
Which I met on the main:
If I had known your King,
But two ~~or three days~~ year before,
I would have ſav'd ~~Lord~~ brave Eſſex's life,
Whoſe death doth grieve me ſore.

Go tell the King of England,
Go tell him thus from me,
If he reign King of all the land
I will reign King at ſea:
With that the gallant Rainbow ſhot
She ſhot and ſhot in vain;
Then left the Rover's company,
And home return'd again.

Our royal King of England,
Your ſhip's return'd again,
For ~~Captain~~ Ward, ſhe is ſo ſtrong,
He never will be ta'en:
O everlaſting ſaid the King,
I have loſt Jewels three,
Which would have gone unto the ſeas,
And brought proud Ward to me.

The firſt was Lord Clifford,
~~Great~~ Earl of Cumberland,
The ſecond was Lord Mountjoy,
As you ſhall underſtand:
The third was brave ~~Lord~~ Eſſex,
From field would never flee;
Who would have gone unto the ſea,
And brought proud Ward to me.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow Lane, London. ſt

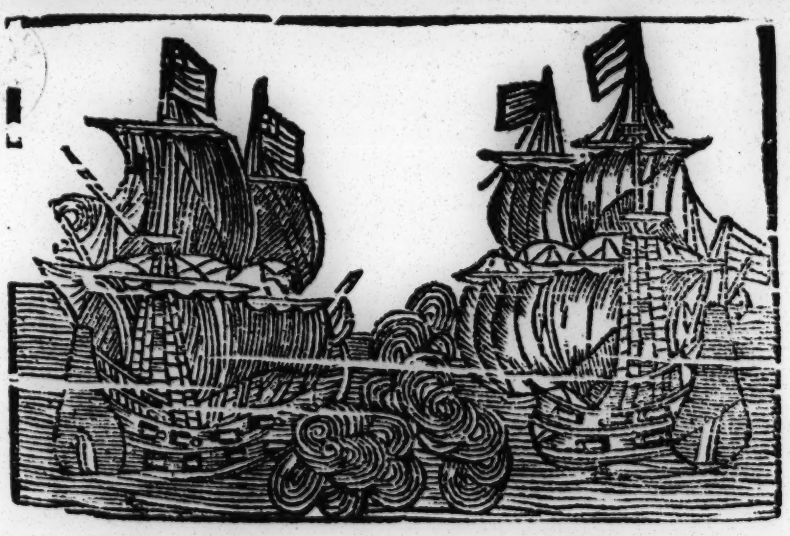
A Famous

SEA FIGHT.

BETWEEN

Capt, *Ward*, and his Majeſty's Ship the *Rainbow*.

Tune of, *'Tis when the Seas were roaring*, &c.



STrike up ye luſty Gallants,
With Muſic ſound of Drum;
For we have eſpy'd a Rover,
That to our Seas is come;
His Name you know is *Captain Ward*,
Right well it doth appear,
There has not been ſuch a Rover,
Found out theſe thouſand Years.

For he hath ſent unto our King,
The Sixth of *January*,
Deſiring that he might come in,
With all his Company;
And if our King will let me come,
Till I my Tale have told;
I will beſtow for thy Ranſom,
Full thirty Tun of Gold.

O nay! O nay! then ſaid our King,
O nay! this may not be,
To yield to ſuch a vile Rover,
Myſelf cannot agree,
He hath deceived the *Frenchmen*,
Likewiſe the King of *Spain*,
And how can he be true to me,
That hath been falſe to twain.

L. & 28. 1745.

With that our King provided,
A Ship of worthy Fame,
Rainbow is what ſhe's always call'd,
If you would know her Name;
Now the brave and gallant *Rainbow*.
She roves along the Sea,
Five hundred gallant Seamen,
To bear her Company.

The *Dutchmen* and the bold Spaniards,
She made them for to fly;
Alſo the bonny brisk *Frenchmen*,
As ſhe met them on the Sea,
When as this bold gallant *Rainbow*,
Did come where *Ward* did lie,
Where is the Captain of this Ship,
This brave *Rainbow* did cry.

Oh! that's I ſays the Captain *Ward*,
There's no Man bids me lie;
And if thou art the King's fair Ship,
Thou art welcome to me;
I'll tell thee what' ſays the Rainbow,
Our King is in great Grief,
That thou ſhould'ſt lie upon the Sea,
And play the arrant Thief.

And will not let our Merchant Ships,
Paſs as they did before;
Such Tidings to our King is come,
Which grieves his Heart full ſore:
With that this gallant *Rainbow*,
Did ſhoot out of her Pride,
Full fifty gallant Pieces,
Charged on every Side.

Although theſe gallant Shooters
Prevailed not a Pin;
Though they were Braſs on the Outſide
Yet *Ward* was Steel within:

Shoot on ſhoot on, ſays Captain *Ward*,
Your Sport well pleaſeth me;
And he that now firſt giveth o'er,
Shall yield unto the Sea.

I never wrong'd an *Engliſh Ship*,
But *Turks*, and King of *Spain*,;
And for the jovial *Dutchmen*.
Which I met on the Main:
If I had known who was your King,
But one two Years before,
I would have ſav'd brave *Eſſex's* Life,
Whoſe Death did grieve me ſore.

Go tell the King of *England*,
Go tell him thus from me,
If he reigns King of all the Land,
I will reign King at Sea.
With that the gallant *Rainbow* ſhot,
And ſhot and ſhot in vain,
And left the Rover's Company,
And returned Home again.

Our Royal King of *England*,
Our Ships return'd again;
For *Ward's* is ſtout and ſtrong,
And never will be ta'en;
O everlaſting, ſays our King,
I have loſt Jewels Three,
Which would have gone unto the Seas,
And brought proud *Ward* to me.

The firſt was the Lord *Clifford*,
Brave Earl of *Cumberland*;
The ſecond was the Lord *Mountjoy*,
As you ſhall underſtand:
The third was the valiant *Eſſex*,
From Field would never flee;
Which would have gone unto the Seas,
And brought proud *Ward* to me.



The Proud Pedlar.

SO merrily ſingeth the Nightingale,
And ſo merrily ſingeth the Jay:
And ſo merrily ſinged the proud Pedlar
As he walked along the Highway.
The ſtag at my Back is worth Twenty Pounds,
In Gold and in good Money;
And I would freely part with it all,
For to kiſs a Night with a Lady.
The Lady look'd out of her window,
And hearing the Pedlar ſing;
Sing on, ſing on, thou proud Pedlar,
The Song that thou didſt begin.
The Pedlar look'd over his Left-ſhoulder,
He looked ſo neat and ſo trim;
I never ſung a Song in all my whole Life,
But I could ſing it again.
The Bag at my Back is worth Twenty Pounds,
In Gold and in good Money;
And I would freely part with it all,
For to kiſs a Night with a Lady.
The Lady took the Pedlar's Hand,
And thro' the Hall him led;
Into a large and ſpacious Room,
Where Cuſhions and Pillows were laid.
The Pedlar lay with the Lady all Night,
Until it was Break of Day;
And then he thought of his Tom Pack,
When he had no Sport to play.
Here's Twenty Pounds the Pedlar ſaid,
To buy Gloves Jewels and Rings.
So I may have my little Tom Pack.
For to get me my Living.
The Lady took the Pedlar's Pack,
And ſet it upon her Knee.
If you would give me twice Twenty Pounds,
You ſhall have no Pack of me.
I will make Graſs grow the Pedlar ſaid,
And where there did grow none.
And I will ſtand at the Hall-Gate,
Till your wedded Lord comes home.
At Night her own wedded Lord came home,
And eeing the Pedlar there ſtand.
What doſt thou here thou proud Pedlar?
Now this of thee I do demand.
Yeſterday I made a Feaſt
For Pedlars thirty-and-three.
And wanted a Mortar to pound the Spice,
And borrow'd one of your Lady.
The Mortar was your own Lady's,
But the Peſtle was my own;
But now ſhe has got my little Tom Pack,
And I wiſh the truth was but known.
Come give him his Pack thou proud Pedlar,
What makes you here let him ſtand?
Come give him his Pack, and let him be gone,
And this of you I do command.
Come take thy Pack, thou proud Pedlar,
Come take this Pack of thine.
For never a Pedlar for thy ſake,
Shall pound Spice in a Mortar of mine.
Now this is well juggl'd the Pedlar ſaid
And it is well juggl'd of me:
For now I have got my little Tom Pack,
And kiſt all Night with a Lady.
By my wanton Tricks I loſt this Pack,
By my Wits I have got it again;
And if I do live theſe Five hundred Years,
I will never come there again.



THE

Good *FELLOW.*

A new Song

SIX long years have I ſerv'd of my time,
And no one will ſet me free,
And ſo I will be a raking young blade,
And care for no body.
So I will rant and roar and call for more,
Let them ſay what they will;
For I am reſolv'd as long as I live
To be a Good Fellow ſtill.

I have a good old father at home,
And I have coſt him many a pound,
And now to make him amends for all,
I will travel the country all round;
I will tell them how I have ſpent my,
And in roving I have had my fill,
So I am reſolved as long as I live
To be a Good Fellow ſtill.

I have a good old Mother at home,
And I have coſt her many a tear,
And now to make her amends for all,
I will travel both far and near.
I will tell them how I have ſpent my time,
And in roving I have had my fill,
So I am reſolved as long as I live
To be a Good Fellow ſtill.

My true love ſent me a broad piece of gold,
I view'd it wond'rous well;
But that will neither purchaſe houſes nor land,
Nor keep me from heaven or hell.
But that will purchaſe a good brown bowl,
As the girls may drink their fill;
So I am reſolved as long as I live,
To be a Good Fellow ſtill.

THE

Unfortunate Concubine

OR,

ROSAMOND's Overthrow.

Occaſioned by her Brother's praiſing her Beauty to two young Knights of Salisbury, as they rid along the Road.



SWeet youthful charming ladies fair,
Fram'd of the pureſt mold;
With roſy cheeks and ſilken hair,
Which ſhine like threads of gold:
Soft tears of pity here beſtow,
On the unhappy fate,
Of Roſamond, who long ago
Prov'd moſt unfortunate.
When as the ſecond Henry reign'd,
On the imperial throne,
How he this beautiful flower gain'd,
To you I will make known.
With all the circumſtances too
Which did her Life attend,
How firſt ſhe into favour grew,
And of of her fatal end.
As three young Knights of Salisbury,
Were riding on their way,
One boaſted of a lady fair,
Within her bower ſo gay.
I have a ſiſter Cliſford ſwears,
But few men do her know,
Upon her face the ſkin appears
Like drops of blood on ſnow.
My ſiſters locks of curled hair,
Outſhine the golden ore.
Her ſkin for white may compare,
With the fine lily flower.

45. b. 28. (2.)

Her breasts were lovely to behold
Like to the driven snow,
I would not for her weight in gold,
King Henry should her know.
King Henry had a bower near,
Where they were riding by,
And he his Clifford over-hears.
Thought he immediately
Tho' I her brother should offend,
For that fair white and red;
For her I am resolv'd to send,
To grace my royal bed.
The King who was of high renown,
Would no denyal find;
For having wrote his pleasure down.
He did young Clifford call.
Come hither to me out of hand,
Come hither unto me,
I am the King of England,
My messenger thou shalt be.
I to your sister here have writ,
Three letters seal'd with gold,
No messenger I think so fit
As you. Therefore behold,
Convey them to her hand with speed,
Make not the least delay,
My will and pleasure let her read,
And my commands obey.
Young Clifford then the letter took,
From Henry's royal hand,
Tho' with a melancholly look
And mount'd out of hand.
Soft tears bedew'd his noble sight,
His grieved heart was sad,
Altho' he was as brave a knight
As ever Henry had.
With that this noble knight of fame,
Rode on without delay,
Until he to the bower came,
Which was both rich and gay.
She said when he knocked at the ring
Who raps so fierce and bold?
Sister, I have brought from the king,
Three letters seal'd with gold:
Then with her fingers long and small
She broke the seals of gold;
And as she did to reading fall,
At first you might behold.
The smiles of pleasant sweet delight,
As if well satisfied;
But e'er she had concluded quite,
She wrung her hands and cry'd,
Why did you go beyond your bounds,
When Oxford you did see?
You might have talked of your hounds,
And never braged of me.
When by the king I am defil'd,
My father's griefs begins,
He'll have no comfort of his child,
Nor come to my wedding.

Go fetch me down my planet book,
Strate from my private room,
For in the same I mean to look
What is decreed my doom.
The planet-book to her they brought
And laid it on her knee,
She found that all would come to nought
And poisoned she should be.
I cause you brother, then she cry'd,
Who caus'd my destiny;
I might have been a Lord's fair bride,
But you have ruin'd me.
With that she call'd her waiting-mad,
To bring her riding weed,
And to her groom she likewise said,
Saddle my milk white steed.
Some rode before her to report
Her coming to the king,
As she approached the royal court,
Sweet peal of bells did ring.
A garland over her head they bore,
To magnify her charms,
And as she came before the king,
He clasp'd her in her arms.
With blushes then she did beseech
The king on her bare knee,
These words she said, I pray my lihge,
What is your will with me?
Said he, I sent for you, my rose
To grace my royal bed,
Now as he did his mind disclose,
She blush'd like scarlet red.
Blush not my fairest Rosamond,
Fear no disatterous fate;
For by my kindly power I can
Place thee in happy state.
No lady in this court of mine,
Can purchase thy desert,
Thy pleasant looks and charms divine,
Have won my royal heart.
The gifts and presents of a king
Did cause her to comply;
Thinking there was not any thing
Like royal dignity.
But as her bright and golden scene
In court began to shine,
The news was brought unto the queen,
O' this new concubine.
At which she was enraged so,
With malice in her breast,
That till she wrought her overthrow,
She could not be at rest.
She felt the fury of a queen,
E'er she had flourish'd long.
And dy'd, just as she had foreseen
By force of poison strong.
The angry queen with malice fraught
Could not herself contain;
'Till she had brought fair Rosamond
To her sad dismal bane.

The said sweet and precious rose,
King Henry's chief delight;
The queen she to the bower goes,
And wrought her hateful spite.
But when she to the bower came
Where lady Clifford lay?
Enraged Eleanor by name,
She could not find the way.
Until the silken clue of thread,
Became a fatal guide,
Unto the queen, who laid her dead,
E'er she was satisfy'd.
Alas, it was no small surprise,
To Rosamond the fair;
When death appear'd before her eyes,
No faithful friend was there.
Who could stand up in her defence
To put the poison by;
Thus by the hand of violence
Compell'd she was to die.
O most renown'd and gracious Queen
Compassion take on me;
I wish that I had never seen
This royal dignity.
Betray'd I was, and by degrees
A fatal consent I gave;
And now upon my bended knee
Your pardon I do crave.
I will not pardon you
Then take this fatal cup;
And you may well be satisfy'd,
I'll see you drink it up.
Then with her fair and lilly hand,
The fatal cup she took;
Which being drunk she could not stand,
But soon the world forsook.
Now when the king was well inform'd
What Eleanor had done;
His breast he smote, in wrath he storm'd
As if he would have run
Besides his senses, and he swore
For this inhuman deed,
He never would bed with her more,
His royal heart did bleed.
The king stood not pausing long
How to reward her spleen,
But straitway in a prison strong
He cast this cruel queen.
Where she lay six and twenty years,
A long captivity;
Bathed in floods of weeping tears,
'Till his death set her free.
Now when her son did succeed,
His father, Great Henry,
His royal mother soon he freed,
From her captivity.
And she set more at large,
Who long for debt had lain;
Her royal pity did discharge
Thousands in Richard's reign.

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KEPPEL for ever!

SMILE, ſmile, Britannia ſmile,
On Admiral Keppel ſmile,
Thy darling ſon:
With laurels crown his head,
Go, Fame, his glory ſpread,
His name Monſieurs do dread,
From him they run.

Goree, th' Havannah too,
Where ſhot in ſhowers flew,
Keppel ſo bold,
In the midſt of the fray,
He to his men did ſay,
We'll ſhew them Britiſh play,
And ſhare their gold.

Tho' he's been falſe-accus'd,
His character abus'd,
Still he's the thing:
Keppel, theſe forty years,
Has ſerved in the wars,
Fear'd neither wounds nor ſcars,
For George, his king.

But Twitcher and his crew,
I mean his dupe, Sir You,
Wicked their ſcheme!
To try Keppel did call,
Thro' malice, that was all,
Lucifer's pride muſt fall,
Like Adm'ral Byng.

Bonfires, bells did ring,
Keppel was all the ding,
Muſic did play:
Windows with candles in,
All for to honour him;
People aloud did ſing,
Keppel! huzza!

May he draw his ſword again
In defence of George his king,
And country's right:
On board the Victory
Again his flag does fly,
Monſieurs will feel, by and by,
If he will fight.

Go, go, thou baſe Sir You,
Vice-adm'ral of the Blue,
Pr'ythee be ſtill:
O! what a wicked dog,
To ſplice the very log!
Give him, inſtead of grog,
A leaden pill.

THE

PARENTS PIOUS GIFT

Or a

Choice PRESENT for CHILDREN

Set forth in a

DIALOGUE between a Religious FATHER and an Extravagant Son

Containing a Diſpute about bad Company, or evil Communication, Pride, Drunkenneſs, rioto
Living, and all the Vanities of a vicious Courſe of Life: for which the young Man earneſtly co
tended, till by the Grace of GOD, and the Endeavours of his religous Father, he was brought fro
the Danger of Death and Deſtruction to the Hope of Life and Immortality. Concluding with t
young Man's Chriſtian Courage and Conqueſt over the Tempter, who came to diſturb him in
private Cloſet when in Tears and Repenting: It being an excellent Pattern for all young Perſons
ſet before them in theſe preſent ſinfull Times.







FATHER.

TELL me ſweet Son, what you intend to do?
This vicious Courſe of Life will bring you to
Deſtruction, if you venture to proceed.
Therefore return, return, my Son, with Speed.

SON.

What need you thus concern yourſelf with me,
Reſolv'd I am to take my Liberty;
Why ſhould I not ſince other Gallants do?
The World methinks is pleaſent to my view.

FATHER.

Thoſe pleaſant Joys but for a Moment laſt,
And when that Golden Dream is gone and paſt,
The ſting of Conſcience then brings up the Rear,
Conſider this, my Son, and ſtand in Fear.

SON.

What ſhould I fear that has this World at will,
Beſides my Fellow boon Companions ſtill
Delight themſelves in Mirth and Jovialty,
Behold, they feaſt, dance, drink, and why not I?

FATHER.

If wilful Men will wilfully run on,
And break through all the Laws of God and Man;
It is no Chriſtian Argument that you,
For Friendſhip's Sake ſhould ſin, and periſh too.

SON.

Perhaps, I feaſt as other Gallants do,
Perhaps with Wine I paſs my Time away;
With ſuch Delights my Senſes ſhall be coy'd,
Why were they ſent if not to be enjoy'd;

FATHER.

My Son, theſe Creatures are as Bleſſings ſent,
Purely for Man's refreſhing Nouriſhment?
But if in any wiſe they are abus'd,
How can you think the Sin can be excus'd.
Thy lawleſs Mirth diſturbs my quiet Reſt,
My aged Heart lies bleeding in my Breaſt,
To ſee the ſad Deſtruction of my Son,
Why will you thus to diſmal Ruin run?
Why will you not bad Company forſake?
Why will you not my Chriſtian Council take?
Why will you ſin and ſlight the Means of Grace;
Return, return, whilſt thou haſt Time and Space.

SON.

Father, ſhould I your lawfull Will obey.
And quite forſake my Friends, what would they ſay;
Not one of them but will me ſcoff I'm ſure,
For ſerious Men they never could endure.
Conſcience begins to call me by Degrees,
Then were I not in Danger to diſpleaſe
My jovial Friends, I would religious grow,
But they would count me this and that I know.

FATHER.

My Son, let lewd Company ſay their worſt,
Be thou religious upright, true and juſt;
Thou ſhalt be crown'd with Glory for the ſame,
While thoſe that ſlight thee, may be crown'd with Shame.
Paſs through the Vale of low Humility,
And righteous Men ſhall thy Companions be;
Whoſe Patience, like a Golden Shield, ſhall ſereen,
Thy Soul, my Son, from Satan's hatefull Spleen.
Frequent the Church, and put away thy Sins,
Keep cloſe to God, who is the beſt of Friends:
He'll be thy Hope, thy Strength, and Comfort then,
If ſo, what needſt thou fear the Sons of Men.
But ſtill you ſlight your God and hug your Pride,
If without Grace thou canſt be ſatisfy'd;
If to the Houſe of Prayer you will not go,
His love will turn to Wrath and endleſs Wo.

SON.

Father my Eyes are opened, and I ſee,
Deſtruction ready to be pois'd on me,
With more than common Grief I am oppreſt,
Where ſhall I fly to find a Place of Reſt?
If to my Wealth, alaſs! what Comfort's there?
If to my Pride, that cannot eaſe my Care:
If, laſtly to my Tavern Friends I fly,
They can't help me, they've ſinn'd as well as I.
No Hope I have, but in my God alone,
Then on my bended Knees before his Throne,
Of Grace and Mercy will I weep and cry:
Hoping he will vouchſafe to caſt an Eye,
Of Pity on a Sinner in Diſtreſs;
His Laws henceforth I never will tranſgreſs:
But make them my continual Rule and Guide,
That through his Grace I may be glorified.

TEMPTER.

I ſtand amaz'd to ſee you weeping here,
Your zealous Father has been too ſevere;
But mind him not, chear up thy Heart with Wine,
Whene'er he dies, all that he has is thine.

YOUTH.

I neither ſtand in need of Wine nor Wealth,
It is my precious Soul's eternal Health,
Which I am ſeeking; Temper don't intrude,
Diſturb me not in this my Solitude.

TEMPTER.

Diſturb thee! no, I come, I come in Love,
And would not have thee aim at Things above
Thy Underſtanding; caſt that Book aſide,
And with thy jovial Friends be ſatisfy'd.
There's Joy and Mirth, fit for thy blooming Years.
Here's nought but ſobs, with bitter Sighs and Tears:
Chear up my Darling, and thy Joys renew,
Let others weep that has more Cauſe then you.

YOUTH.

Had ever Sinner greater Cauſe than I?
Alas! there does weighty Burden lie
Upon my wounded tender Conſcience here,
Undone I am, if God ſhould prove ſevere.

TEMPTER.

What a Strange Feud and Paſſion art thou in
There's many Thouſands worſe than thou has
For Wickedneſs, I'll make it well appear,
Who ne'er ſo much as ſhed one ſingle Tear.
You never dipt your Hands in Infant's Blood,
You ne'er laid Cities in a ſeeking Flood;
Theſe are the Sins which do for Vengeance call,
But as for thine they're few or none at all.
Perhaps ſome Times at Cards, or Dice you pl
And now and then upon the Sabbath-day
You take a Glaſs or Bottle with your Friends,
What if you do, theſe are but ſlender Sins,

YOUTH.

How can you theſe deceitful words expreſs,
what is the dreadful Sin of Drunkenneſs,
And the Profanation of the Sabbath-day,
Of ſuch a ſmall Account with you, I pray?
TEMPTER, I charge you in the bleſſed Name,
Of our great God, to go from whence you came,
I've ſet my Hand unto this Plough this Day,
And live or die I'll not be drawn away.

SATAN.

What do you ſlight my Love and Kindneſs
If ſo perhaps, I'll move the Sons of Men
To perſecute thee even unto Death.
Youth.] I fear thee not, Life's but a Blaſt of Bre

YOUTH.

Let wicked Men and Devil's do their worſt,
I have a God in whom I put my Truſt;
Who can and will defend me evermore,
While on my Knees I do his Aid implore.
When Satan found he could not make him yi
With Rage and Fury ſtraight he quits the Field;
while this Youth through Faith and Patience run
To finiſh the great work he had begun.
Farewel, farewell falſe Friends, quoth he, adi
I have no Pleaſure or Delight in you;
The Grace of God is more to me he cry'd,
Then all the Riches in the world beſide.
Bleſſed be God that ever I was reprov'd,
Bleſſed be my Father who in Kindneſs mov'd
His ſtubborn Son through Force of Argument;
For this has brought me early to repent.
This is a Gift for Parents far and near,
Preſent it to their Sons and Daughters dear;
That by this Youth they may a Pattern take,
And for the Love of God their Sins forſake.

FINIS.

THE

GENTLE CRAFT's COMPLAINT:

OR,

The Jolly SHOE-MAKERS humble Petition to the Queen and Parliament; with their great Hopes of the Advancement of each Leather Trade.

Tune of, *Now, now comes on the glorious Year.*





THE jolly Shoemakers, 'tis ſaid,
Hath found a great Decay of Trade,
And lately have been ſore diſmay'd,
And in a diſmal Taking.

Becauſe the Leather was grown dear,
And carried over Sea, we hear;
But Gentle Craftſmen never fear,
You'll ſtill be brisk Shoemakers.

It is a noble ancient Trade,
No Man on Earth can it degrade,
And muſt the Craft now be decay'd,
No, no, be not miſtaken.

Criſpin and *Criſpianus* too,
The Town of *Feverſham* well knew,
And likewiſe noble good St. *Hugh*,
Were all of them Shoemakers.

This Craft was never held in Scorn,
Sir *Thomas Eyer* did it adorn,
A Shoemaker's Son a Prince is born;
But now they've undertaken,

To ſend their Grievance to our Queen,
In Hopes a Draw-back to obtain,
And the Parliament their Caſe hath ſeen.
They'll ſtill be brisk Shoemakers.

This is the Subſtance of their State,
Much unwrought Leather was of late,
Sent over, and the Taxes great,
Made jolly Hearts to ake, Sir.

To think their Trade ſhould ſo decay,
For many out of Buſineſs lay,
Each Prentice had no Heart to ſtay,
That will be brisk Shoemakers.

The Parliament hath heard their Grief,
And quickly will extend Relief,
For Thouſands of the very Chief
Of them hath undertaken,

In this great Action to proceed,
And there's no Doubt but will ſucceed,
And by our Senate be decreed,
To make them brisk Shoemakers.

All others that in Leather deal,
The Comfort too will alſo feel,
What thoſe Trades are we ſhall reveal,
Glovers and Harneſs-makers.

Coach-makers, Tanners, Skinners too,
Tranſlaters Joys it will renew,
Then toſs off Healths, Boys, ſince 'tis true,
You'll ſtill be brisk Shoemakers.

The Book-binders doth Leather uſe,
And Boys for Satchels doth it chuſe,
As well as he that mendeth Shoes,
So doth the Breeches-maker.

The Bellows-maker too beſide,
He is oblig'd to uſe Bull's Hides,
Then Craftſmen lay all Cares aſide,
You'll ſoon be brisk Shoe-makers.

It was your brave Boys by free Conſent,
That humbly in full Body went,
Unto our noble Parliament,
As you had undertaken.

As a juſt Reward for all to ſee,
This Nation will recorded be,
Then toſs full Bumbers, let them flee,
To the Honour of Shoe-makers.

Our noble Parliament you'll find,
To *Engliſh* Tradeſmen will prove kind,
And ever will your Intereſt mind,
Juſt now 'tis undertaken.

They have conſider'd your Addreſs,
Our noble Peers could do no leſs,
Whilſt all the World muſt ſtill confeſs
You're honeſt brisk Shoe-makers.

No longer need you ſigh and pine,
But toſs to *Anna* Flasks of Wine,
The noble Craft will clearly ſhine,
No Damp will overtake them.

Then let a general Joy abound,
In ev'ry incorporated Town,
And great *Auguſt*'s Joys be crown'd,
To honour her Shoe-makers.

Each Journey-man and 'Prentice too,
And Maſters, without more ado,
May wear the Bones of great St. *Hugh*,
For Work will ne'er forſake them.

The Caſe will ſoon be alter'd quite,
Each in his Labour may delight,
Then toſs a Jug or two each Night,
For the Honour of Shoe-makers.

Then jolly gentle Craftſmen all,
Be merry, whatſoe'er befal,
There will for you be a great Call,
You are not yet forſaken.

Then hollow, Boys, with a loud Huzza,
And for our gracious Sovereign pray,
You'll have Redreſs without Delay,
And ſtill be brisk Shoemakers.

Then let the Pitcher walk amain,
And drink their Healths up o'er again,
Who your Complaints did not diſdain,
When you thought you were forſaken.

'Tis our good Parliament I mean,
And Royal *Anne* our noble Queen,
Who *England*'s Friends have ever been,
Now proves the brave Shoe-makers.

Then let all Sorrows have an End,
And God is Bleſſings down will ſend,
And eke this noble Craft defend,
And never will forſake them.

But Trade and Buſineſs will encreaſe,
Let Fears of wanting now quite ceaſe,
May nought but Health and Wealth and Peace,
Attend the brave Shoe-makers.

Then to conclude, once more rejoice,
Sing *Criſpin*'s Fame in Heart and Voice,
Throw up your Hats with Huzza, Boys,
Great Joys you are partaking.

Which will to you be now reſtor'd,
Then toſs the Bumber o'er and o'er,
Remember theſe dull Times no more,
You ſtill are brave Shoe-makers.

A Wonderful Prophecy.

Declared by *Chriſtian James*, a Maid of Twenty Years of Age, late Daughter to *Daniel James* who was born and bred near the Town which is called *Padſtow*, in the County of *Cornwel*, who departed this Life upon the 8th of *March*. With a true Relation of her Behaviour, both in her Life-time, and at the Hour of her Death, worthy to be had in perpetual Memory. To the Tune of, *In Summer Time*, &c.



THE mighty Lord that rules in Heaven,
Strange Wonders doth in *England* ſend,
And many Warning hath us given,
'Cauſe we our Lives ſhould ſoon amend:
But like the misbelieving *Jews*,
So hard of Heart ſome People be,
They think that nothing can be true,
But that which their own Eyes did ſee.

Therefore, good People, mark it well,
I'll here lay open to your view
A Song moſt wonderful and ſtrange,
And can approve it to be true:
A Damſel did near *Padſtow*, dwell,
Within the County of *Cornwel* fair,
Whoſe Parents had no Child but her,
She was her Father's only Heir.

To whom came a brave Young Man,
Intending to make her a Wife,
But never tempting Tongue could make,
This Maid to change her Maiden Life:
And though her Parents Riches had,
And coſtly Garments her allow'd,
In homely Habit ſhe would go,
And always hated to be proud.

She ne'er was heard to curſe or ſwear,
Nor any Word of Anger give,
But courteous was in every Thing,
To them that did about her live:
If ſhe heard any one to ſwear,
Or take God's ſacred Name in vain,
She told them that they crucify'd,
Our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt again.

She often did frequent the Church,
And alſo did relieve the Poor,
The Widow and the Fatherleſs,
She every Day fed at the Door:
Upon a Time, this Damſel ſhe
Fell Sick, and in a deadly Sound,
She lay for twenty Hours Space,
No Life in her could then be found.

Her aged Father did lament,
Her Mother ſhe ſhed many a Tear,
She wept, ſhe wail'd, ſhe wrung her Hands,
For loſs of this her Daughter dear:
Alas! alas! my Child, ſhe ſaid,
How dearly have I tender'd thee;
And wilt thou now forſake the World,
And leave me in this Miſery.

I would thy Birth had been my Death,
Then never had I ſeen this Day;
This grievous Moan the Mother made,
By her dear Daughter as ſhe lay:
At laſt ſhe did ſtrong Waters fetch,
And rub'd her Temples and each Vein,
Till at the laſt the Damſel had,
Recover'd Life and Senſe again.

And being come unto her Speech,
With Voice moſt ſhrill aloud, ſhe cry'd
O Mother you have done me wrong,
This cannot be by you deny'd;
For I was in the Way to Heaven,
Two glorious Angels did me guide,
Who gently took me by the Hand.

SInging of Pſalms and Spiritual Songs,
So long as we paſt on the Way,
Till he which had a Golden Crown,
Met us, and cauſed us to ſtay:
Return, ſaid he, from whence thou cam'ſt,
Thy Mother for thee makes great Moan;
And tell thoſe Things which I declare,
Unto thy Neighbours every one.

Speak this, quoth he, unto them all,
How that the Lord e'er long will ſend,
A grievous Puniſhment to them,
That does him wilfully offend:
This is the laſt Age of the World,
Even to the very Sink of Sin,
The Puddle of Iniquity,
Which thou long Time hath wallowed in:

The Man and Wife live in Diſcord,
The Father envies his own Son,
The Rich and Poor, the Old and Young,
Do hourly into Miſchief run:
Extortion and Idolatry,
And hateful Pride is now in uſe,
Blaſphemous Oaths and Curſes vile,
The People count as no abuſe.

God's Miniſters are ſet at nought,
The Sabbath is prophan'd alſo,
The poor lies ſtarving in the Street,
Oppreſt with Sorrow, Grief, and Woe:
The loathſome Sin of Drunkenneſs,
And Whoredom doth much exceed,
He that can do his Neighbour wrong,
Doth think he Doth a godly deed.

Now ponder well what I do ſay,
Doom's dreadful Day is nigh at Hand,
Fire and Brimſtone ſhall deſtroy,
The Heaven, the Earth, the Sea and Land;
And every Soul before the Lord,
A juſt Account he then ſhall give,
His Conſcience ſhall a Witneſs be,
In what Condition he did live.

Then he that had done well ſhall paſs,
Forthwith to everlaſting Reſt,
And live among'ſt thoſe glorious Saints,
Which Jeſus Chriſt our Lord hath bleſt;
Where Martyrs, Prophets, Patriarchs,
Do Hallelujahs ever ſing,
Glory and Honour be to God,
And unto Chriſt our heavenly King.

Then woe to them that have done ill,
When they ſhall hear the Sentence paſt,
Depart ye curſed into Hell,
Whoſe Fire for evermore ſhall laſt:
The Sorrows which are here foretold,
Will come on you, e'er it be long,
Except Repentance truly dwell,
In Hearts of all, both Old and Young.

Repentance and true watery Eyes,
Will help to quench the burning Flame,
Which he hath kindled, to conſume
The wicked World's moſt rotten Frame:
Let not your Buildings all ſo brave,
Turn'd and waſted with God's Ire,
Let not your Souls, for whom Chriſt dy'd,
Be burnt in Hell's eternal Fire.

Here endeth the Prophecy.

THeſe Speeches ſpoke, the Maiden dy'd,
And came no more to Life again;
Her Soul, no doubt, is gone to Heaven,
With glorious Angels to remain:
At her deceaſe, an Harmony
Of Muſick there was heard to ſound,
Which raviſh'd all the Standers by,
It did with Sweetneſs ſo abound.

It pierc'd the Earth and Air alſo,
Yet no Man knew from whence it came,
But each one ſaid it came from Heaven:
And preſently upon the ſame,
The Magiſtrates of that ſame Pariſh,
Which heard and ſaw this wonder ſtrange,
Deſir'd to have it put in Print,
'Cauſe wicked Men their Ways may change.

The Names of the Maſters of the Pariſh that ſaw the Maid on her Death-Bed, and heard the Words of the Prophecy which ſhe delivered, were as followeth: W. Wates, *Curate*; T. *Davies, Head Conſtable*; R Wilkins *and* C. Tanner, *Church-wardens: Who, by conſent of divers others in the ſame Pariſh, which were in the Preſence at the Damſel's deceaſe; cauſed a Letter to be written, and ſent it from thence to* London, *on Purpoſe to have it printed, thereby to avoid Scandal.* *Contrived in Metre, by* L P.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne, Printed and Sold by *John White*.

CHRIST *compared to an* Apple-tree.

I.

THE tree of life my ſoul hath ſeen,
Laden with fruit, and always green;
The trees of nature fruitleſs be,
Compar'd with Chriſt the Apple-tree.

II.

His Beauty does all things excell,
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell,
The glory which I now can ſee,
In Jeſus Chriſt the Apple-tree.

III.

For happineſs I long have ſought,
And pleaſures dearly have I bought;
I miſs'd of all, but now I ſee,
'Tis found in Chriſt the Apple-tree.

IV.

I'm weary'd with my former toil,
But here I'll ſit and reſt a-while,
Under the ſhadow I would be,
Of Jeſus Chriſt the Apple-tree.

V.

With great delight I'll make my ſtay,
There's none ſhall fright my ſoul away,
Among the ſons of Men I ſee,
There's none like Chriſt the Apple-tree.

VI.

I'll ſit and eat his fruit divine,
Which cheers my heart like ſprightly wine,
Oh! now the fruit is ſweet to me,
Which grows on Chriſt the Apple-tree.

VII.

This fruit doth make my ſoul to thrive,
And keep my dying faith alive;
Which makes my ſoul in haſte to be,
With Jeſus Chriſt the Apple-tree.

For a Miniſter before PREACHING.

1 O Deareſt SAVIOUR help thou me,
To ſound thy Goſpel Word,
That I may cry thy Grace is free,
Come truſt now in the Lord.

2 Perfect thy Strentgh in Weakneſs now,
Shew forth thy mighty Power;
For thou art faithful thou art true,
Come bleſs us in this Hour.

3 O teach me rightly to divide,
Thy Word of Truth alway;
That I thy little Flock may feed,
And call thoſe back that ſtray.

4 Load me with Cordials from above,
Thy Children for to give;
That faint for more of JESUS Love,
Their Hearts for to revive.

5 And give me Plaiſters, O my God!
For thoſe thar Wounded be;
The bleſſed Balm of JESUS Blood,
Which cures Effectually.

6 Purges are wanting, likewiſe, LORD,
For Souls that are unclean,
Thy powerful and unerring Word,
Which ſearches every Vein.

7 Thus teach thou me, O LORD my GOD
To feed thy Church below,
Which thou haſt purchas'd with thy Blood
Where ever I do go.

8 Prepare the People's Hearts that they,
My Meſſage may receive,
And for the ſame praiſe thee alway,
The GOD thro' whom we live.

45. 6. 22. 1283.

A RECEIPT *to make a true Methodiſt.*

FIrſt, Faſt and Pray, and then take a Quart of Repentance of *Nineve*, and put in two Handfuls of Faith in the Blood of Chriſt, with as much Hope and Charity as you can get, and put it into a Veſſel of a clean Conſcience, then boil it in the Fire of Love ſo long till you ſee by the Eyes of Faith, the black Foam of the Love of this World to ſtick in your Stomach, then ſcum it of clean with the Spoon of faithful Prayer; when this is done, put in the Powder of Patience, and take the Cloak of Chriſt's Innocence, ſtrain all together in this Cup, then drink it burning hot next to thy Heart, and cover thee warm with as many Cloaths of Amendment of Life as God ſhall ſtrengthen thee and enable thee to bear, that thou mayeſt ſweat out all the Poyſon of Covetouſneſs, Pride, Whoredom, Idolatry, Uſury, Swearing, Lying, with ſuch-like; and when thou ſeeſt thyſelf altered from the afore-named Vices, take the Powder of Say-well, and put upon thy Tongue, but drink thrice as much Do-well daily, then take the Oil of Good Works, and anoint therewith the Eyes, Ears, Heart and Hands, that they may be ready and nimble to adminiſter to the poor Members of Chriſt; when this is done, then in God's Name ariſe from Sin willingly, read the Bible daily, take up the Croſs boldly, and ſtand to it manfully, bear all Viſitations patiently, Pray continually, Reſt thankfully, and thou ſhalt live everlaſtingly, and come to the hill of Joy quickly; to which Place haſten us good Lord ſpeedily.



Cock-Lane, Humbug.

THE town it long has been in pain
About the phantom in Cock-Lane,
To find it out they ſtrove in vain
Not one thing they neglected ;
They ſearched the bed and room com-
To ſee if there was any cheat, (pleat.
While little Miſs that looks ſo ſweet,
Was not the leaſt ſuſpected.

Then ſoon the knocking it begun
And then the ſcratching it wou'd come
'Twas pleaſed to anſwer any one,
And that was done by knocking ;
If you was poiſon'd tell us true,
For yes knock one, for no knock two,
Then ſhe knock'd I tell to you, (ing.
Which needs muſt making it ſhock-

On Friday night as many know,
A noble Lord did thither go,
The Ghoſt in knocking wou'd not ſhow
Which made the Gueſt to mutter :
They being gone then one was there
Who always called it my dear,
Fanny was pleas'd 'tis very clear,
And then began to flutter.

The Ghoſt ſome Gentlemen did tell,
If they would go to Clerkenwell,
Into the Vault where ſhe did dwell,
That they thred knocks ſhould hear ſir
On Monday night away they went,
The man accus'd he was preſent,
But all as death it was ſilent.
The de'll a knock was there ſir.

The Gentlemen return'd again,
And told young miſſy flat and plain,
She was the Agent of Cock-Lane,
Who knock'd and ſcratch'd for Fanny
'Twas falſe each perſon did agree,
Miſs begg'd to go with her daddy
And then went into the Country
To knock and ſcratch for Fanny.



An excellent new PLAY-HOUSE SONG,

Call'd

The bonny Grey-Ey'd Morn

Or

Jockey *Rous'd with Love.*

THe bonny grey Ey'd morn began to peep,
When *Jockey* rous'd with Love came blithly on
And I who wiſhing lay depriv'd of ſleep,
Abhor'd the lazy hours that ſlow did run.
But muckle were my joy when in my view,
I from the window ſpy'd my only dear.
I took the wings of love, and to to him flew,
For *I* had fancy'd all my Heav'n was there.

Upon my boſom *Jocky* laid his head
And ſighing told me pretty tales of Love
My yeilding Heart at every word he ſaid,
Did flutter up and down and ſtrangely move:
He ſighing kiſs'd my Hand and vow'd and ſwore
That *I* had ore his Heart a Conqueſt gain'd,
Then bluſhing beg that *I* would grant him more
Which he alas too ſoon, too ſoon obtain'd

Not that *I* do repent *I* did comply
But this *I* needs muſt own, my yeilding Heart
Was quickly overcome by *Jockys* Eye
Which gave a deeper wound then *Cupids* dart,
His Cheeks were Cherry red his Lips the ſame
His Tongue ſo many Charms could ſtill expreſs
That e'ry word he ſaid did raiſe new Flame
And kindled, kindled Fire in my breaſt.

My *Jocky* does a thouſand ways beſide
Expreſs himſelf in tender love to me,
With arms about waiſt he ſighing cry'd
Oh give me thy conſent or *I*ſe mun dee:
Then with a gentle Kiſs does beg again
That his poor wounded Heart *I* would but cure
Not thinking that I felt his love ſick pain,
For *I* alas was his, was his before.

And now *I* could no longer hide my Pain,
But let my deareſt *Jocky* know my Heart,
Oh how he hug'd me in his arms again,
And every Kiſs he gave did eaſe my Smart,
Then vowing o're and o're betwixt each Kiſs
He conſtant would remain while life did laſt,
Now tell me lovers, where's the hurt of this,
For to enjoy when that the Knots ty'd faſt.

FINIS.

The CAPING TRADE

To its own proper Tune.

COme all brave Boyes o'th' *Caping*
This ſtaitly *Veſſel* we'll invade,
We'll pin her *Cargo* to her *Load*,
No Quarters we'll afford her:
But ſtanding Stout is ſtill brave Fate,
Altho our *Seas* be rough of late.
Come *Helm-a-lee* and *low your Top*,
I'le lay my Life *I*'ll board her.

Thefirſt Attempt may prove in vain,
Altho it be neither Blot nor Stain;
For the Brave may loſe as well as gain,
We'll do it with Bravado's:
We'll wheel about, and undertake
To bord her under *Quarter-deck*,
With *Blunderbuſh* and ported *Pick*
And with two *Hand Granados*,

Cheer up anone, your mad to think
That your in danger for to Sink,
But with Broadſide cloſs to her clink,
Deal Thumps and *turn all over*;
Your *Bline* may ſplit upon her Starn,
If you receive no greater Harm, (warm
Then a Cup of Brandy, (your Hearts being
will ſoon that loſs recover,

I have been at the *Caping Trade*,
And Forraign *Blood I* oft have ſhed;
But it is true what of Old was ſaid,
True honours got by Danger.
I'll ſtay at home put up my Pick,
No Prizes more will to me ſtick;
For a ſtately *Veſſels* beat me back,
I'm ſure's was in all *England*.

Declining dayes comes one a pace,
How dare *I* look my Enemy in th' Face,
When *I* came off with great Diſgrace;
For lake of ſtore of *Powder*:
My *Ammunitions* ſpent and gone,
My little *Guns* ſcarce half foot long,
And two little *Balls* are ſcarce worth one,
So *I*'m no more for *Boarding*.

All you that *Caping* take in hand.
See that your *Men* they ſtout do ſtand,
The *Souldiers* all at your Command,
To fire at once *make ready*,
Stand to it then for ever more,
See that your Loſs be not before;
Stile firſt a *Gun* to the *Cabine* Door;
Faint heart ne'er wan fair Lady,

FINIS.

A VVedding Song,

ON

The Marraige of John Brown, Merchant in Holland, and Margaret Hepburn, Daughter to the Laird of Bairsoot,

Solemnized 28 of July 1714.

THE Beauty new of *Edinburgh* Town,
She's Chang'd her Collour into *Brown*,
After it's so long Preservation,
Shes like-to pass out of this Nation,
That she may Learn the *Holland* Fashon,
To Eat her Butter with Garleik,
And so become a Lazie Freik,
By mixing Bear with Brandy Wine,
Makes Young Pigs grow ill Favour'd Swine,
And Eat their own Flesh when they Dine,
In Sheives of Bread with Poudred Porck
Untill they Swim above like Cork,
So that a *Bairfoot* must be best,
To Equalize all of that Nest,
Where *de Ruters* and *de Veits*,
Came to be Cut into Bits,
Magie had better kept at Heme,
Than thither gone and *Bairfoot* come
Again, when she's not worth a Plack,
And her *Brown* turned is to *Black*,
Like those who Suiters were to her,
Who are grown mad and knows not where
To find their Fancie till Return,
They see their old Jo *Magie Hepburne*,
Come Home again and Change her Hew,
Of Kid and White from Brown to Blew,

Captain HIND's Progreſs and Ramble.

Tune of *Robin Hood* Revived.





THere's many a comical ſtory you know,
with a hey down, down and a down,
Of valiant and brave Captain Hind:
A ſong of them all ſing here now I ſhall,
'Tis jocular, pleaſant, and fine,
How this valiant Captain his calling began,
with a hey down, &c.
In brief you ſhall here underſtand;
There's few of his trade ſuch frolicks have play'd
Among the outlaws of the land.
He travell'd to London, and met with a gang
with a hey down, &c.
Who learn'd him the abſolute art
Of taking a purſe for better for worſe;
And bravely he manag'd his part:
At length they were routed according to law,
with a hey down, &c.
And hanged was each pelfering elf;
Except Jemmy Hind, who ſtrait did deſign
To ſet up trade for himſelf.
Like to a poor ſhepherd he harneſs'd himſelf,
with a hey down, &c.
Having both a bottle and crook,
And ſtanding at length on a hill,
A booty he merrily took.
He ſeiz'd on a gallant's brave prancing horſe,
with a hey down, &c.
Brave piſtols and ſilver enough:
Which made him to laugh, he gave him a ſtaff,
And bid him to beat on the hoof.
Two thieves that had heard of the booty he got,
with a hey down, &c.
They came for to rob him next day;
But brave valiant Hind he ſav'd his own coin,
And took the thieves money away.
As Hind was a riding along the highway,
with a hey down, &c.
An old hag he happen'd to meet;
She gave him a charm to keep him from harm.
He threw her a crown for a treat.
A gentleman riding from London to York,
with a hey down, &c.
With gold, aye, and ſilver ſo bright;
Hind ſoon got the fleece, then threw him a piece
To buy him a ſupper at night.
Hind happen'd to come to the very ſame inn,
with a hey down, &c.
Whereat the York gentleman lay,
Who telling his loſs, and ſeeing Hind's horſe,
It was not convenient to ſtay.
Three gentlemen drinking a bottle of wine,
with a hey doſhn, &c.
The ſervants went jogging before,
With two bags of gold, and ſilver untold,
Hind heard of that plentiful ſtore.
He made the portmanteaus immediately bleed,
with a hey down, &c.
The money he cunningly ſnaps;

Thenhaſten'd away, no time to delay,
He never ſtood thrumming of caps.
Hind met with a parſon as he was purſu'd,
with a hey down, &c.
To whom he did merily ſay,
There's thieves behind a coming you'll find,
To take all your money away:
Sir, here is a piſtol, pray ſhoot at the firſt,
with a hey down, &c.
Which piſtol the parſon receives,
As knowing behold one ſaying of old,
One honeſt man ſcares twenty thieves:
The parſon being pot-valiant it ſeems,
with a hey down, &c.
He ſhot, tho' it happen'd in vain,
Without more adieu the piſtol he threw,
At which he was preſently ta'en:
Thus Hind got away, but the parſon was brought
with a hey down, &c.
Unto an old Juſtice 'tis ſaid;
Where ſoon he was clear'd, for why it appear'd
That he was no thief by his trade.
Not far from a river, Hind met with a ſpark,
with a hey down, &c.
Whoſe pockets with gold were well lin'd,
Quoth he, as I live twenty pounds I would give,
If I could but ſee Captain Hind;
He ſtrait was for changing horſes with Hind,
with a hey down, &c.
And thirty pounds gave him to boot;
Then did he endeavour to leap a wide river,
But had not the power to do't:
Quoth Hind you ſhall ſee me leap it with eaſe,
with a hey down, &c.
And as he the river did croſs,
Quoth he there is twenty for ſeeing brave Hind,
And ten pounds for riding his horſe.
Hind met with a parſon who had been robb'd,
with a hey down, &c.
The ſtory he merrily told,
But tho' the thieves found in ſilver five pounds
My collar concealed my gold:
What trade do you think I am ſaid Hind?
with a hey down, &c.
I know not, ſaid the Divine:
A Cutter, quoth he, and ſo you ſhall ſee,
I want ſuch a collar as thine.
Hind came to a town where the Bailiffs had got,
with a hey down, &c.
An innkeeper faſt in the net;
An old Uſurer, a crabbed old cur,
Would ſend him to priſon for debt.
Hind laid down the money, and took up the bond,
with a hey down, &c.

Then finding the man was but poor,
He ſoon paid himſelf, for he robb'd the old elf,
Of that, likewiſe twenty pounds more.
Hind came to a gentleman under a hedge,
with a hey down, &c.
So when he had taken his chink,
He boldly rid on to William his man,
And gave him ten ſhillings to drink.
Hind got him a man, whoſe name was Jack,
with a hey down, &c.
An active and delicate lad;
Without any fear, he'd ride far and near,
Where any thing was to be had.
They waited for one that had lodg'd at their inn
with a hey down, &c.
And when he came up to their view
Hind can'd him and cry'd, how ſlowly you ride
How long muſt I tarry for you?
An aged committee-man riding to town,
with a hey down, &c.
Now that he might go thorough ſtich,
Tho' he had gold bags, his coat was all rags,
That thieves might not think he was rich.
Now wither away, ſaid brave Captain Hind?
with a hey down. &c.
The other ſaid, Maſter, in brief,
I am a poor heart, and for my own part,
Am going to ſeek ſome relief.
Hind threw him a delicate piece of broad gold,
with a hey down, &c.
And bid him go drink his health;
Aye, maſter, quoth he, I'll do it right free,
And wiſh you both honour and wealth.
But when the committee-man came to the inn,
with a hey down, &c.
He rail'd againſt Captain Hind,
The which being told, he plunder'd his gold.
His budget was ſo well lin'd.
Of all the great Robbers that ever was known,
with a hey down, &c.
He was the moſt frolickſome blade,
His merriment ſtill did gain him good-will,
Tho long he had follow'd his trade.
At length being taken for treaſon God-wot,
with a hey down, &c.
Againſt the long parliament ſtate,
Our Captain was try'd, condemn'd, and dy'd,
And thus he ſubmitted to fate.
And many more frolicks the Captain has play'd,
with a hey down, &c.
Now if you will read them at large,
The book you may buy, good people for why,
It is but juſt one penny charge.

LOVE is the Cauſe of my Mourning.

Or, The Deſpairing Lover.

Sung with its own proper Tune.

THe week before *Eaſter* the day being fair,
The Sun ſhining bright, cold Froſt in the *Air*,
I did me to the Orchard ſome flowers to pull there
But *Flora* could yeild me no pleaſures.

The hills being covered with Midſummers Clouds
The white and the red did ſpring from the Rocks,
The Birds they were tuning their Muſical Notes,
there was neither Coyſlips nor Roſes.

I had not been in this Wood half an hour ſpent,
When for to turn back again was my intent,
I heard a young Man who ſore did Lament:
for Love was the cauſe of his Mourning.

I Loved a Laſs this many long Day,
And for to requite me ſhe is Marri'd away,
With ſighing and ſobing Lamenting for ay,
which was the cauſe of his Mourning.

Her Face was ſo fair I loved her well,
I hated all thoſe that wiſhed her ill,
They ſaid of my Suit I would never prevail,
but yet I would never believe them.

Her Face was ſo fair my Joy to behold,
Her Love I eſteemed more dearer than gold;
For once ſhe had my Heart in her Hold,
but yet with diſdain ſhe rewards me.

When that I did ſee my Love to the Kirk go,
With all her fair Maids ſhe had a fair ſhow,
My heart was ſo grieved I mourned for woe
to ſee her ſo lowly regarded.

When that I did hear the Clerk publickly cry,
Is there any contrary, its time to draw nye,
I thought in my Mind good Reaſon had I.
but yet it was beſt to conceal it.

When I did ſee my Love join hand in hand,
With Rings on her Fingers to ſeal up that Band,
He had ſo inriched her with goods, gear and land,
there was nothing but death could ſeparat them.

When I did ſee my Love in her Bed right,
My Eyes guſht out of water and blinded my ſight,
I took off my Hat and bad her goodnight,
poxon her for ſhe will not leave him.

FINIS.

Good Night and God be with you all

Or the Neighbours Farewel To his FRIENDS.

NOw come is my departing time;
And here I may no longer ſtay,
There is no kind Comerade of mine,
But will deſire I were away,
But if that time will me permit;
Which from your Company doth call,
And me inforceth for to flit,
Good Night and God be with you all.

For here I grant ſome time I ſpent
In loving kind good Company,
For all Offences I repent,
And wiſheth now forgiven to be;
What I have done for want of wit
To Memory I'le not recall:
I hope ye are my Friends as yet,
Good Night and God be with you all.

Complementing I never lov'd,
Nor Talkative much for to be,
And of Speeches a multitude,
Becomes no Man of Quality.
From Faith, Love, Peace and Unity,
I wiſh none of us never fail,
God grant us all Proſperity.
Good Night and God be with you all.

I wiſh that I might longer ſtay,
To enjoy your Society;
The Lord to Bleſs you night and day,
And ſtill to be in your Company,
No Vice nor iniquity,
God grant none of you ever fail.
Gods Bleſſing keep both you and me:
Good Night and God be with you all.

The Friends Reply.

Moſt Loving Friend, God be thy guide,
And never leave thy Company.
And all things needful thee provide,
And give thee all Proſperity;
We rather had thy Company,
If thou wouldſt have ſtay'd us among,
We wiſh thee much Felicity.
God grant that nothing do thee wrong.

FINIS.

The Age of Wonders.

To the Tune of *Chivy Chaſe.*

THE Year of Wonders is arriv'd,
The Devil has learnt to dance;
The Church from Danger juſt retriev'd
By Help brought in from *Fance.*

Nature's run mad, and Madmen rule,
The World's turn'd upſide down;
Tumult puts in to keep the Peace,
And Popery the Crown.

In all the Ages of the World,
Such Wonders ne're were ſeen;
Papiſts cry out for th' *Engliſh* Church,
And Rabbles for the Queen.

The Pulpit thunders Death and War,
To heal the Bleeding Nation;
And ſends Diſſenters to the D---l.
To keep the Tolleration.

The High-Church Clergy mounted high,
Like Sons of *Jehu* drive;
And over True Religion ride,
To keep the Church alive.

The Furioſo's of the Church
Come foremoſt like the Wind;
And Moderation, out of Breath,
Comes trotting on behind.

The Realm, from Danger to ſecure,
To foreign Aid we cry;
With Papiſts and Nonjurors join,
To keep out Popery.

King *William* on our Knees we curſe,
And damn the Revolution;
And to preſerve the Nation's Peace,
We ſtudy its Confuſion.

With Treacherous Heart and Double Tongue,
Both Parties we adhere to;
Pray for the Side we ſwear againſt,
And curſe the Side we ſwear to.

To Heaven we for our Sovereign pray,
And take the Abjuration;
But take it *Hocus Pocus* way,
With jugling Reſervation.

Sachev'rell-like, with Double Face,
We pray for our Defender;
To good Queen *Anne* make Vile Grimace,
But drink to the Pretender.

With Presbyterians we unite,
And Proteſtant Succeſſion;
But if the D....l came for both,
We'd give him free poſſeſſion.

Our Scheme of Politicks is wiſe,
Good L....d! that you'd but read it;
'T pulls *Marlbro'* down, to beat the *French*,
And the Bank to keep our Credit.

Becauſe our Treaſurer was juſt,
And Houſe of Commons hearty;
And neither wou'd betray their Truſt,
Or ſell us to a Party:

Our Buſineſs is, that neither may
Their Places long Abide in;
But get ſuch choſen in their room,
As no Man can confide in.

Who ſhall deſerve your mighty Praiſe
For Fund, and eke for Loan;
And may the Nation's Credit raiſe,
But never can their own:

Becauſe declaring Rights to reign,
Our Parliaments have part in;
We'll have the Queen that Claim diſown,
For one that's more uncertain.

The Reſtoration to make plain,
That *Perkin* mayn't miſcarry,
We've wiſely wheedl'd up the Queen
To Right Hereditary.

The Dignity of Parliaments,
The ſtronger to imprint in 's;
We hug the Prieſt who they condemn,
And ridicule their Sentence.

In order to diſcurage Mobs,
And keep the People quiet;
The Rablers we condemn for Form,
But not a Rogue ſhall die yet.

The Duke of *Marlborough* to requite,
For retrieveing *Engliſh* Honour;
His D.....ſs ſhall have all the Spite
That Fools can put upon her.

For Battles fought, and Towns reduc'd
And Popiſh Armies broken,
And that our *Engliſh* Gratitude
May t' future times be ſpoken:

While fighting for the Nation he
Looks Danger in the Face,
We ſtrive t' inſult his Family,
And Load him with Diſgrace.

Becauſe he's crown'd with Victory,
And all the people love him;
We hate the Man for the Succeſs,
And therefore will remove him.

And now we're ſtirring up the Mob
Againſt a new Election,
That High-Church Members may be choſe
By our moſt wiſe Direction.

That Queens may Parliaments Diſſolve,
No doubt 'tis right and juſt;
But we have found it out that now,
Becauſe ſhe may, ſhe muſt.

The Bankrupt Nation to reſtore,
And pay the Millions lent;
We'll at one daſh wipe out the Score,
With Spunge of Parliament.

Then we can carry on the War,
With neither Fund or Debt;
And Banks ſhall eat us up no more,
Upon pretence of Credit.

If not, we'll cloſe with Terms of Peac
Preſcrib'd by *France* and *Rome*;
That War, being huddled up Abroad,
May then break out at Home.

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The Baffled KNIGHT:

OR,

The LADY's POLICY.





THERE was a knight was drunk with wine,
A-riding along the way, ſir,
And there he met with a lady fine,
And among the cocks of hay, ſir,
One favour he did crave of her,
Aud ask'd to lay her down, ſir,
But he had neither cloath nor ſheet,
To keep her from the ground, ſir.
There is a great dew upon the graſs.
And if you ſhould lay me down, ſir,
You would ſpoil my cloarning.
That has coſt me many a pound, ſir.
I have a cloak of ſcarlet red,
I'll lay it under thee, love,
So you will grant me my requeſt,
That I ſhall ask of thee, love.
And if you'll go to my father's hall,
That is moated all round about, ſir,
There you ſhall have your will of me,
Within, ſir, and without, ſir.
Oh! yonder ſtands my milk white ſteed,
And among the cocks of hay, ſir,
If the king's pinner ſhould chance to come,
He'll take my ſteed away, ſir,
I have a ring upon my finger,
It's made of the fineſt gold, love.
And it ſhall ſerve to fetch your ſteed,
Out of the pinner's fold, love.
And if you'll go to my father's houſe,
Round which there's many a tree, ſir,
There you ſhall have your chamber free,
And your chamberlain I will be, ſir,
He ſat her on a milk white ſteed,
Himſelf upon another,
And then they rid along the way,
Like ſiſter and like brother.

But when ſhe came to her father's houſe,
Which was moated all round about, ſir,
She ſlipt herſelf within the gate,
And lock'd the knight without, ſir,
I thank you, kind knight, for ſeeing me here,
And bringing me home a maiden, ſir,
But you ſhall have two of my father's men
For to ſet you back again, ſir.
He drew his ſword out of his ſcabbard,
And whet it upon his Sleeve, ſir,
Saying, curſes be to every man
That will a maid believe, ſir,
She drew her handkerchief out of her pocket,
And threw it upon the ground, ſir,
Saying, thrice curſed be every maid
That will believe a man, ſir.
We have a tree in our garden,
Some call it roſemary, ſir,
There's crowing cocks in our town,
That will make a capon of thee, ſir.
We have a flower in our garden,
Some calls it marygold, ſir.
And he that would not when he might,
He ſhall not when he would, ſir.
But if you chance to meet a maid,
A little below the town, ſir,
You muſt not fear her gay cloathing,
Nor the wrinking of her gown, ſir,
And if you chance to meet a maid,
A little below the hill, ſir,
You need not fear her ſhrieking out,
For ſhe quickly will lie ſtill, ſir.
The Baffled Knight was by the laſs
Ingeniouſly outwitted.
And ſince that time it came to paſs,
He was again well fitted.

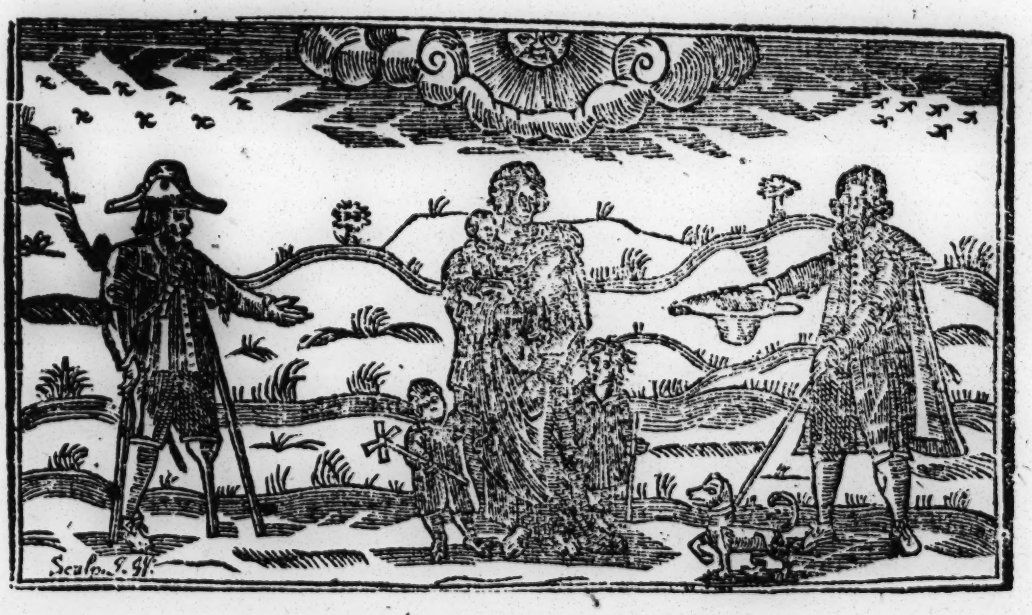
As he was riding croſs a plain,
In boots, ſpurs, hat and feather,
He met that lady fair again;
They talk'd a while together,
He ſaid, Tho' you did ſerve me ſo,
And cunningly decoy me,
Yet now, before you farther go,
I muſt and will enjoy thee.
'Twas near a ſpacious river's ſide,
Where ruſhes green were growing,
And Neptune's ſilver ſtreams did glide,
Four fathom waters flowing.
The lady bluſh'd like ſcorlet red,
And trembled at this ſtranger,
How ſhall I guard my maidenhead,
From this approaching danger?
With a lamenting ſigh ſaid ſhe,
To die I now am ready;
Muſt this diſhonour fall on me?
A moſt unhappy lady!
He from his ſaddle did alight,
In gaudy rich attire,
And cry'd, I am a noble knight,
Who do your charms admire.
He took the lady by the hand,
Who ſeemingly conſented;
And would no more diſconſing hand,
She had a plot invented.
How ſhe might baffle him again,
With much delight and pleaſure,
And eke unſpotted ſtill remain,
With her pure virgin-treaſure.
Look yonder, good ſir knight, I pray,
Methinks I do diſcover
Well mounted on a dapple-grey,
My true entire lover.
The knight was ſtanding on the brink
Or the deep floating river.
Thought ſhe, Thou now ſhalt ſwim or ſink,
Chuſe which you fancy rather.
Againſt his back the lady run.
The water ſtrait he ſounded;
He cry'd out, love! what have you done?
Help, help, or I am drowned.
Said ſhe, Sir Knight, farewel, adieu!
You ſee what comes of fooling,
This is the fitteſt place for you,
Whoſe courage wanting cooling.
Love, help me out, and I'll forgive
This fault which you've committed.
No, no, ſays ſhe, as I live,
I think you're finely fitted.
She rid home to her father houſe,
For ſpeedy expedition.
While the gay knight was ſoak'd like ſouce
In a ſad wet condition.
When he came mounted to the plain,
He was in rich attire,
Yet when he back return'd again,
He was all muck and mire.

A ſolemn vow he there did make,
Juſt as he came from ſwimming,
He'd love no lady for her ſake,
Nor any other women.
The Baffled Knight was fool'd once more,
You'll find by this pleaſant ditty,
For ſhe whoſe charms he did adore,
Was wonderful ſharp and witty.
Returning from her father's park,
Juſt cloſe by a ſummer bower,
She chanc'd to meet her angry ſpark,
Who gave her a frowning lour,
The thoughts of what ſhe twice had done,
Did cauſe him to draw his repier.
And at the lady then did run,
And thus begun to vapour.
You chous'd me at your father's gate,
Then tumbled me in the river,
I ſeek for ſatisfaction ſtrait,
Shall I be a fool for ever?
He came with reſolution bent
That evening to enjoy her,
And if ſhe did not give conſent,
That minute he'd deſtroy her.
I pray, ſir knight, and why ſo hot
Againſt a young fooliſh woman?
Such crimes as theſe might be forgot,
For merry intrigues are common.
What do you count it mirth, he cry'd,
To tumble me in and leave me?
What if I drowned there had dy'd!
A dangerous jeſt believe me:
Well, if I pardon you this day,
Theſe injuries out of meaſure,
It is becauſe without delay,
I mean to enjoy the pleaſure.
Your ſuit, ſhe ſaid, is not deny'd,
But think of your boots of leather,
And let me pull them off, ſhe cry'd.
Before we lie down together.
He ſet him down upon the graſs,
And violets ſo ſweet and tender,
Now by this means it came to paſs
That ſhe did his purpoſe hinder.
For having pull'd his boots half way,
She cry'd now I'm your betters.
You ſhall not make of me your prey,
Sit there like a thief in fetters.
Now finding ſhe had ſerv'd him ſo,
He roſe, and began to grumble.
Yet he could neither ſtand nor go,
But did like a cripple tumble.
The boots ſtuck faſt, and would not ſtir,
His folly ſhe ſoon did mention.
And laughing ſaid, I pray, kind ſir,
How like you my new Invention?
My laughing fit you muſt excuſe,
You are but a ſtingleſs nettle.
You'd ne'er have ſtood for boots nor ſhoes,
Had you been a man of mettle.

Farewel, ſir knight, 'tis almoſt ten,
I fear neither wind nor weather,
I'll ſend my father's ſerving-men,
To help off thy boots of leather.
She laugh'd out-right, as well ſhe might,
With merry conceits of ſcorning.
And left him there to ſtay all night,
Until the approaching morning.
The fourth part of the baffled Knight
The lady hath fairly acted.
She did his love and kindneſs ſlight
Which made him almoſt diſtracted.
She left him in her father's park,
Where none but deer could hear him,
While he lay rowling in the dark,
There's never a ſoul came near him.
Until the morning break of day,
And being warm ſummer weather.
A ſhepherd chanc'd to come that way,
Who pull'd off his boots of leather.
Then mounting on his milk-white ſteed,
He ſhaking his ears was ready.
And whip and ſpur he rode with ſpeed,
To find out this crafty lady.
If once this lady I come nigh.
She ſhall be releas'd by no man.
Why ſhould ſo brave a Knight as I
Be fool'd by a ſilly woman,
Three times has ſhe affronted me,
In crimes which I cannot pardon!
But if I ar'n't reveng'd, ſaid he,
Let me not be worth a farthing.
I value not her beauty fair,
Tho' once I did doat upon her.
This truſty ſword ſhall now repair
My baffled blaſted honour.
Unto her father's houſe he came,
Which on every ſide was moated.
The fair, ſweet, charming, youthful dame,
His angry brows ſhe noted
Thought ſhe, I'll have the other bout,
And tumble him in the river.
And let the devil help him out,
Or there he ſhall ſoak for ever.
He will not let my live at reſt,
Altho' I have often'd foil'd him.
Therefore once more, I do proteſt.
With flattering I'll beguile him,
The bridge was drawn, the gates lock'd faſt,
So that he could no ways enter.
She ſmil'd to him, and cry'd at laſt.
Sir Knight, if you pleaſe to venture,
A plank lies over the moat herd by.
Full ſeventeen feet in meaſure.
There's nobody now at home but I
Therefore we'll take our pleaſure.
This word ſhe had no ſooner ſpoke,
But ſtrait he was tripping over,
The plank was ſaw'd, and ſnapping broke.
He prov'd an unhappy lover.

THE BEGGARS CHORUS; OR, The JOVIAL CREW.

To an excellent new Play-house Tune.



THERE was a jovial Beggar,
He had a Wooden Leg,
And lame from his Cradle,
Was forced for to beg:
And a Begging we will go,
we'll go, we'll go,
And a Begging we will go.

A Bag for my Oat-meal,
Another for my Rye;
A little Bottle by my Side,
To drink when I am dry:
And a Begging we will go,
We'll go, we'll go,
And a Begging we will go.

A Bag for my Wheat,
And another for my Salt,
A little Pair of Crutches,
To ſhew how I can halt:
And a Begging we will go,
We'll go, we'll go,
And a Begging we will go.

A Bag for my Bread,
And another for my Cheeſe,
A little Dog to follow me,
To gather what I leave.
And a Begging, &c.

To *Pimblico* we'll go,
Where we will merry be,
With every Man a can in's Hand,
And a Wench upon his Knee:
And a Begging, &c.

And when that we are diſpoſed,
We tumble on the Graſs,
With long patch'd Coats,
For to hide a pretty Laſs:
And a Begging, &c.

Seven Years I ſerved
My Good old Maſter *Wild*,
And ſeven Years I begged
Whilſt I was but a Child:
And a Begging, &c.

I had the pretty Knack,
For to wheedle and to cry;
By Young and by the Old,
Moſt pity'd e'er was I:
And a Begging, &c.

Fatherleſs and Motherleſs,
Still was my Complaint,
And none that ever ſaw me,
But took me for a Saint:
And a Begging, &c.

I begged for my Maſter,
And got him ſtore of Pelf,
But *Jove* now be praiſed,
I now beg for myſelf:
And a Begging, &c.

Within a Hollow-tree I live,
And there I pay no Rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content:
And a Begging, &c.

I fear no plots againſt me,
But live in open Cell;
Then who would be a King,
When a Beggar lives ſo well:
And a Begging we will go,
We'll go, we'll go,
And Begging we will go.

The Fair Maid of *ISLINGTON.*



THERE was a Laſs of Iſlington,
As I've heard many tell,
And ſhe would to London go,
Fine apples and pears to ſell:
And as along the ſtreets ſhe ſung,
With her baſket on her arm,
Her pears to ſell, you may know it well,
This fair maid meant no harm.

But as ſhe tript along the ſtreet,
Her pleaſant fruit to ſell,
A vintner did her meet,
Who lik'd thie maid full well.

Says he, Fair maid, what have you there?
In basket decked brave,
Fine pears, quoth ſhe, and if it pleaſe ye.
A taſte ſir, you ſhall have.
The vintner took a taſte,
And lik'd it well, for why,
The maid he thought of all the reſt
Moſt pleaſing to the eye.

Says he, Fair maid, I have a ſuit,
That you to me muſt grant,
Which if I find you be ſo kind,
There's nothing you ſhall want.

Thy beauty doth ſo pleaſe my eye,
And dazzles ſo my ſight,
That now of all my liberty
I am bereaved quite.
Then prithee now conſent to me,
And do not put me by,
It is but one ſmall courteſy,
All night with you to lie.

Sir, if you lie with me all night,
As you propoſe to me,
I do expect that you ſhould prove
Both coutieous, kind, and free.
And for tell you now in ſhort.
It will coſt you five pound.
A match, a match, the vintner ſaid,
And ſo let this go round.

When he had lain with her all night,
Her money ſhe did crave,
O ſtay quoth he, the other night,
And the money thou ſhalt have,
I cannot ſtay, nor will not ſtay,
I needs muſt now be gone.
Why ſo thou may'ſt, thy money go look,
For money I'll pay thee none.

This maid ſhe made no more ado,
But to a Juſtice went,
And unto him ſhe made her moan,
Who did her caſe lament,
She ſaid ſhe had her cellar let out
To a vintner in the town,
And that he did then agree
Five pounds to pay her down.

But now, quoth ſhe, the caſe is thus,
No rent that he will pay;
Therefore your worſhip I beſeech
To ſend for him ſtrait way.

Then ſtrait the Juſtice to him ſent,
And asked the reaſon why,
That he would pay this maid no rent,
To whicd he did reply.

Altho' I hired a cellar of her,
And the poſſeſſion was mine,
I never put any thing into it,
But one poor pipe of wine.
Therefore my batgain it was hard,
As you may plainly ſee;
I from my freedom was debar'd,
Then, good ſir, favour me.

This fair maid being ripe of wit,
She ſtrait reply'd again,
There were two butts more at the door,
Why did not you rowl them in?
You had your freedom and your will,
As is to you well known,
Therefore I do deſire ſtill
For to receive my own,

The Juſtice hearing of the caſe,
Did then give orders ſtrait,
That he the money ſhould pay down,
She ſhould no longer wait.
Withal he told the vintner plain,
If he a tennant be,
He muſt expect to pay the ſame.
And not to live rent free.

But when the money ſhe had got,
She put it in her purſe,
And clapt her hand on the cellar door,
Saying, 'Tis never the worſe,
Whioh caus'd the populace all to laugh
To ſee this vintner fine,
Outwitted by a country girl,
About a pipe of wine.

The Love-ſick Maid.

THE Winter it is paſt,
And the Summer come at laſt;
And the ſmall Birds ſings on every Tree,
The Hearts of thoſe is glad,
VVhilſt mine is very ſad;
VVhilſt my true Love is abſent from me.

I'll put on my Cap of black,
And Fringes about my Neck,
And Rings on my Fingers I'll wear;
All this I'll undertake,
For true Lovers ſake,
For he Rides at the Curragh of *Kildare*,

A Livery I'll wear,
And I'll comb down my Hair,
And I'll dreſs in the Velvet ſo green;
Straiaways I will repair,
To the Curragh of *Kildare*,
And 'tis there I will get Tydings of him.

VVith Patience ſhe did wait,
'Till they ran for the Plate,
In thinking young *Johnſton* to ſee;
But Fortune prov'd unkind,
To that Sweetheart of mine,
For he's gone to *Lurgan* from me.

I ſhould not think it ſtrange,
The wide world for to range,
If I could obtain my Heart's delight:
But here in Cupid's Chains,
I'm oblig'd to remain,
VVhilſt in Tears do ſpend the whole Night.

My Love is like the Sun,
That in the Firmament doth run,
VVhich is always conſtant and true:
But your's is like the Moon,
That doth wander up and down,
And in every Month it's new.

All you that are in Love,
And cannot it remove,
For you pitied are by me:
Experience makes me know,
That your Heart is full of woe,
Since my true Love is abſent from me.

Farewel my Joy and Heart,
Since you and I muſt part,
You are the faireſt that e'er I did ſee:
And I never do deſign,
For to alter my Mind,
Altho' you're below my Degree.

The Miller's Advice to his three Sons, in taking of Toll.



THERE was a miller who had three ſons,
And knowing his life was almoſt run,
He call'd them all, and aſk'd their will,
If that to them he left his mill.

He called firſt for his eldeſt ſon,
Saying, My life is almoſt run,
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take?

Father, ſaid he, my name is Jack,
Out of a buſhel I'll take a peck,
From every buſhel that I grind,
That I may a good living find.

Thou art a fool, the old man ſaid,
Thou haſt not well learn'd thy trade,
This mill to thee I ne'er will give,
For by ſuch toll no man can live.

He call'd for his middlemoſt ſon,
Saying, My life is almoſt run,
If I to thee the mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take?

Father, ſays he, my name is Ralph,
Out of a buſhel I'll take it half,
From every buſhel that I grind,
So that I may a good living find.

Thou art a fool, the old man ſaid,
Thou haſt not learned well thy trade,
This mill to you I ne'er can give,
For by ſuch toll no man live.

He called for his youngeſt ſon,
Saying, My life is almoſt run,
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take?

Father, ſaid he, I am your only boy,
For taking toll is all my joy:
Before I will a good living lack,
I'll take it all, and forſwear the ſack.

Thou art my boy, the old man ſaid,
For thou haſt well learn'd thy trade,
This mill to thee I'll give, he cry'd,
And then he cloſs'd up his eyes and dy'd.

Printed in Aldermary Church-Yard, London.

THE Lady *ISABELLA*'s Tragedy; OR, *The STEP-MOTHER*'s *Cruelty.*

BEING,

A Relation of a Murder committed on the Body of a young Lady, the only Daughter of a Duke, occaſion'd by her Step-Mother, and acted by the Cook. Together with their Confeſſions and Lamentations. Tune of, *The Lady's Fall*, &c.





THere was a Lord of worthy Fame,
And a Hunting he would ride,
Attended by a noble Train
Of Gentry by his Side;
And whilſt he did in Chaſe remain,
To ſee both Sport and Play,
His Lady went, as ſhe did feign,
Unto the Church to pray.

This Lord he had a Daughter fair,
Whoſe Beauty ſhin'd ſo bright
She was belov'd both far and near,
Of many a gallant Knight:
Fair *Iſabella* was ſhe call'd,
A Creature fair was ſhe,
She was her Father's only Joy,
As you ſhall plainly ſee.

But yet her cruel Step-Mother,
Did envy her ſo much,
That Day by Day ſhe ſought her Life,
Her Malice it was ſuch:
She bargain'd with the Maſter-Cook,
To take her Life away;
And taking of the Daughter's Book,
She thus to her did ſay:

Go Home, ſweet Daughter, I thee pray,
Go haſten preſently,
And tell unto the Maſter-Cook,
Theſe Words that I tell thee:
And bid him dreſs to Dinner ſtraight,
That fair and Milk-white Doe,
That in the Park doth ſhine ſo bright,
There's none ſo fair to ſhow.

This Lady fearing of no Harm,
Obey'd her Mother's Will,
And preſently ſhe haſted home,
Her Mind for to fulfil:

She Straight into the Kitchen went,
Her Meſſage for to tell,
And there the Maſter-Cook ſhe ſpy'd,
Who did with Malice ſwell.

Now Maſter-Cook, it muſt be ſo,
Do that which I thee tell;
You needs muſt dreſs the Milk-white Doe,
Which you do know full well:
Then ſtraight his cruel bloody Hands,
He on the Lady laid,
Who quivering and ſhaking ſtands,
Whilſt thus to her he ſaid.

Thou art the Doe that I muſt dreſs,
See here, behold my Knife,
For it is pointed preſently,
To rid thee of thy Life.
Oh! then cry'd out thee Scullion Boy,
As loud as loud might be,
O ſave her Life, good Maſter-Cook,
And make your Pies of me.

For Pity's Sake do not deſtroy
My Lady with your Knife,
You know ſhe is her Father's Joy,
For Chriſt's Sake ſave her Life.
I will not ſave her Life, ſaid he,
Nor make my Pies of thee;
Yet if thou doſt the Deed bewray,
Thy Butcher I will be.

Now when the Lord he did come home,
For to ſit down and eat,
He called for his Daughter dear,
To come and carve his Meat:
Now ſit you down, his Lady ſaid,
O ſit you down to Meat,
Into ſome Nunnery ſhe is gone.
Your Daughter dear forget.

Then ſolemnly he made a Vow,
Before the Company,
That he would neither eat nor drink,
Until he did her ſee:
Oh! then beſpoke the Scullion Boy,
With a loud voice ſo high,
If that you will you Daughter ſee,
My Lord cut up that Pie.

Wherein her Fleſh is minced ſmall,
And perched with the Fire;
And cauſed by her Step-Mother,
Who did her Death deſire:

And curſed be the Maſter-Cook,
Oh curſed may he be,
I profer'd him my own Heart's Blood,
From Death to ſet her free.

Then all in black this Lord did mourn,
And for his Daughter's Sake,
He judged for her Step-Mother,
To be burnt at a Stake;
Likewiſe he judg'd the Maſter-Cook,
In boiling Oil to ſtand:
He made the ſimple Scullion-Boy,
The Heir to all his Land.

Their LAMENTATIONS.

NOW when the wicked Maſter-Cook,
Behcld his Death draw near,
And that by Friends he was forſook,
He pour'd forth many a Tear,
Saying, The Lady whom I ſerv'd
Prompt me to do this Deed,
And as a Death I have deſerv'd,
'Tis coming on with Speed.

I muſt confeſs theſe Hands of mine,
Deſtroy'd the Innocent;
When her dear Breath ſhe did reſign,
My Heart did not relent.
This ſaid, into the boiling Oil
He preſently was caſt,
And then within a little While,
The Lady went at Laſt.

From Priſon to the burning Stake,
And as ſhe paſs'd along,
She did ſad Lamentation make
Unto the numerous Throng:
Theſe were the very Words ſhe ſpoke,
The Daughter of my Lord
I doom'd to Death, the Laws I broke,
And ſhall have my Reward.

Then to the burning Stake they ty'd
The worſt of all Step-Dames,
Where by the Laws ſhe fairly dy'd,
In Smoak and burning Flames.
Now let their Deaths a Warning be
To all that hear this Song:
And thus I end my Tragedy,
The Duke he mourned long.

FINIS.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE: Printed and Sold by *JOHN WHITE.*

A New SONG.

THERE was a man in Oxford,
He was a 'Squire's ſon,
He kept a handſome houſekeeper,
Whom he long doated on;
He often takes her by the hand,
Fetching a ſigh and cry,
O love me my dear Molly,
Its for you love I die.

With oaths and proteſtations
He made a ſolemn vow,
With many admirations,
But mark good people how;
Then Molly being entangled,
In fickle Cupid's ſnare,
He quickly got to bed to her,
As you the truth ſhall hear.

Poor Molly prov'd with child,
And when he the ſame did know,
He quickly chang'd his mind,
And to another he would go:
To one that had more wealth than her,
And when ſhe knew it then,
She ſaid I find unto my grief,
Their is deceit in men.

Her father was not willing,
That ſhe ſhould married be,
Becauſe ſhe was an Heireſs,
And ſo they did agree;
To marry the next morning,
Before the break of day,
They were to meet at the church door,
Before the hour of three.

Then Molly being told,
By one that was her friend,
O then, ſays ſhe, if this be true,
He'll ſurely me offend;
But I will come up with him
For all his treachery,
For all the tricks that he has done,
I'll fit him to a tee.

Then Molly ſent a letter,
And ſeal'd it with her hand,
And gave it to the lady,
To let her underſtand;
Her love was taken very ſick,
Therefore my dear I pray,
That you will put the wedding off,
Until another day.

With a maſk upon her head
To the church ſhe did repair,
Juſt at the hour appointed,
Met the Parſon and the 'Squire;
He took her into church,
They were married ſpeedily,
He took her up behind him,
And homeward they did hie.

Then going to his ſtately ſteed,
To take his lovely bride,
Who when he brought her to the door,
O then he thus replied;
You're welcome now my dear, ſaid he,
To your own habitation,
Then going to ſalute her,
He ſtarted in a paſſion:

Oh! hang me what have I done,
And ſtarted in a fright,
O no my dear, ſaid ſhe,
You've done the thing that's right;
You cunningly deceived me,
When my maidenhead you got,
But now if you'll believe me,
You're fitted for your plot.

A New SONG of Paul Jones, the Cumberland Militia, and Scarbrough Volunteers.

COME each loyal Briton of courage ſo bold,
As annals can ſhew you would ne'er be controul'd,
It vexes my patience I'm ſure night and day,
To think how that traitor Paul Jones got away.
Derry-down, &c.

As ſoon as this rebel near our ſhore did come,
From all parts of the town the inhabitants run,
They all ſtood amazed his fire to ſee,
But this never daunted our brave militia.

Our two noble colonels they ſtraight gave command,
Brave Lowther and Fleming, two Parliament-men;
They marched thro' the ranks, and to the men did ſay,
Brave boys, have your arms in good order, we pray.

Our brave officers all, of every degree,
Took care every man provided ſhould be,
With powder and ball, then each took command,
Said, Boys, for the honour of Cumberland.

Then ſtrait we on guard to the Spaws ſent with ſpeed,
To prevent Paul's landing, in caſe there was need;
They call him Paul Jones, but his name is John Paul,
And if ever we catch him he ſhall pay for all.

The Serapis and Counteſs of Scarbrough brave,
Five hours and a half they did bravely behave;
Only two againſt ſix the whole time in the fight,
And ſo with reluctance was forced to ſtrike.

In Whitehaven this brat ſerv'd his time to the ſea,
He was born and bred in the ſhire of Galloway;
He liv'd with Lord Selkirk a ſervant ſome time,
But committing murder to gaol was confin'd.

He was try'd for the ſame, and condemned to die,
But broke his confinement, by means cunningly;
A traitor he ſtands for th' American cauſe,
And join'd with the French for to pull down our laws.

The inhabitants of Scarbrough to work ſtrait did fall,
In order to protect them from all ſuch as Paul,
And rais'd up a volunteer company with ſpeed,
To defend the town in caſe there was need.

So now they are provided with every thing new,
Their hearts they are good, and their cloathing is blue,
They'll join our militia without dread or fear,
For to flog Jackey Paul, ſhould he chance to come here.

I wiſh every city and town would with ſpeed,
Raiſe a volunteer-company in time of ſuch need;
To aſſiſt our militia round the Britiſh land,
And imitate Scarbrough who has laid them a plan.

So here is a health for to drink great and ſmall,
Succeſs to our militia and volunteers all
May they all prove loyal and true to their king,
And all ſuch as Paul in a halter ſoon ſwing.

THE

Gypsie Loddy.

THERE was seven gypsies all in a gang,
They were brisk and bonny O,
They rode till they came to the Earl of Castle's house,
And there they sung most sweetly O.
The Earl of Castle's lady came down,
With the waiting maid beside her O,
As soon as her fair face they saw,
They called their grandmother over O.
They gave to her a nutmeg brown,
And a race of the best ginger O,
She gave to them a far better thing,
Twas the ring from off her finger O.
She pull'd off her high heel'd shoes,
They was made of Spanish leather O,
She put on her Highland broges,
To follow the Gypsey Loddy O.
At night when my good Lord came home,
Enquiring for his Lady O,
The waiting maid made this reply,
She's following the Gypsey Loddy O.
Come saddle me my milk white steed,
Come saddle it so bonny O,
As I may go seek my own wedded wife,
That's following the Gypsey Loddy O.
Have you been East, have you been West,
Or have you been brisk and bonny O,
Or have you seen a gay lady,
A following the Gypsey Loddy O?
He rode all that summer's night,
And part of the next morning O
At length he spy'd his own wedded wife,
She was cold, wet and weary O.
Why did you leave your houses and land,
Or why did you leave your money O.
Or why did you leave your good wedded Lord,
To follow the Gypsey Loddy O
O what care I for houses and land,
Or what care I for money O,
So as I have brow'd so will I return,
So fare you well my honey O.
There was seven Gypsies in a gang,
And they was brisk and bonny O,
And they're to be hanged all on a row,
For the Earl of Castle's lady O.

THE

Covetous Old Mother;

Or, The terrible Overthrow of

Two Loyal Lovers.

You that theſe woful Tidings hear,
Can you forbear to ſhed a Tear,
Surely your tender Hearts muſt bleed,
When you theſe moving Lines do read.

To the Tune of, *Oh! ſo ungrateful Creature*, &c.





THere was a wealthy young 'Squire,
Who a fair Damſel did love;
Nay, and it was ſo intire,
Nothing his Fancy could move:
She was of ordinary Parents,
Which when his Friends they did know,
They ſtrove to ſet them at Variance,
Proving their ſad Overthrow.

Son, ſaid his indulgent Mother,
Pray now liſten unto me,
I have conſider'd another,
Suitable to your Degree:
That you may riſe to Promotion,
She is both virtuous and fair,
Two thouſand Pounds to her Portion,
Therefore your Folly forbear.

Mother, thoſe Charms do inflame me,
Which in my Dear I behold;
Therefore I pray do not blame me,
True Love is better than Gold:
Might I have Wealth out of Meaſure,
Nothing my Mind can remove,
I'll never marry for Treaſure,
Give me the Creature I love.

I can maintain like a Lady
She whom I do adore,
Have I not Riches already,
What need I covet for more.
If you give me not One Penny,
I have a Hundred a Year,
Now if I marry with any,
It ſhall be *Nancy* my Dear.

Son, if your Love be ſo routed,
That from her you cannot part,
By me it ſha'n't be diſputed,
Take her then withal my Heart;
But ſhe in this was deceitful,
As by this Ditty you'll find,
Never was Action more hateful,
Malice remain'd in her Mind.

Straight ſhe repair'd to this Creature,
Vowing to ſend her away;
Yet with a Smile ſhe did meet her,
Saying, dear Daughter, this Day,
We will go to buy your Attire,
Every Thing I'll provide;
'Tis my unfeigned Deſire,
That you ſhall be my Son's Bride.

Thus was the Matter contrived,
Juſt as his Mother would have;
Then to the Captain in private,
She ſold her to be a Slave.
She from *Old England* did ſend her,
Fill'd with much Sorrow and Woe,
Their was no Soul to defend her,
But was compelled to go.

When her Invention was over,
Then ſhe return'd to her Son,
Freely to him did diſcover,
Preſently what ſhe had done.
When he heard what ſhe had acted,
His Rapier ſtraight he pull'd forth,
Raving like one quite diſtracted,
Crying, You've ruined us both.

Then on the point of his Rapier,
He did immediately fall,
His Life did go like a Vapour,
This was the Ruin of all.
His Mother more than uncivil,
Was of a covetous Mind,
Money's the Root of all Evil,
Caus'd this Confuſion we find.

Now does his Mother with Weeping,
Weary out many a Day,
While her dear Son lies a Sleeping,
Low in a cold Bed of Clay:
This is a diſmal Relation,
She whom he much did adore,
Now is ſent far from the Nation,
Where ſhe'll never ſee him more.

Newcaſtle: Printed and ſold by JOHN WHITE.



An Excellent new Song

ENTITLED

Captain Glen.

CAPTAIN GLEN.

THere was a ſhip and a ſhip of fame,
Launch'd off the ſtocks bound to the main,
With a hundred and fifty briſk young men,
Was pick'd and choſen every one.

William Glen was our captain's name,
He was a tall and a briſk young man ;
As good a ſailor as went to ſea.
For he was bound to New Barbary.

The firſt of April when we ſet ſail,
Bleſt with a ſweet and a pleaſant gale,
For we were bound to New Barbary
With all our whole ſhips company.

We had not ſailed one day but two,
Till all our whole ſhips jovial crew
All fell ſick but ſixty three
As we went to new Barbary.

One night the captain he did dream
There came a voice and ſaid to him,
' Prepare you and your company,
' To morrow night you muſt be with me.

This wak'd the captain in a fright,
It being the third watch of the night,
Then for his boatſwain he did call,
And told to him the ſecret all.

When I in England did remain
The holy ſabbaths I did prophane,
In drunkenneſs I took delight.
Which doth my trembling ſoul affright.

There's one thing more I've to rehearſe,
Which I ſhall mention in this verſe,
A knight I ſlew in Stafford ſhire
All for the love of a lady fair.

Now it's his ghoſt, I am afraid,
That hath to me theſe tidings bred ;
Altho' the king has pardon'd me
He's daily in my company.

O worthy captain, ſince its ſo,
No mortal of it e'er ſhall know :
So keep the ſecret in your breaſt,
And pray to God to give you reſt.

They had not ſailed a league but three,
Till raging grew the roaring ſea
Ther roſe a tempeſt in the ſkies,
Which fill'd our hearts with great ſurprize.

Our main maſt ſprang by the break of day,
Which made our rigging all give way
This did our ſeaman ſore affright,
The terrors of the fatal night.

Up then beſpake our foremaſt man,
As he did by the fore-yard ſtand,
He cry'd the Lord receive my ſoul :
So to the bottom he did fall.

The ſea did waſh both fore and aft,
Till ſcarce one ſoul on board was left,
Our yards was ſplit and our rigging tore,
The like you never ſee'd before.

The boatſwain then he did declare
The captain was a murderer,
Which did enrage the whole ſhip's crew,
Our captain overboard we threw.

Our treacherous captain being gone,
Immediately there was a calm,
The winds did ceaſe and the raging ſea
As we went to new Barbary.

Now when we came to the Spaniſh ſhore
Our goodly ſhip for to repair,
The people all amaz'd to ſee
Our diſmal caſe and miſery.

But when our ſhip was in repair
To fair England our courſe did ſteer,
And when we came to London town
Our diſmal caſe was there made known.

Now many wives their huſbands loſt,
Which they lamented to their coſt,
And cauſed them weep bitterly,
Their tidings from new Barbary.

A hundred and ſixty briſk young men
Did to our goodly ſhip belong ;
Of all our whole ſhip's company,
Our number was but ſeventy three.

Now ſeamen all where e'er you be,
I pray a warning take by me :
As you love your lives ſtill have a care
You never ſail with a murderer.

'Tis never more I do intend
For to croſs o'er the raging main,
But live in peace in my own country.
And ſo I end my tragedy.

FINIS.

THE NEWCASTLE BEAUTIES.

Designed to be sung to the Harpsicord or Spinet, &c.

I.

THO' lofty Bards sublimer sing,
And boldly tune their lays;
Not less renown attends the string,
Which sounds to beauty's praise.
Ye muses then lend me your aid,
Whilst I attempt to prove,
That in *Newcastle* many a maid.
Excels the queen of love.

II.

Ye bards forbear your partial lays,
Ye who so softly sing,
Nor longer only *Venus* praise,
But here your numbers bring.
No more shall blinded mortals pray,
Or bow before her shrine.
No more in *Cyprus* seek the bay,
But find it here on *Tyne*.

III.

First of yon throng see *Delia* (*a*) shine,
That matchless nonpareil!
All eyes confess her form divine,
Such Graces round her dwell.
Dame nature has herself outdone,
In that most beautious fair,
And lavished all those charms on one,
Which thousands only share.

IV.

Next her behold the lovely *Clue* (*b*),
Ye Gods! what killing eyes!
See how her charming ringlets flow,
Where wanton Cupid lies:
The rose, compared to her, shall fade,
The lily lose its white:
E'en Sol himself must own the maid,
And shine with beams less bright.

V.

Thee, lovely *Cynthia* (*c*), next we sing,
Charm'd with thy beauteous face,
More blooming than the verdant spring,
Adorn'd with every grace;
Thy comely shape and genteel air,
Our admiration raise,
Thou stands confess'd a perfect fair,
And worthy all our praise.

VI.

Thy mein, sweet *Daphne* (*d*), next we view,
And as we view, approve,
Thy blooming charms all hearts subdue,
And kindle them to love:
Those charming breasts, and sparkling eyes,
What mortal can oppose?
Still as we gaze new beauties rise,
And still the passion grows.

(*a*) Miss P—y F—n. (*b*) Miss H——le.
(*c*) Miss H——y (*d*) Miss B—p.

VII.

Gay *Sylvia* (*e*) next appears in sight,
Surrounded by her charms.
Her handsome form which shines so bright
Each youthful bosom warms.
Ye youths withdraw your wishful eyes,
Nor longer on her gaze
For were your hearts as cold as ice
Her beams would make them blaze.

VIII.

Sweet *Celia* (*f*) next demands our care,
That lovely nut brown maid!
Behold her charming flowing hair,
In jetty locks display'd
She fills each Bosom with desire,
So graceful is her mein,
Her comely features all admire,
Where thousand loves are seen.

IX.

See *Flavia* (*g*), the young, the gay,
For graceful air renown'd,
Her mein more bright than flow'ry May,
With ev'ry beauty crown'd.
Her beauteous sister (*h*) next appears,
Whom wonderous charms adorn;
The lovely doe each bosom chears,
With beauties like the morn.

X.

The next we view is *Julia's* (*i*) face,
For comely features lov'd,
Her golden locks still add a grace,
To what all hearts approv'd.
Her friend no less inspires the lay,
The lovely *Danæ* (*k*) fair,
To whom all tongues their praises pay,
Charm'd with her shape. and air

XI.

Thee, *Phœbe* (*l*), with *Ophelia* (*m*) join'd,
We can't too much admire,
Your blooming charms it must be own'd,
All hearts to love inspire
To handsome *Pat* (*n*), and lovely *Stell* (*o*),
Our praises too belong,
These who in various charms excel,
Close up the beauteous throng.

XII.

As now ador'd you pass your bloom,
Your autumn you may live,
Let me, ye beauteous fair, presume,
This one advice to give;
Virtue pursue——or vain ye're bright,
"*In vain your eyes may roll*;
'Tis true that charms do strike the sight,
But merit wins the soul."

(*e*) Miss H——m. (*f*) Miss S——s.
(*g*) Miss F——tt. (*h*) Miss F——tt. jun
(*i*) Miss H——h. (*k*) Miss J—B——l.
(*l*) Miss P—S——t (*m*) Miss L—— s.l.
(*n*) Miss A——n. (*o*) Miss M—G—n.

TRUE LOVE Requited;

Or, The BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER of Iſlington:

The young man's friends the maid did ſcorn,
'Cauſe ſhe was poor and left forlorn,
They ſent the Squire to London fair,
To be apprentice ſeven Years:
And when he out of his Time did come,
He met his Love a going home,
And then to end all further ſtrife,
He took the Maid to be his Wife.



45.
6 28.

THERE was a Youth, and a well-beloved Youth,
And he was a 'Squire's ſon,
He lov'd the Bailiff's Daughter dear,
That liv'd in Iſlington.

She was coy, and ſhe would not believe,
That he did love her ſo;
No, nor at any time would ſhe
Any countenance to him ſhow.

But when his friends did underſtand
His fond and fooliſh mind,
They ſent him up to fair London,
An Apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been ſeven long years,
And his Love he had not ſeen,
Many a tear I have ſhed for her ſake,
When ſhe little thought of me.

When all the maids of fair Iſlington
Went forth to ſport and play;
All but the Bailiff's Daughter dear,
She ſecretly ſtole away.

She put off her gown of grey,
And put on her ragged attire,
And ſhe is up to fair London gone,
After her true love to enquire.

And as ſhe went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
There was ſhe aware of her own true love,
At length came riding by.

She ſtept to him as red as a roſe,
And took him by the bridle ring:
I pray you kind ſir, give me one penny
For to eaſe my weary limb.

I prithee, ſweetheart, can'ſt thou tell me,
Whereat thou waſt born?
At Iſlington, kind Sir, ſaid ſhe,
Where I have had many a ſcorn.

I prithee Sweetheart, can'ſt thou tell me
Whether that thou doſt know,
The Bailiff's Daughter of Iſlington?
She is dead, ſir, long ago.

Then will I ſell my goodly ſteed,
My ſaddle and my boy,
And travel into ſome fair country,
Where no man doth me know.

O ſtay, O ſtay, thou goodly Youth,
She is alive, ſhe is not dead;
Here ſhe ſtandeth by thy ſide,
And is ready to be thy bride.

O farewel grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thouſand times and more;
For now I ſee my own true love
That I thought I ſhould ne'er ſee more.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard,
Bow-Lane, London.

The Garland of TRIALS.

THIS noble relation which I am to write.
Behold, 'tis concerning a great baronet;
Five years he was marry'd, as I do proteſt,
This noble baron with a child was not bleſt.
At length this fair lady conceived with child,
At whilch this ſaid knight and his lady ſmil'd.
When time was expired, a daughter was born,
At whoſe birth the father and mother did mourn.
Her nativity he did calculate,
And found ſhe was born to ſuffr by fate,
The knight by her ruling planet did ſee,
A whore, thief, and murderer ſhe was born to be.
Said he, When ſhe's up to maturity got,
For the ſake of her portion, ſome villainous ſot,
Perhaps my defile her before-hand, and ſo
This may be the firſt ſtep to her everthrow.
To prevent all danger this ſtep I will take,
Some farmer, a tenant of mine, ſhall her take;
As a child of his own ſhe ſhall be confin'd,
In which ſtate perhaps no one will her mind.
To this wiſe invention the lady agreed,
To one of the tenants ſhe was plac'd with ſpeed,
Who had for her boarding thirty pound a-year.
And good education they gave her, we hear.
Dutiful obedience unto them ſhe paid.
Thinking them her parents, their will ſhe obey'd,
When this knight came thiher his rent to receive
A guinea to the child he always would give.
Fourteen years and upwards this child ſtay'd there,
The farmer and his wife went to a fair.
And left this young lady at home to ſtay.
But now ſee what happen'd whlle they were away.
As ſhe was ſtanding that day at the door.
An old man begg'd of her who was very poor.
My parents are not at home, ſhe to him reply'd,
And to give their ſubſtance I dare not, ſhe cry'd.
With that the old beggar-man, ſaid with a ſmile,
You are kept in ignorance ſurely my child.
They are not your parents who you houonr here,
You fether's a knight of ſix thouſand a-year.
Such a man is your father, ſuch a lady your mother,
Beſides any children they never had other.
For this news, ſhe ſaid, here's five ſhillings to thee,
And into this matter I further will ſee.
When the farmer came home at night he ſmil'd,
And ſaid, What's for ſupper, my deareſt child?
Her anſwer was to him, What's makes you ſay ſo?
I'm none of your child you very well know
Such a man is my father, and I tell you plain,
I'll be ſatisfy'd ere I ſleep again:
She took horſe, and rid to the nobleman's gate,
Where he and his lady ſtood very great.
He ſaid, Girl, how do thy parents do?
And ſaid, Sir, that is beſt known to you.
The girl talks madly, ſaid he; let me know
Upon what account you anſwer me ſo?
She ſaid, Sir, a beggar-man came to the door,
And he told me you was my father before;
If this thing be true, ſir, he tells unto me,
Why was I put off in my infancy?
This I muſt allow, when I was born firſt,
I then was incapable to give diſguſt,
So far as to be baniſh'd for fifteen years;
The truth of this matter, good ſir, let me hear.
Then he ſhew'd a reaſon for what he had done.
At this news the tears from off her cheeks run.
She ſaid, If it be ſo, then hard is my lot,
And in your 'ſcutcheon it may caſt a blot.
For fear your own houour I bring to diſgrace,
Give me a child's part, and I'll quit the place:
With tears he embrac'd her, and for her did pray,
So with riches on horſe-back ſhe rode away.
To the North of England this lady went,
Where in a lone cottage ſhe lived with content.
Her proviſions was brought her by a woman, who
Brought it once a week, and away did go.
And for a dverſion this lady bright
Play'd on the ſpinnet, herſelf to delight.
And as ſhe was playing moſt ſweetly one day,
A young 'ſquire chanced to come that way.
Who hearing the muſick, vow'd ne would ſee,
Who in the cottage play'd ſo ſweely.
The 'ſquire knock'd, and call'd o'er and o'er,
Saying, Open to me, or I'll break the door.
For to break it open, he then did begin,
At which the young lady ſtrait let him in;
She ſaid, Now be civil, I am a young maid,
And am, of all females, of men moſt afraid.
He ſaid, I'll not hurt thee; then did her embrace.
Having ſat awhile, he quitted the place.
This ſweet lady's beauty ſo charm'd him, we find,
That this noble 'ſquire could not reſt in mind.
From ſeeing her daily he could not refrain,
And by often coming her love did obtain.
She promis'd him faithfully to be his bride,
For which ſolemnizing they both did provide.
The night before-hand with his lady he lay,
And went, proteſting to come the next day.
Next morning ſhe look'd for the 'ſquire to come,
But he was confin'd to ſtay at home.
A fever that night the young 'ſquire had ſeiz'd,
And becauſe he came not, ſhe was diſpleas'd;
Crying. This will make my father's words true.
My honour is ſtained, and what ſhall I do?
Becauſe he has diſappointed me now,
If he come to-morrow I'll not have him, I vow.
When able to ſit up, the young 'ſquire came.
The cauſe of his tarrying he told her the ſame.

He ſaid, Love, to morrow I'll make you my bride.
Sir, for my oath's ſake I'll not have you, ſhe cryd
My honour is ſtained, which bings me to ſhame.
No one but myſelf for this I can blame.
He ſaid, Let us marry, to prevent all ſtrife,
Her anſwer was, No, I'll ne'er be your wife,
Tho' not join'd in marriage, this young 'ſquire he
Came three times a-week this lady to ſee.
And as her time drew nigh for to lie down,
He got her a lodging near to town:
When the time expired, ſhe had a ſon,
The 'ſquire was pleas'd it was over and done.
Before this lady began to ſit up,
He preſented the child with a golden cup,
On which was his name and coat of arms at large,
Of this cup he gave the boy's mother a charge.
Saying, See my infant don't loſe it, I pray,
So then he embrac'd her, and ſo rode away.
Now pray mark, good people, and ſoon you ſhall hear
To this babe the mother ſhe proved ſevere.
She ſent the nurſe out, and then did provide
For to kill the child with a ſtab in the ſide.
And ſaid, With a ſtab I am ſure it muſt die.
Then ſtole the gold cup, and away did hie.
In a window's dreſs ſhe went to Liverpool,
And being well learned, ſhe ſet up a ſchool.
It happen'd the nurſe returned with ſpeed,
And found the babe living, whoſe ſide did bleed.
When the 'ſquire came there, and ſaw what was done,
He griev'd, but thro' mercy, preſerved his ſon,
Near the town of Liverpool the 'ſquire had a farm,
For to keep this darling free from all harm.
Unto this farmer's wife the babe he did place,
Where it was ſuckled, and grew up apace;
When the child was able, to ſchool it did go
Unto his own mother, who did not him know.
But often ſhe kiſs'd him, and ſaid with a ſmile,
I know no reaſon for loving this child.
At eighteen years old he was very tall,
Of a ſweet complexion and comely withal.
Unto the farmer's daughter, who nurs'd him we find,
By his father's conſent he in wedlock was join'd.
Cries he, My ſchool-miſtreſs in me took delight,
For which to my wedding I will her invite.
And being invited, as one innocent,
Unto his wedding his ſchool-miſtreſs went.
Next morning before the young couple were up,
His ſchool-miſtreſs came, with her golden cup,
And unto the bridegroom the cup did give,
And ſaid, Keep this as long as you live:
He ſaid, That I will, thank you for the ſame.
Juſt after the 'ſquire into the room came.
The ſchool-miſtreſs knew him, whoſe heart did ake,
Knowing herſelf guilty, her joints did ſhake.
At firſt ſight, the gold cup the 'ſquire he knew,
And ſaid to the bridegroom, who gave it to you?
He ſaid Sir, that woman gave it to me?
I think 'tis the fineſt that ever I ſee:
And the 'ſquire he ſaid, A rich cup, I declare,
Here's my name and coat of arms, I can ſwear.
The 'ſquire ſaid, Woman, tell me thy name,
And how you at firſt by this gold cup came.
For fear of his wrath ſhe ſwooned away,
When her ſenſes return'd, he to her did ſay,
Come tell me thy name, or elſe with ſpeed,
I will draw my rapier, and ſtick you indeed.
Then ſhe told him her name, which being done;
Said he, If it be ſo, where is your ſon?
Whom I gave this cup to? She ſaid, He is dead
I ſtabb'd him, and for fear of hanging I fled.
He ſaid, Wicked woman, as I have thee found,
Your blood after this ſhall be ſpilt on the ground.
For ſtabbing my darling when paſſion was hot,
I'll cut thee as ſmall as herbs to the pot.
With trembing joints on her knees ſhe did cry,
For ſtabbing your infant I deſerve to die.
He ſaid, Before I take thy life away,
I will give you two hours in priva e to pray,
Then in a dark cloſet ſhe locked up were,
The ſorrowful lady for death did prepare.
Mean time to the bridegroom away he did go,
And gave him the truth of the matter to know.
He ſaid, She's your mother, who thinks you are dead,
I'm one that won't hurt the hair of her head.
But unto the cloſet he goes furiouſly,
And ſaid, Wicked woman, prepare for to die.
To ſee him with glittering ſword in his hand,
With ſighs and groans ſhe before him did ſtand.
And ſaid, Kill me the firſt ſtroke be ſure,
That I may not be tormented long in my gore.
To hear theſe expreſſions a groan he did bring,
And no longer could bear love's piercing ſting.
He ſaid, Be not troubled, thou joy of my life,
The bridegroom's your ſon, you ſtabb'd with a knife,
That this mournful lady might be ſatisfy'd,
They ſhew'd her the place ſhe ſtabb'd in his ſide.
For joy to the bridegroom ſhe gave kiſſes ſtore,
And ſaid, Now I hope all my ſorrows are o'er.
The 'ſquire ſaid to her, Now ſince it is ſo,
That our ſon is alive, will you have me or no?
To-morrow let's marry, to finiſh the ſtrife.
To this ſhe conſented; he made her his wife.
She ſaid to the 'ſquire, I'll tell thee, my dear,
My father's a knight of ten thouſand a-year.
And whether he's living I cannot well tell,
For to ride and ſee I hold it right well.
To her father's houſe they both rid with ſpeed:
When her parents ſaw her they both ſmil'd indeed,
With joy they embraced her, while tears ran down,
And gave her a portion of twelve thouſand pound.
This worthy 'ſquire, 'tis very well known.
Enjoys five hundred a-year of his own.
He gave his eſtate to his ſon, and behold,
Threeſcore and ten pieces of broad ſhining gold.
So now I will leave them in joy all to live,
Great comfort and joy in this world to receive.

A GODLY

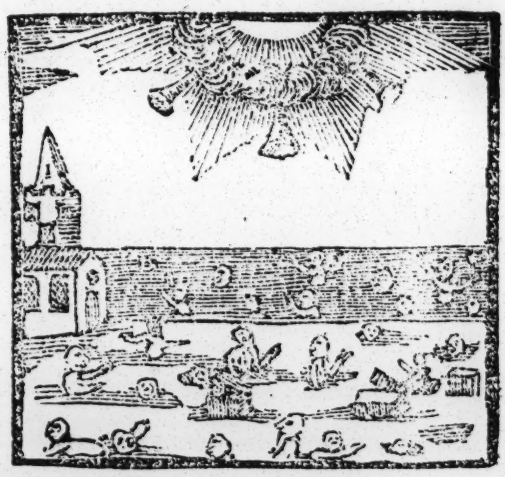
B A L L A D,

INTITULED,

I will go ſeek my Saviour; and let the World be.

Tune of, *We'll all pluck the Heather*, &c.





THoſe Poets vain who think no Shame
To make thoſe Jigs of Love;
God's holy Word they do prophane,
Careleſs of him above:
My Mind from Vice I will remove,
And in Humility,

I will go ſeek my Saviour,
And let the World be.

To ſeek the Lord who dy'd for me,
A Voyage I will take:
The Devil, the Fleſh, and Vanity,
I'll utterly forſake:
The Croſs of Chriſt I will up take,
Until the Day I die;

I will go ſeek my Saviour,
And let the World be.

Wherefore ſhould I nc ⁄ depart,
Not telling you the Caſe;
The odious Sins ſtrike up my Heart,
I find in every Place:
I ſee moſt Men are void of Grace,
As daily you may ſee;
I will go ſeek my Saviour,
And let the World be.

This World is full of Wickedneſs,
Of Fraud, Deceit, and Guile;
With ying, LSwearing, Drunkenneſs,
Whoredoms, and Thefts moſt vile:
We lead our Lives like Beaſts moſt vile,
What Shame it is to ſee:
I will go ſeek my Saviour,
And let the World be.

My Soul I give unto the Lord,
I know he craves no more;
My filthy Fleſh to the Church-yard,
My Goods unto the Poor:
Adieu my loving Friends therefore,
In Faith, Lord ſtrengthing me;
I will go ſeek my Saviour,
And let the World be.

Now, I am ready for to go.
And bleſſed be my Guide?
The Grace of God, and Love alſo,
Theſe Two are on my Side:
With Faith, Hope, and the Fear of God
Which bear me Company;
I will go ſeek my Saviour,
And let the World be.

SATAN ſpeaketh.

Then *Satan* fly, he ſtood by me,
And ſaid, fond Fool beware;
Stay thou at Home, and do not go,
Thy Voyage it is too far:
Take Pleaſure whilſt thou art here,
Among your Company;
Cleave to the World with all thy Might,
And let the Lord be.

Be merry ſtill, take Comfort in,
Thoſe Things thou doſt enjoy;
And do not doubt that any Thing,
Shall ever thee annoy:
Repentance and all-ſaving Grace,
Shall not beſtow'd on thee;
E'er thou depart cleave to the World,
And let the Lord be.

SPIRIT ſpeaketh.

The Grace of God in me reply'd,
And ſaid, Soul, let's away;
Faith, Love, and Hope, upon us cry,
And, ſay, Let us not ſtay:
Repentance ſaid Make no Delay,
If thou that Joy will ſee;
Turn to the Lord with Heart and Hand,
And let the World be.

Now to the Lord I will always,
Make humble Supplication;
Still hoping for a Drop of Grace,
To bring me to Salvation:
Deſerv'd I have Damnation,
Yet his Blood hath ſet me free;
Therefore I'll go ſeek my Saviour,
And let the World be.

Now truſting I am for the Lord,
Whene'er he doth me call;
And hoping for a bleſt Reward,
He'll Pity my poor Soul;
God bleſs us here both one and all,
And in Humility,
God give us Grace to find our Lord,
And let the World be.

NEWCASTLE: Printed and ſold by *JOHN WHITE*.

CUPID's Courtesy:

Or, The Young

Gallant Foil'd at his own Weapon.

He scorned Cupid *and his Dart,—Until he found a wounded Heart*

To a pleasant *New Northern* Tune. (21)



THro' the cool shady Woods
As I was ranging:
I heard the pretty Birds
Notes sweetly changing.
Down by a Meadow Side,
Where runs a River;
A little Boy I 'spy'd
With Bow and Quiver.

Little Boy, tell me why
Thou art here diving?
Art thou some Run-away,
And hast no Biding?
I am no Run-away,
Venus, my Mother.
She gave me Leave to play,
When I came hither.

Little Boy, go with me,
And be my Servant.
I will take Care to see
For thy Preferment.
If I with thee should go,
Venus would chide me,
She'd take away my Bow,
And ne'er abide me.

Little Boy, let me know
What's thy Name termed,
That thou dost wear a Bow,
And go'st so armed.
You may perceive the same,
With often changing:
Cupid it is my Name,
I live by ranging.

I Cupid be thy Name,
Which ſhoots at Rovers,
I have heard of thy Fame
By wounded Lovers.
Should any languiſh, that
Are ſet on Fire
By ſuch a naked Brat,
I much admire.

If thou do'ſt but the leaſt
At my Laws grumble:
I'll pierce thy ſtubborn Heart,
And make thee humble:
If I with my Golden Dart
Wound thee but ſurely:
There's no Phyſician's Art
That e'er can cure thee.

Little Boy, with thy Bow,
Why doſt thou threaten?
It is not long ago
Since thou waſt beaten.
Thy wanton Mother fair,
Venus, will chide thee:
When all thy Arrows are gone,
Thou may'ſt go hide thee.

Of powerful Shafts you ſee
I am well ſtored:
Which makes my Deity
So much adored:
With one poor Arrow now
I'll make thee ſhiver:
And bend unto my Bow,
And fear my Quiver.

Dear little Cupid be
Courteous and kindly;
I know thou can'ſt not hit,
But ſhooteſt blindly:
Although thou call'ſt me blind,
Surely I'll hit thee;
That thou ſhalt quickly find,
I'll not forget thee.

Then little Cupid caught
His Bow ſo nimble;
And ſhot a fatal Shaft,
Which made him tremble:
Go, tell thy Miſtreſs dear,
Thou can'ſt diſcover
What all the Paſſions are
Of a dying Lover,

And now his gallant Heart
Sorely was bleeding;
And frlt the greateſt Smart,
From Love proceeding:
He did her Help implore,
Whom he affected:
But found that more and more
Him ſhe rejected.

For Cupid with his Craft
Quickly had choſen:
And with a Leaden Daart
Her Heart had frozen.
Which caus'd this Lover more
Sadly to languiſh;
And Cupid's Aid implore,
To heal his Anguiſh.

He humbly Pardon crav'd
For his Offence paſt:
And vow'd himſelf a Slave,
And to Love ſtedfaſt.
His Prayers ſo ardent were,
While his Heart panted:
That Cupid lent an Ear,
And his Suit granted.

For by his preſent Plaint
He was regarded;
And his adored Saint
His Love rewarded.
And now they live in Joy,
Sweetly embracing:
And left the little Boy
In the Woods chacing.

The KING and NORTHERN[illegible]

Shewing how a poor Northumberland Man, Tenant to the King, was wrong'd by a Lawyer; how the poor Man went to the King and made known his Grievance.

(12)

TO drive away the weary day,
A book I chanced to take in hand;
And therein I read assuredly,
A story as you shall understand.
Perusing many a history over,
Amongst the Leaves I chanced to view,
The Books name and Title is this,
The second Lesson too good to be true.
There read I of a Northumberland Man,
That was born and bred up in the kings own land
He paid twenty shillings rent a year
To the king as I do understand.
By him there dwelt a Lawyer false,
That with his farm he was not content;
But over the poor man still hang'd his Nose,
Because he did gather the King's Rent.
He told him he his Lease had forfeit,
And that he must there no longer abide;
The King by such loons had mickle wrong done
And for you the world is broad and wide.
The poor man prayed him for to cease,
And content himself if he would be willing;
And pick no vantage in my Lease,
And I shall give thee forty shilling.
It's neither forty shilling nor forty pound,
Ise warrant thee can agree thee and me;
Unless thou yield me thy Farm so round,
And stand unto my courtesy.
The poor man said, I may not do so,
My wife and bairns will make ill work,
If thou with my Farm wilt let me go,
Thou seem'st a good fellow, Ise give thee 5 mark.
The Lawyer he would not be so content,
But further in the matter he means to smell;
The Neighbours bad the poor man provide his
And make submission to the King himself. (rent
He got an humble staff, on his back,
A Jerkin I wot that was grey;
With a good blew Bonnet he thought it no lack
To the King he is ganging as fast as may be.
He had not gone a mile out of the Town,
But one of his Neighbours he did espy;
How far is it to the King, for thither I am bound
As fast as I can hie.
I am sorry for you Neighbour he said,
For your simplicity I make moan;
Ise warrant you, you may ask for the King,
When nine or ten days Journey you have gone.
Had I wist the King had gone so far,
Ise ne'er sought him a mile out of the town;
He's either sought me, or we had ne'er come
At home I had rather spent a Crown. (near
But when he came to the City of London,
Of every man he for the King did call,
They told him he need not fear,
For the King he lies now at the White Hall.
And with spying of Earls in the City,
Because he had never been there before:
He lay so long a-bed the next day,
The court was removed to Windsor that morn.
You have lain too long then said the host,
You have lion too long by a great while,
The King he is now to Windsor gone,
He's further gone by twenty mile
I think I was curst, then said the poor man,
I had been wise I might had confider;
Belike the King of me he's gotten some Note,
He had ne'er gone away had not I comehither.
He fled not for you then said his Host,
But hie you to Windsor as fast as you may;
Before it will requite your cost,
For look what is past the King will pay.
But when he came to Windsor Castle,
With his humble staff on his back.
Altho' the Gates wide open stood,
He laid laid on them till he made them crack,
Why stay, pray friend art mad? quoth the
What makes thee keep this stir to day? (Porter
Why I am a Tenant of the Kings,
Who have a message to him to say;
The King has Men enough said the Porter.
Your Message well that they can say;
Why there is ne'er a knave that the king doth,
Shall ken my secret mind to-day. (keep
I were told e'er I came from home,
E'er I got hither it would be dear bought;
Let me in, Ilse give thee a single penny,
I see thou ha' small e'er thou do it for nought,
Gramercy, said the Porter then,
Thy reward is so great I cannot say nay.
Yonder's a Nobleman within the Court,
I'll first hear what he will say.
When the Porter came to the Nobleman,
He said he would shew him pretty sport;
There's like a Clown came to the Gate,
As came not these seven years to the Court.
He calls all Knaves the King doth keep,
He raps at the Gate and makes a great din;
He's passing liberal of Reward.
He'd give a good single Penny to be let in.
Let him in then said the Nobleman,
Come in Fellow the Porter did say.
If thou come within thyself he said
Thy Staff behind the Gate must stay,
And this Cuckold's Cur may lig behind,
What a Devil what a Cur thou hast got with thee
The King will take him up for his own self,
Ise warrant when he does him see.
Beshrew thy Limbs, then said the poor man,
Thou may count me Fool or worse,
I wot not what Bankrupt lies by the King,
For want of Money may pick my Purse.
Let him in with his staff and his dog said the lord,
He gave a nod with's head and bow with's knee
If you be sir King then said the poor man,
As I can very well think you be.
For I was told e'er I came from home,
You're the goodliest man that e'er I saw before,
With so many Jingle Jangles about ones neck,
As is about yours I ne'er saw none.
I am not the King said the Nobleman,
Fellow, though I have a proud Coat;
If you ben't the King help me to the speech of him
You seem a good Fellow, Ise give thee a Groat.
Gramercy said the Nobleman,
Thy reward is so great I can't say nay;
I'll know the King's pleasure if I can,
Till I come again be sure you stay.
Here's like a staying said the poor man,
Belike the Kings better then any in our country
I might ha' gone to the fartheft nuke o' the house
Neither Lad nor Lass to trouble me.

When the Nobleman came to the King,
He ſaid he would ſhew his Grace good ſport;
Here's ſuch a Clown came to the Gate,
As came not theſe ſeven years to the Court,
He calls all Knaves your Highneſs does keep,
And more than that he tells them worſe;
He'll not come in without his Staff and his Dog,
For fear ſome Bankrupt ſhould pick his purſe.
Let him ſaid the King with his Staff and Dog,
That of his ſport we may ſee ſome;
We'll ſee how he'll handle every point,
As ſoon as our match of Bowls is done.
The Nobleman led him thro' many a Room,
And through many a Gallery gay;
What a de'il doth the King with ſo many houſes
That he gets them not fill'd with Corn and Hay.
At laſt they ſpyed the King in a Garden,
Yet from his Game he did not ſtart;
The Day was ſo hot he caſt off his Doublet,
He had nothing from his Waſte but his Shirt.
Lo yonder's the King ſaid the Nobleman,
Behold Fellow, lo yonder he goes;
I believe he's ſome Unthrift ſaid the poor Man,
That has loſt his Money and pawn'd his Cloaths
But when he came before the King,
The Nobleman made his courtiſie,
The poor Man followed after him,
Gave a Nod with his Head and a bend with his knee
If you be the Sir King then ſaid the poor Man,
As I can hardly think you be,
He is a good Fellow that brought me hither,
More likely to be a King than thee
I am the King his Grace now ſaid,
Fellow let me thy caſe underſtand;
If you be Sir King, I'm a Tenant of yours,
That was born and brought up in your own Land.
There dwells a Lawyer hard by me,
And a fault with my Leaſe he ſaid he had found,
And all was for felling of five poor Aſhes,
To build an Houſe upon your own Ground.
Has thou a Leaſe here ſaid our King,
Or canſt thou ſhow to me this deed,
He gave it into the Kings own hand,
And ſaid Sir, here it is if you can read.
Lets ſee the Leaſe, then ſaid our King,
Then from his black Box he pull'd it out;
He gave it into the Kings own hand,
With four or five Knots ty'd faſt in a Clout.
Well never unlooſe theſe knots, ſaid the King,
He gave it to one that behind him did ſtay.
It is a proud Horſe then ſaid the poor Man,
Will not bear his own Provinder a'ong the highway.
Pay me forty ſhillings as Iſe pay you,
I will not think much to unloſe a Knot;
Would I were ſo occupied ever day,
I would unloſe a ſcore of them for a Groat.
When the King had gotten theſe Letters read,
And found the truth was very ſo;
I warrant thee thou haſt not forfeit thy Leaſe,
If thou had fell'd five Aſhes mo;
Ay every one can warrant me,
But all their warrants are not worth a Flea;
For he that troubles me and will not let me go,
Neither cares for Warrants of me nor you.
Thou'ſt have an Injunction ſaid our King,
From troubling you he will ceaſe;
He'll either ſhow the good cauſe why,
Or elſe he'll let thee live in peace.
What is that Injunction ſaid the poor Man,
Good Sir to me I pray you ſay;
Why it is a Letter I'll cauſe to be written,
But art thou ſo ſimple as thou ſhew'ſt to-day?
Why if it be a Letter, I'm never the better,
Keep it to thy ſelf and trouble not me:
I could have had a Letter written cheaper at home,
And ne'er come out of my own Country
Thou'ſt have an Attachment ſaid our King,
Charge all that thou ſeeſt to take thy part;
Till he pay thee a hundred Pound,
Before thou never let him ſtart,
If any ſeem againſt thee to ſtand
Before thou come hither ſtraightway,
Ay marry is that all iſe get for my labour,
Then I may come trotting every day.
Thou art hard of belief than ſaid our King,
To pleaſe him with Letters he was willing,
I ſee you have taken great pains in writing,
With all my Heart iſe give thee a ſhilling.
I'll have none of thy Shilling than ſaid our King,
Man with thy Money, God give thee win
He threw it unto the Kings Boſom,
The Money lay cold unto his Skin.
Beſhrew thy Heart then ſaid our King,
Thou art a Carle ſomething too bold;
Doſt thou not ſee I am hot with bowling;
And the Money next my Skin is cold.
I ne'er wiſt that before ſaid the poor Man,
Before ſick-time as I came hither;
If the Lawyers in our Country thought it ſo,
They would not heap up ſo much together.
The King call'd up his Treaſurer,
And bad him fetch him twenty Pound,
If ever thy Errand ly hereaway,
I'll bear thy Charges up and down.
When the poor Man ſaw the Gold down tender'd,
For to receive it he was willing;
If I had thought the King had ſo much Gold,
Beſhrew my Heart I had kept my Shilling.
The poor Man got him home the next Sunday,
The Lawver ſoon did him eſpy;
O Sir, you've been a Stranger long,
I think from me you have kept you by.
It was for you indeed, ſaid the poor Man,
The Matter to the King as I have tell;
I did as my Neighbours put into my Head.
And made a Submiſſion to him myſelf.
What a de'il doſt thou with the King, ſaid the Lawyer,
Could not Neighbours and Friends agree thee and me:
The de'il a Neighbour nor Friend that I had,
That would have been ſuch a Days-man as he.
He gin this to me but I know not how they call't
But if the Kings word be true to me,
When you have read and peruſed it over,
I hope you'll leave and let me be.
He has gin this to me but I know not what 'tis
But I charge you all to hold him faſt;
Till he pay me a hundred Pound,
I will go and tie him faſt to a Poſt.
Mary God forbid the Lawyer he ſaid,
Then th' Attachment was read before them there;
Thou muſt needs ſomething credit me,
Till I go home and fetch ſome more.
Credit, nay that's it the King forbad.
He bad if I got thee, I ſhould thee ſtay.
The Lawyer he paid him an hundred Pound,
In ready Money before he went away.
Would every Lawyer were ſerved thus.
From troubling poor Men they would ceaſe;
They'd either ſhew them good cauſe why,
Or elſe they'd let them live in peace.
And thus I end my merry Song.
Which ſhews the poor man's ſimpleneſs,
And the Kings great mercy in righting wrongs,
And the Lawyer's fraud and wickedneſs.

Printed and ſold in *Bow-Church-Yard*, London.

The Mournful Lady's Garland.

In Three Parts.



TRUE Lovers all, both far and near,
Behold these lines which I have pen'd,
I'd have you take a special care,
To swear no more than you intend.
Be rul'd by them that wish you well,
Honour your parents both day and night,
And pray often when you have time,
And place this pattern in your sight.
A noble Knight near London liv'd,
Who had a daughter very fair,
A young rich 'Squire courted her,
She loved him exceeding dear.
By his false deluding tongue,
He stole her yielding heart away,
Let every youth that hears this song,
Observe these words which I shall say.
But sixteen years of age was she,
Poor soul! when she began to love,
Let every one her woes condole,
For it did soon her ruin prove;
He did so far her favour win,
That she did yield with him to lie;
But now good people, pray do mind,
You soon shall hear her destiny.
At last poor heart! she prov'd with child,
But when at last she found it so,
He came to her upon a night,
Saying I must to London go;
Next morning he his journey took,
With protestations o'er and o'er,
That in a week he would return,
But oh! he ne'er came near her more.
No letters she from him receiv'd,
Which made her oft in tears complain,
And oftentimes to herself would cry,
Where shall I go to hide my shame.
At last poor soul, her time drew nigh,
Therefore upon a certain night,
Her cloaths and linen she took up,
And from her father took her flight.
Long time she wander'd up and down,
And could not find a resting place,
From country to city, and town to town,
Until her money it grew scant.
At last upon a lonesome heath,
She being by herself alone,
Was there deliver'd of a son,
Two miles from either house or home.
Being so weakened with pains,
Poor soul! she could not stand upright,
But with her infant in her arms,
Upon the ground she lay all night;
A shepherd having lost a lamb,
That from him by chance did stray,
Seeking about to find it out,
By providence did come that way.
Finding the Lady on the ground,
He came to her without delay,
Poor soul! she fell into a swoon,
As soon as she the shepherd saw;
But coming to herself again,
To him she made her sorrow known,
He being of [illegible] heart!
Did then conduct her to his home.

PART. II.

THere she much kindness did receive,
And for a month did there remain;
Then with her child ty'd to her back,
Poor soul she wander'd forth again,
Two years she wander'd up and down,
At last by chance as you shall hear,
She came to famous Dartmouth town,
Where the 'Squire lived as we hear.
And wandering the streets all o'er,
At last poor soul she did espy,
The 'squire standing at the door,
And by his side his lady gay,
Wiping the tears from her eyes,
Up to the door she strait did hie,
And on her bended trembling knees,
She beg'd of him his charity.
Said he, there's such a dirty crew,
That's daily begging in the street,
To such like dirty sluts as you,
I will give neither bread nor meat!
For that's some bastard at your back,
And you, I warrant some common whore,
With that he call'd his coachman strait,
To whip this creature from his door.
With hungry soul, and feeble limb,
In the street she wander'd up and down,
At last kind fortune so did hit,
She got a lodging in the town;
A letter she presently writ,
And sealed it with her own hand,
These were the words inclos'd in it,
Which to the Squire she did send.
O cursed wretch! thy wicked tongue,
That was the first ruin of me,
You was the first that betrayed me,
When I was in my innocency:
I slighted all my friends for thee,
Curs'd be the hour I saw thy face,
It was you and only you,
That brought my body to disgrace.
When he had read the letter thro',
And ponder'd well within his mind,
He straitway made no more ado,
But to the Lady came we find,
Pretending for to pity her,
Forcing a smile to hide a frown,

He ſaid, I'll meet you to morrow night,
In ſuch a grove, hard by the town.
Next morning to the grove ſhe hy'd,
With her ſweet little infant dear,
There all the day it ſeems ſhe ſtaid,
But no 'Squire did appear,
All night upon the bare cold ground,
This creature did the infant lay,
But no comfort could be found,
So in the morn before 'twas day;
She having never a farthing left,
To buy her hungry baby food,
She could no longer then make ſhift,
She ſmote her breaſt, and thus ſhe ſaid,
My tender babe, alas! ſaid ſhe,
I nothing have to ſuccour thee,
Kiſſing the child, my dear ſhe ſaid,
For want of bread we ſtarv'd ſhall be.
Five days within that lonelome wood,
She and her baby there did lie,
Expecting from his dad ſome food,
To help them in extremity,
At laſt pale death approaching nigh,
As at her breaſt the poor child lay,
Her life being ſpent juſt to a hair,
She to her pretty infant thus did ſay;
My pretty prattling ſoul,
I cannot bear to hear thee cry,
Let tender folks my woes condole,
See ſee thy mother's death is nigh:
Stroking the infant o'er the face,
Which was beſmear'd with briny tears,
She ſaid O Lord! what would I give,
That thy cruel father was but here.
The pretty prattling innocent
Hearing it's mother for to cry,
With its little hand did ſtroke her face,
Crying mamma, mamma do not cry,
With his little hand about her neck,
It raiſed up and kiſs'd her lips;
That every moment her heart did break,
She turn'd and to her baby ſpake.
Lord! if it be thy bleſſed will,
That my baby ſhould alive remain,
Send it ſome help when I am gone,
To eaſe his hungry piercing pain!
But if it be thy bleſſed will, ſaid ſhe,
That we ſhould die for want of bread,
Then welcome death replied ſhe,
And ſtaait ſhe died immediately.
The child being clalped in her arms,
By no means from her could be freed;
Two nights and days it pining lay,
And ended then its miſery,
Two months within this lonelome wood,
Unburied theſe two bodies lay,
But now good people pray but mind,
A word or two I have to ſay.

PART III.

THE 'Squire on a certain day,
With men and dogs a hunting went,
And having been long time at play,
The dogs by fortune loſt their ſcent;
Then running thro' this lonelome wood,
Theſe howling hungry dogs of prey,
Came to the place, and there they ſtood,
Juſt where the breathleſs bodies lay.
But mounted on a ſtately ſteed,
And thro' the woods they galloped;
The horſe the bodies firſt eſpy'd,
And very much was frightened;
At which he gave a ſudden ſtride,
And threw the 'Squire on the ground,
A ſtump of bush ſtuck in his ſide,
Whereby he got a mortal wound.
His man he ſtrove to help him up,
But turning to him he replyed;
Lend me your hand, I cannot ſtand,
Then lay me by that woman's ſide.
She was my wife, before the Lord,
And that's my baby that lies dead,
God's vengeance now hath followed me,
And now hath fallen on my head.
He kiſs'd her lips, as cold as clay,
Likewiſe to the child he as many gave,
And to his man he thus did ſay,
Let us be buried in one grave;
For here I cannot long remain,
My cruel heart is ſplit in twain,
Dear Chriſt forgive my ſoul he ſaid,
So with a groan or two he died.
Lord! when this news was brought to town,
Of this unhappy accident,
His lady the diſtracted run,
But firſt poor ſoul! ſhe gave conſent.
A coffin was made large and wide,
And a grave was made to hold all three,
The Lady ſhe lies by his ſide,
And thus I end my tragedy.
You tender ſouls, of Chriſtian hearts,
Who hear theſe verſes which I ſing;
Remember that which I impart;
To love in vain is a cruel thing.
Oh! be dutiful unto your friends,
And never do as I have done,
Let them that read the ſame,
Think on us that are dead and gone.

Printed and Sold at the Printing Office, in
Stonecutter Street, Fleet Market.

CONSTANCE and *ANTHONY:*

OR,

An Admirable Northern STORY.

Of two conſtant Lovers, as I underſtand,
Were born near Appleby *in* Weſtmoreland;
The Lad's Name Anthony, Conſtance *the Laſs,*
To Sea they went both, and great Dangers did paſs:
How they ſuffer'd Shipwreck on the Coaſt of Spain,
For two Years divided, and then met again,
By wonderful Fortune, and Care accident,
And now both live at Home with Joy and Content.

The Tune, *I would thou wert in* Shrewsbury.





TWO Lovers in the *North*,
Conſtance and *Anthony*,
Of them I will ſet forth
A gallant Hiſtory;
They lov'd exceeding well,
As plainly doth appear,
For that which I ſhall tell,
The like you ne'er did hear.
Still ſhe cries Anthony,
My bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by Land or Sea,
I'll wind along with thee.

Anthony muſt to Sea,
His Calling doth him bind,
My *Conſtance* dear, quoth he,
I muſt leave thee behind;
I prithee do not grieve,
Thy Tears will not prevail,
I'll think on thee my Sweet,
When the Ship's under Sail.
But ſtill, &c.

How may that be, ſaid he,
Conſider well the Cafe:
Quoth ſhe, ſweet *Anthony*,
I'll not bide in this Place;
If thou gang, ſo will I,
Of the Means do not doubt,
A Woman's Policy
Great Matters may find out.
My bonny Anthony, *&c.*
Gang thou by Land or Sea,
I'll wind along with thee.



I would be very glad,
But prithee tell me how:
I'll dreſs me like a Lad,
What ſay'ſt thou to me now?
The Sea thou can'ſt not brook:
Yes, very well, quoth ſhe,
I'll be Scullion to the Cook,
For thy ſweet Company.
My bonny, &c.

Anthony's leave ſhe had,
And dreſt in Man's Array,
She ſeem'd the blitheſt Lad,
Seen on a Summer's Day:
Oh! ſee what Love can do,
At Home ſhe would not bide,
With her true Love ſhe'll go,
Let Weil or Woe betide.
My deareſt Anthony, *&c.*

In the Ship it was her Lot
To be the Under-Cook,
And at the Fire hot,
Wonderful Pains ſhe took;
She ſerved every one,
Fitting to their Degree,
And now and then alone
She kiſſed *Anthony*.
My bonny, &c.

A-lack and well-a-day,
By Tempeſt on the Main,
Their Ship was caſt away,
Upon the Coaſt of *Spain*,
To the Mercy of the Waves,
They all committed were,
Conſtance her own ſelf ſaves,
Then ſhe cries for her Dear.
My bonny, &c.

Swimming upon a Plank,
At *Bilboa* got aſhore,
Firſt ſhe did Heaven thank,
Then ſhe lamented ſore;
Oh! woes me, ſaid ſhe,
The ſadeſt Loſs alive,
My deareſt Anthony
Now on the Sea doth drive.
My bonny, &c.

What will become of me?
Why did I ſtrive for Shore?
Since my ſweet *Anthony*
I never ſhall ſee more.
Fair *Conſtance* do not grieve,
The ſame good Providence,
Hath ſav'd thy Lover ſweet,
But he is far from hence.
Still, &c.

A *Spaniſh* Merchant rich,
Saw this fair ſeeming Lad,
That did lament ſo much,
And was ſo grievous ſad;
He had in *England* been,
And *Engliſh* underſtood,
He having heard and ſeen,
He in Amazement ſtood.
Still, &c.

The Merchant asked her,
What was this *Anthony*?
Quoth ſhe, my Brother, Sir,
Who came thence with me,
He did her entertain,
Thinking ſhe was a Boy,
Two Years ſhe did remain,
Before ſhe met her Joy.
Still, &c.
Anthony up was ta'en,
By an *Engliſh* Runagade,
With whom he did remain
At the Sea roving Trade;
In the Nature of a Slave,
He did in the Galley row,
Thus he his Life did ſave,
But *Conſtance* did not know.
Still, &c.

Now mark what came to paſs,
See how the Fates did work,
A Ship that her Maſter's was,
Surpriz'd this *Engliſh* Turk,
And into *Bilboa* brought,
All that aboard her were;
Conſtance full little thought
Anthony was ſo near.
Still, &c.

When they were come aſhore,
Anthony and the Reſt,
She who was ſad before,
Was now with Joy poſſeſs'd;
The Merchant much did muſe,
At this ſo ſudden Change,
He did demand the News,
Which unto him was ſtrange.
Still, &c.

Upon her Knee ſhe fell,
Unto her Maſter kind,
All the Truth ſhe did tell,
Nothing ſhe kept behind;
At which he did admire,
And in a Ship of *Spain*,
He paying for the Hire,
Sent them ſtraight home again.
Now ſhe &c.

The *Spaniſh* Merchant rich,
Did of his Bounty give,
A Sum of Gold, on which
They did moſt bravely live;
And now in *Weſtmoreland*,
They were join'd Hand in Hand,
Conſtance and *Anthony*,
They live in Mirth and Glee.
Still ſhe cries Anthony,
My bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by Land or Sea,
I'll wind along with thee.

THE

DOWN-FALL

OF

COCKBURN's MEETING-HOUSE.

To the Tune of, *Come ſit thee down my Phillis.*

(1)

WE have not yet forgot Sir,
How *Cobburn's* Kirk was broke Sir,
The Pulpit-Gown was pulled down,
And turned into nought Sir.

(2)

The Pulpit-Cloth was rent Sir,
Unto the Croſs was ſent Sir,
The Boys that did convoy it
Were into Priſon put Sir.

(3)

The Cheſs-windows they were broke Sir,
Out o're the Window caſt Sir,
With a convoy of holo hoi,
Unto the Streets were ſent Sir.

(4)

The *French* are diſappointed,
Their Wicked Plots disjointed,
Poor *Cobburn* he's affronted,
But the *Whiggs* they're advanced.

(5)

Long necked *Peggie H*---------- Sir,
Did weep and ſtay at home Sir,
'Cauſe poor *Cobburn* and his Wife
Were forc'd to flee the Town Sir.

(6)

And after they were gone Sir,
They went to *Stirling* Town Sir,
They thought with their Heart and Mind
To get Poor *Jamie* home Sir.

(7)

But they were diſappointed,
And their Wicked Plots disjointed,
We'll make them all run and Cry
Oh! we're diſappointed.

(8)

Their *Highland* King for fear Sir,
Was put in ſuch a ſtier Sir,
We made his Breecks have ſuch ſtink,
That none cou'd him come near Sir.

(9)

Macdonald is his Name Sir,
Of him you may think ſhame Sir,
A *Highlander* whoſe Name ſtinks
You *Popiſh* Rogue go Home Sir.

(10)

The Cheſs-windows did reel Sir,
Like to a Spinning Wheel Sir;
For *Dagon* he is fall'n now
I hope he'll never riſe Sir.

FINIS.

CHRIST's *KIRK* on the GREEN;

In Two CANTO's.

CANTO the First, by King *JAMES* the Fifth.

WAS ne'er in *Scotland* heard nor seen
Such Dancing and Deray?
Neither at *Faulkland* on the Green,
Nor *Peebles* at the Play,
As was of Wooers as I ween
At *Chriſt's Kirk* on a Day;
For there came *Katie* waſhen clean
With her new Gown of Gray,
Full Gay that Day.

To Dance theſe Damoſels them Dight,
Theſe Laſſes light of Laits,
Their Gloves were of the Raffal right,
Their Shoes were of the Straits;
Their Kirtles were of *Lincoln* light,
Well preſt with many Plaits;
They were ſo nice when Men they
They ſquell'd like any Gaits. (neigh'd
Full loud that Day.

Of all theſe Maidens mild as Mead,
Was none ſo gimp as *Gillie*,
As any Roſe her Rude was red,
Her Lire was like the Lillie,
But Yellow, Yellow, was her Head,
And ſhe of Love ſo ſilly,
Tho' all her Kin had ſworn her Dead,
She would have none but *Willie*
Alone that Day.

She ſcorn'd *Jack*, and ſcripp'd at him,
And murgeon'd him with Mucks;
He would have lov'd her, ſhe would not
For all his yellow Locks, (let him
He cheriſh'd her, ſhe bade go chat him,
She counted him not two Clocks:
So ſhamefully his ſhort Jack ſet him,
His Legs were like two Rocks,
Or Rungs that Day.

Tom Lutter was their Minſtrel meer,
Good Lord, how he could Lance;
He play'd ſo Shril, and Sang ſo Sweet
While *Touſie* took a Trance:
Old *Lightfoot* there he could forleet,
And counterfitted *France*,
He held him like a Man diſcreet,
And up the *Morice* Dance,
He took that Day.

Then *Stephen* came ſtepping in with ſtends
No Ring might him arreſt;
Splayfoot did bob with many bends,
For *Maſie* he made Requeſt,
He lap while he lay on his lends,
And riſing was ſo preſt,
While he did boaſt at both the Ends
For Honour of the Feaſt,
And Dane'd that Day.

Then *Robin Roy* began to revel,
And *Touſie* to him drugged:
Let be, quoth *Jack*, and call'd him Jevel,
And by the Tail him rugged,
Then *Kenſie* clicked to a Kevel,
God wots as they two lugged:
They parted there upon a Nevel,
Men ſay, that Hair was rugged
Between them Twa.

With that a Friend of his cray'd ſy,
And forth an Arrow drew,
He forged it ſo fiercefully,
The Bow in ſlinders flew,
Such was the Grace of God, trow I,
For had the Tree been true;
Men ſaid, who knew his Archery,
That he had ſlain anew,
Belyve that Day.

A yap young Man that ſtood him neiſt,
Soon bent his Bow in ire,
And etled the Bairn in at the Breaſt,
The Bolt flew ov'r the Bire:
And cry'd fy, he hath Slain a Prieſt
A Mile beyond the Mire:
Both Bow and Bagg from him he kieſt,
And fled as faſt as Fire
From Flint that Day.

An haſty Kins-man call'd *Hary*,
That was an Archer keen,
Tyed up a Tackle withoutten tarry,
I trow the Man was teen:
I wot not whether his Hand did vary,
Or his Foe was his Friend:
But he eſcap'd by the Mights of *Mary*
As one that nothing mean'd
But good that Day.

Then *Lawrie* like a Lion lap,
And ſoon a Flain could fedder:
He height to pierce him at the Pape,
Thereon to wed a Wedder:
He hit him on the Wamb a wap,
It buff't like any Bladder.
He eſcaped ſo, ſuch was his hap;
His Doulbet was of Leather
Full fine that Day.

The Buff ſo boiſterouſly abaiſt him,
That he to the Earth duſht down,
The other Man for Dead there left him,
And fled out of the Town.
The Wives came forth, and up they reft
And found Life in the Lown; (him
Then with three routs they raiſed him
And cur'd him out of ſown,
Fra Hand that Day.

The Miller was of manly make,
To meet him it was no Mowes:
There durſt not Ten-ſome there him take
So eowed be their Powes,
The Buſhment whole about him brake
And bicker'd him with Bows,
Then traiterouſly behind his Back,
They hack'd him on the Howes
Behind that Day.

Then *Hutchon* with a Hazel Rice
To red gan through them rummil:
He muddl'd them down like any Mice
He was no petty bummil,
Tho' he was Wight, he was not Wiſe,
With ſuch jutors to jummil:
For from his Thumb there flew a ſlice,
While he cry'd barlafummil,
I'm Slain this Day.

When that he ſaw his Blood ſo red
To flee might no Man let him:
He trow'd it had been for old feed;
He thought and bade have at him.
He made his Feet defend his Head,
The far fairer it ſet him,
While he was paſt out of their Dread:
They muſt be ſwift that gat him.
Through Speed that Day

Two that were Heads-men of the Herd,
They ruſh'd on other like Rams:
The other Four which were unfear'd
Beat on with Barrow Trams.
And where their gobs they were ungear'd
They gat upon the Gams,
While that all Bloody was their Beards,
As they had worried Lambs,
Moſt like that Day.

They girn'd and glowred all at anes,
Each Goſſip other grieved:
Some ſtriked Stings, ſome gathered Stanes,
Some fled, and ſome Relieved.
The Minſtrel uſed quiet Means,
That Day he wiſely prieved,
For he came hame with unbruis'd Banes,
Where Fighters were miſchiev'd,
Full ill that Day.

With Forks and Flails they lent them ſlaps
And flew together with Frigs;
With Bougers of Barns they pierc'd blew Caps
And of their Bairns made Brigs:
The Rare roſe rudely with their Raps,
Then Rungs were laid on Rigs:
The Wives came forth with Cries and Claps,
See where my Liking Ligs.
Full low this Day.

The black Souter of *Braith* was bowden,
His Wife hang at his Waiſt:
His Body was in Black all browden,
He girned like a Ghaiſt.
Her glittering Hair was ſo gowden,
Her Love faſt from him Laiſt,
That for his Sake ſhe was unyawden,
While he a Mile was chaiſt,
And mair that Day.

When they had beir'd like haired Bulls,
The Bone-fires burnt like Bails,
And then they grew as meek as Mules
That wearied are with Mails;
For thoſe forfoughten tyred Fools,
Fell down like ſlaughter'd Frails,
Freſh Men came in and hail'd the Dools,
And dang them down in Dails,
Bedeen that Day.

The Wives then gave a hideous yell,
When all theſe Yonkters yoked,
As fierce as Flags of Fire flaughts fell,
Frieks to the Field they flocked,
The Carles with Clubs did others quell
On Breaſt while Blood out boaked,
So rudely rang the Common bell,
That all the Steeple rocked
For Dread that Day.

By this *Tom Tailor* was in his Gear,
When he heard the Common bell,
He ſaid, he ſhould make all a Stear
When he came there himſell,
He went to fight with ſuch a Fear,
While to the Ground he fell,
A Wife that hat him on the Ear,
With a great knocking Mell,
Fell'd him that Day.

The Bridegroom brought a Pint of Ale,
And bade the Piper Drink it,
Drink it quoth he, and it ſo Stale,
Aſhrew me if I think it.
The Bride her Maidens ſtood near by,
And ſaid, it was not Blinked,
And *Bartageſie* the Bride ſo gay,
Upon him faſt ſhe winked
Full ſoon that Day.

When all was done *Dick* with an Ax
Came forth to fell a Forher, (ſmaiks
Quoth he, where are you whoreſons
Right now that hurt my Brother?
His Wife bade him go hame *Gib Glaiks*,
And ſo did *Meg* his Mother;
He turn'd and gave them both their Paiks
For he durſt ding no other,
But them that Day.

The END of the Firſt *CANTO.*

CANTO II. *by* Allan Ramsey.

Conſider it werly, Read oftner than anys,
Wiel at an Blenk ſle Poetry not Tane is. G. DOUGLAS.

BUT there had bin mair Blood and Skaith
Sair Hardſhip and great Spulzie,
And mony a ane had gotten his Death
By this unſonſie Tooly:
But that the bald Good-wife of *Braith*
Arm'd wi a great Kale Gully,
Came Helly ſlaught and loot an Aith
She'd gar them a be hooly,
For faſt that Day.

Blyth to win aff ſae wi hale Banes,
Tho' mony had clowr'd Pows,
And dragl'd ſae 'mang Muck and Stanes
They look'd like wirry Kows:
Quoth ſome who 'maiſt had tint their
Let's ſee how a Bowls rows, (Aynds,
And quat this Brouillement at anes,
You Gully is nae Mows.
Forſooth this Day.

Quoth *Hutchon*, I am weil content,
I think we may do war,
'Till this Time Toumond Pie indent
Our Claiths of Dirt will ſa'r:
Wi Nevels I'm amaiſt fawn faint,
My Chaſis are dung a char:
Then took his Bonnet, to the Bent
And dadded aff the Glar,
For clean that Day.

Tam Taylor wha in Time of Battle
Lay as gin ſome had fell'd him,
Gat up now wi an unky Rattle,
As nane there durſt a quell'd him;
Bald *Beſs* flew till him wi a Brattle,
And ſpite of's Teeth ſhe held him
Cloſs by the Craig, and with her fatal
Knife Shear'd She would Geld him,
For Peace that Day.

Syne e wi ae Conſent ſhook Hands,
As they ſtood in a Ring;
Some redd their Hair, ſome ſet their Bands,
Some did their Sark Tails wring;
Then for a Happ upo' the Sands
They did their Miniſtrel bring,
Whare clever Houghs like Willi wands
At ilky blythſome Spring,
Lap high that Day.

Claud Peky was na very blate,
He ſtood na lang a beigh;
For be the Wame he gripped *Kate*,
And gard her gee a Skreigh;
Had aſt, quoth ſhe, ye filthy Slate,
Ye ſtink o' Leeks, O figh,
Let gae my Hands, I ſay, be quait,
And wow gin ſhe was Skreigh,
And mim that Day.

Now ſett'l'd Goſſies ſat, and keen
Did for freſh Bickere birle,
While the young Swankies on the Green
Took round a merry Tirle:
Meg Waller wi her pinky Een
Gart *Lawrie*'s Heart-ſtrings dirle,
And Folk wad threep that ſhe did green
For that wad gar her Skirle,
And Skreigh ſome Day.

The manly Miller haff and haff
Came out to ſhaw good Will,
Flang by his Mittens and his Staff,
Cry'd, Gee me *Pattie*'s Mill:
He lap Bawk-high, and cry'd, had aff,
They rus'd him that had Skill;
He wad do't better quoth a Caf,
Had he another Gill,
Or Quebae.

Furth ſtarted nieſt a penſy Blade,
And out a Maiden took,
They ſayd that he was *Faulkland* bred,
And danced by the Book,
A ſouple Taylor to his Trade,
And when their Hands he ſhook,
Gae them what he gat fra his Dad,
Videlicet, the Youke,
To Claw that Day.

Whan a cry'd out he did ſae well,
He *Meg* and *Beſs* did call up:
The Laſſes babb'd about the Reel,
Gar'd a their Hurdies wallop,
And ſwat like Pownies whan they ſpeel
Up Braes, or when they gallop,
But a thrawn Knublock took his Heel,
And Wives had him to hawl up,
Haff fell'd that Day.

But mony a pauky Look and Tale (them
Gae'd round whan Glouming hous'd
The Oſſer Wife brought ben good Ale,
And bade the Laffes rouze them;
Up wi them Lads, and I'ſe be Bail
They'l loo ye and ye touze them:
Quoth *Gauſſie*, this will never fail,
Wi them that this gate woo's them
On ſic a Day.

Syn Stoles and Furms were drawn aſide,
And up raiſe *Willie Dadle*,
A ſhort Hought Man, but fow o' Pride,
He ſaid the Fidler Play'd ill.
Let's hae the Pipes, quoth he, beſide,
Quoth a, that is nae ſaid ill:
He fitted the Floor, ſyne wi the Bride,
To *Cuttyſpoon* and *Treeladle*,
Thick, thick that Day.

In the mean Time in came the Laird,
And by ſome Right did claim
To Kiſs and Dance wi *Maſie Aird*,
A dink and dortie Dame.
But O poor *Mauſe* was aff her guard,
For Back-gate frae her Wame,
Bekkin, ſhe lot a fearfou Raird,
That gart her think great Shame,
And bluſh that Day.

Auld *Steen* led out *Maggie Forſyth*,
He was her ain Good Brither;
And ilky ane was unky blyth
To ſee ald Folk ſae clever.
Quo *Jock*, wi laughing like to rive,
What think ye o' my Mither?
Were my Dad dead, let me ne'er thrive
But ſhe wad get anither,
Gooaman this Day.

Tam Lutter had a muckle Diſh,
And betwixt ilky Tune
He laid his Lugs, in't like a Fiſh,
And ſuckt till it was done:
His Bags were Liquor'd to his Wiſh,
His Face was like a Moon:
But he cou'd get nae Place to Piſh
in, but his ain twa Shoon
For thrang that Day.

The *Leter-gae* of Hally Rhime
Sat up at the Boord-head,
And a he ſaid was thought a Crime
to contradict indeed.
For in Clark Lear he was right prime,
And cou'd baith Write and Read,
He drank ſae firm till ne'er a ſtyme
He cou'd keek on a Bead,
Or Book that Day.

When he was Strute twa ſturdy Chiell
Be his Oxter and be's Coller,
Held up frae couping o' the Creels
The liquid Logick Schollar.
When he came hame his Wife did Reel
And Rampadge in her Choler,
With that he brake her Spinning wheel,
That coſt a good Rix Dollar,
And mair ſome ſay.

Near Bed-time now ilk weary Wight
Were gaunting for their Reſt,
For ſome were like to tyne their Sight
Wi Sleep and Drinking ſtreſt.
But others that were Stomach Tight
Cry'd out, It was nae beſt
To leave a Supper that was Dight,
To *Brownies*, or a *Ghaiſt*
To Eat that Day.

On whomelt Tubs lay twa lang Dails,
On them ſtood mony a Goan,
Some fill'd wi Brachen, ſome wi Kail,
And Milk heat frae the Loan,
Of Daintiths they had Routh and Wale,
Of which they were right fon;
But naithing wad gae down but Ale
Wi drunken *Donald Don*
The Smith, that Day.

Twice aught Bannocks in a Heap,
And twa g od Junts of Beef,
Wi Hind and Fore-ſpawl of a Sheep,
Drew whittles frae ilk Sheath:
Wi Gravie a their Beards did dreep,
They Kempit with their Teeth,
A Kebuck ſyne that 'maiſt cou'd creep
It's lane, pat on the Sheaf
In Stowrs that Day.

The Bride was now laid in her Bed,
Her left Leg Ho was ſtung;
And *Geordie Gib* was fidgen glad,
Becauſe it hit *Jean Gun:*
She was his Jo, and aft had ſaid,
Fy, *Geordie*, had your Tongue,
Ye's ne'er get me to be your Bride,
But chang'd her Mind when bung,
That very Day.

Tchee! quo' *Touzie*, whan ſhe ſaw
The Cathel coming ben,
It pypin heat gae'd round them a,
The Bride ſhe made a ſen,
To ſit in Wyliecoat ſae braw,
Upon her neither End,
Her Lad like ony Cock did Craw,
That meets a Clockin Hen,
And blyth were they.

The *Souter*, *Miller*, *Smith*, and *Dick*,
Lawrie and *Hutchon* bauld,
Carles that keep nae very ſtrict
Be Hours, tho' they were auld;
Nor cou'd they e're leave aff that Trick,
But whare good Ale was ſald,
They drank a Night, e'ne tho' auld Nick
Shou'd tempt their Wives to ſcald
Them for't next Day.

Was ne'er in *Scotland* heard or ſeen
Sic Banqueting and Drinking,
Sic Revelling and Battles keen,
Sic Dancing, and ſic Jinkin:
And unko Wark that fell at E'ne,
Whan Laſſes were haff Winkin,
They loſt their Feet, and baith their Een,
And Maidenheads gae'd Linkin
Aff, a that Day.

FINIS.

A Pleaſant and Renowned SONG of

Sir *GUY*, Earl of *Warwick*.

Shewing, The valiant DEEDS atchiev'd by that Noble Knight:
Alſo how he liv'd in a Cave as a Hermit, and of his Sickneſs and Death.

Tune of, *Was ever Man*, &c.



WAS ever Knight for Lady's Sake
So croſt in Love, as I Sir *Guy*?
For *Phillis* fair, that Lady bright,
As ever Man beheld with Eye:
She gave me Leave myſelf to try
The valiant Knight with Shield and Spear,
E'er that her Love ſhe would grant me,
Which made me venture far and near.

The proud Sir *Guy*, a Baron bold,
In Deeds of Arms the doughty Knight,
That every Day in *England* was,
With Sword and Spear in Field to fight:
An *Engliſhman* I was by Birth,
In Faith of Chriſt, a Chriſtian true;
The wicked Laws of Infidels
I ſought by Power to ſubdue.

Two hundred twenty Years and odd,
After our Saviour Chriſt his Birth,
When King *Athelſtone* wore the Crown,
I lived here upon the Earth:
Some Time I was of *Warwick* Earl,
And as I ſaid, on very Truth,
A Lady's Love did me conſtrain
To ſeek great Ventures in my Youth.

To try my Fame by Force of Arms,
In ſtrange and ſundry Heathen Lands,
Where I atchieved for her Sake,
Right dangerous Conqueſts by my Hands.
For firſt I ſail'd to *Normandy*,
And there I ſtoutly won in Fight
The Emperor's Daughter of *Almain*,
From many a valiant worthy Knight.

Then paſſed I the Seas of *Greece*,
To help the Emperor to his Right,
Againſt the mighty *Soldans* Hoſt
Of *Perſians* to fight:
Where I did ſlay of *Sarazens*,
And Heathen *Pagans* many a Man;
And ſlew the *Soldans* Couſin dear,
Beſides the haughty *Colbron*.

Exkeldred, the famous Knight,
To Death likewiſe I did purſue;
And *Almain*, King of *Tyre* alſo,
Moſt terrible in Fight to view,
I went into the *Soldan*'s Hoſt,
Being thither on Embaſſage ſent:
And brought away his Head with me,
I having ſlain him in his Tent.

There was a Dragon in the Land,
Which I alſo myſelf did ſlay,
As he a Lion did purſue,
Moſt fiercely met me by the Way:
From thence I paſs'd the Seas of *Greece*,
And came to *Pavy* Land aright,
Where I the Duke of *Pavy* kill'd,
His heinous Treaſon to requite.

And after came into this Land,
Towards fair *Phillis* Lady bright;
For Love of whom I travell'd far,
To try my Manhood and my Might:
But when I had eſpouſed her,
I ſtaid with her but forty Days;
But then I left this Lady bright,
And then I went beyond the Seas.

All clad in Grey, in Pilgrim ſort,
My Voyage from her I did take
Unto that bleſſed Holy Land,
For Jeſus Chriſt my Saviour's Sake:
Where I Earl *Jonas* did redeem,
And all his Sons that were Fifteen,
Who with the cruel *Sarazen*,
In Priſon for long Time had been.

I ſlew the Giant *Amarant*,
In Battle fiercely Hand to Hand;
And doughty *Barknard* killed I,
The mighty Duke of that ſame Land:
Then I to *England* came again,
And here with *Colbron* fell I fought;
An ugly Giant, that the *Danes*
Had for their Champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the Field,
And ſlew him dead right valiantly;
Where I the Land did then redeem
From *Daniſh* Tribute utterly:

And afterwards I offer'd up
The Uſe of Weapons ſolemnly
At *Wincheſter*, when as I fought
In Sight of many far and nigh.

In *Windſor* Foreſt I did ſlay
A Boar of paſſing Might and Strength,
The like in *England* never was
In Bigneſs both for Breath and Length:
Some of his Bones in *Warwick* yet
Within the Caſtle there do lie;
One of his Shield-bones to this Day
Hangs in the City of *Coventry*.

On *Dunſmore-heath* I alſo ſlew
A monſtrous, wild, and cruel Beaſt,
Call'd, *The Dun Cow of* Dunſmore-heath,
Which many People had oppreſt:
Some of her Bones in *Warwick* yet,
Still for a Monument do lie,
Which unto every Looker's View,
As Wonders ſtrange they may eſpy.

And the Dragons in the Land,
I alſo did in Sight deſtroy,
That did both Man and Beaſt oppreſs,
And all the Country ſore annoy:
And then to *Warwick* came again
Like Pilgrim poor, and was not known;
And there I liv'd a Hermit's Life,
A Mile and more out of the Town.

Where with my Hands I hew'd a Houſe
Out of a craggy Rock of Stone,
And lived like a Palmer poor,
Within that Cave myſelf alone:
And daily came to beg my Food
Of *Phillis*, at my Caſtle-gate;
Not known unto my loving Wife,
Who daily mourned for her Mate.

Till at the laſt I fell ſore Sick,
Yea, ſore ſo Sick, that I muſt die;
I ſent to her a Ring of Gold,
By which ſhe knew me preſently:
Then ſhe repaired to the Cave,
Before that I gave up the Ghoſt,
Herſelf cloſ'd up my dying Eyes,
My *Phillis* fair whom I lov'd moſt.

Thus dreadful Death did me arreſt,
To bring my Corpſe unto the Grave;
And like Palmer died I,
Whereby I hope my Soul to ſave:
My Body in *Warwick* yet doth lie,
Though it is now conſum'd to Mould;
My Stature was engraven in Stone,
This preſent Day you may behold.

A

SONG

To the TUNE of the Abbot of Canterbury, &c.

I.

WHAT Child has not heard of a conquering Tour,
Carried on in a Trench by full Thouſands fourſcore?
And how the Grand Monarch is flown Home again,
In Triumph to reap the Reward of his Pain?

Derry down.

II.

But he found when arriv'd on the Frontiers of *France*,
Inſtead of a Triumph, a cold Complaiſance:
For who could enjoy ſuch an idle Parade,
When *Cape-Breton* was loſt, and an Emperor made!

Derry down.

III.

This obſerv'd he complains to his truſty *Belliſle*,
" Muſt we ever be plagu'd with yon inſolent Iſle?
" To Monarchy's Height, 'tis in vain to aſpire,
" While ſo little a Spark can create ſuch a Fire?"

Derry down.

IV.

' Great Sir, ſays the Marſhal, play off the *Pretender*:
' 'Tis not in your Arms to make *Britain* Surrender:
' Their Freedom ſo Spirits thoſe obſtinate Elves,
' They ne'er can be conquer'd unleſs by themſelves.'

Derry down.

V.

Thus alarm'd he enjoins his Mock-Sovereign at *Rome*
To fond o'er his Son it himſelf durſt not come:
" For ſure 'tis enough a fond Youth to convince,
" That if You be a King, he of Courſe is a Prince."

Derry down.

VI.

" By the *POPE* let the Stripling in private be bleſt Oh!
" And equipp'd with a Time-ſerving ſmooth Manifeſto:
" In Terms howe'er Solemn and ſtrong it is made,
" Your Faith will inſtruct you ſuch Ties to evade."

Derry down.

VII.

" And with him ſuch Nobles, as farther Endearment:
" Who, for not being hang'd merit other Preferment
" Then if they can once get the Cry on their Side,
" Our *Armada*'s ſhall follow, and help to divide."

Derry down.

VIII.

Thus *France* with her Vaſſals afreſh has begun,
To annoy what ſhe envies moſt under the Sun:
And a Kingdom ſo fair, ſo diffuſive a Trade,
Are motives enow to make Villians invade.

Derry down.

IX.

But theſe Motives to them ſuch late Efforts to try,
Shou'd make Us ſomething better than meer Standers-by:
Tho' in Politick Wranglings at times we delight;
Yet againſt ſuch Oppreſſors we'll ever unite.

Derry down.

X.

Our Religion, our Government, Freedom, and All,
Together, muſt ſtand, and together muſt fall:
Still happy, if, in their Defence we ſucceed,
And in that Defence, 'tis moſt glorious to Bleed.

Derry down.

XI.

For if *Papal* Tyranny once mount the Throne,
Like a Dream are the Days of our Happineſs gone:
With Slavery curs'd, ſhall be each future Birth,
And *Britain* no longer the Joy of the Earth.

Derry down.

A SONG,

On the Conſtituting, and Revival, of

The LODGE 296, at *Wakefield.*

WHAT Joy fills *our Hearts* ——what *Tranſports* we ſhare!
When thus my dear *Brethren!* we meet on the *Square*:
Our *Light* now ſhines forth, where *Darkneſs* appear'd,
For the LODGE is REVIV'D, that at WAKEFIELD was rear'd,
Derry Down, &c.

With Hearts thus *United*——*Cemented* by *Love!*
An *Emblem* of that happy *Station above!*
No *Backbiting*——*Malice*——nor *Envy*, have we,
Our MOTTO is *Silence*———*Love*———*Charity!*
Derry Down, &c.

The *Town's* in an *Uproar*, it plainly is ſeen,
FREE-MASONS! cry they——Pray what do they mean?
They're *Eunuchs*, one anſwer'd, I'm told by a Neighbour,
That a FREE-MASON'S WIFE was never in *Labour!*
Derry Down, &c.

With a *Hot Salamander*, their *Backſides*, are ſear'd——
That they're *Haters* of *Women*, I alſo have heard———
And that it is ſo, I moſt firmly believe,
If their *Secrets* they keep, from the *Daughters of Eve*,
Derry Down, &c.

They are *Fools* cry'd another, their *Secrets to boaſt*,
For by *Books* that are *publiſh'd*, thoſe *Secrets* are loſt;
There's JACK KING——AND BUZ——And THREE PROPER KNOCKS,
All the *Myſt'ry* of *Maſons*, moſt *truly* unlocks!
Derry Down, &c.

Then reply'd a *Wiſeacre*, I know very well,
No Secrets they have———So none can they tell!
And theſe *Books* about MASONS, I ſtrongly believe,
Are only rank *Nonſenſe* the World to deceive,
Derry Down, &c.

A LADY, then ſpoke——As She *Tea* poured out,
About theſe FREE-MASONS, what Din and a Rout!
If *Secrets* they have, I vow in *one Night*,
We *Women* could bring, all their *Secrets to light!*
Derry Down, &c.

The *Wife* of a *Maſon*, who heard all this *Stuff*,
Cry'd, *Peace*, my *Good Friends*, you've ſhewn *Envy enough!*
My *Huſband's a Maſon*——And ſince he was *made*,
He's a much Better-Man—Both at Board—And in Bed!
Derry Down, &c.

God bleſs! theſe *poor People!* Pray let them *rail on*——
And let *us*, dear Brethren, *each ſtrive*, to mend *One!*
That by *our Example*; the *World* may all *ſee*,
To be *good* and *virtuous*, is FREE MASONRY!
Derry Down, &c.

Come *Charge My dear Brethren*——Come fill the Glaſs *high!*
To the KING—OUR GRAND MASTER—and FREE-MASONRY!
To our *Wives*——*Bearns*——and *Sweethearts*, pray let it go *round!*
And may this our NEW LODGE—with *Bleſſings* be *crown'd!*
Derry Down, &c.

Repleniſh, once more——I've a *Toaſt* to propoſe,
As the *Hearts* of *Us Maſons*, with *Gratitude* glows!
To the GOOD LODGE of thoſe *Brothers ſo true*!
Let's *Drink with all Honours, to Maſonry due*!
Derry Down, &c.

THE LOFTY BISHOP, T
BROVVNIST, AND THE LOYALL A

1. *The Biſhop Sings.*

VVHat would yee lazie Browniſts have,
you rage and runne away;
And cry us downe, our Church, and eke,
the forme therein we pray.

Oh Monſtres great! Abortive ſonnes,
your Mother to forſake;
To Church you doe refraine to come,
your prayers there to make.

You will admit no governement,
in Church at all to ſtand,
Without the which, would ſoone be ſeene,
ſtrange errors in the land.

You doe aſſume your ſelves to be
more holy then all people,
Therefore 'mongſt all, you will not come,
to pray in Church or ſteeple.

You'l ſpeake us faire and ſoberly,
you will proteſt in ſpeech,
With eyes, and hands eke lifted up:
yet will us over-reach.

You doe preſume, you have no ſinne;
and that you have the ſpirit,
And though you coſen and deceive,
you heaven ſhall inherit.

Oh, fie upon your idle life!
how dare you zeale pretend,
To loyter here, and there all day
a prating life to ſpend.

What ſeparatiſt in your Rout
makes conſcience of all ſinnes,
And in his calling paines doth take,
ſo ſoone as day beginnes.

2. *The Browniſts Sings.*

YOur lofty Lord-ſhipp tearmes us lazie
and runagadoes too,
But I could wiſh you Biſhops would
but labour as we doe.

Sure yee be monſters, for ſuch members
of Chriſt his Church as yee,
I have not read of in Gods word
allowed by him to be.

Then you muſt rather be out of Chriſt,
and in his Church impoſtors,
For Chriſt allowes you Lordſhips none;
if you will be his Paſtors.

You did preſume, you were cocke ſure,
and in your glory firme,
Chriſts little flocke to tyrannize
with countenance full ſteame.

The Apoſtles of our Saviour Chriſt,
you pleade you doe ſucceede;
And yet would ſtarve thoſe ſoules, which they
did labour for to feede.

Though with your mouth, you Rome deny;
yet ſtill her wayes you take,
A ſtrumpet you confeſſe ſhe is,
yet doe her not forſake.

How dare you, who appointed are
to Preach Gods holy word;
Sit in pompe and preſume to beare
in hand the temporall ſword.

Is any Paſtor made a Lord,
but ſoone's from preaching taken;
Yea though he laboured much before,
this makes all be forſaken.

Printed *Ann Dom.* 1640.

THE LAZY
AVTHOR.

3. The Author laments.

HEre's lazie Browniſts, lofty Biſhops,
and both accuſe each other,
As runagadoes, Monſters eke;
unto the Church their mother.

And yet were both bread up by her
and yet Church Monſters too;
The one doth quite forſake the Church,
the other would her undoe.

But now the Parliament no doubt,
theſe Monſters will deſtroy;
Or elſe will ſet them ſuch a forme,
whereby the Church may joy.

The one in pride, the other in
conceited puritie;
Doth trouble both the Church and State,
ſuch Monſters for to ſee.

Whilſt one diſſembles, th'other doth
affirme vaine things for truth,
Whilſt one in pompe, his time doth waſt
the other it ſpends in ſloth.

Whilſt both doe wander from the way
wherein the Church of God
Directed is by him to walke,
both other paths have trod.

The Browniſts noſes, want a Ring
(to draw them with a Rope;)
The Prelates wings doe cutting neede,
(leaſt they fly to the Pope.)

That ſo the one in Church may Preach
Gods word, the other heare;
That both may honour God, and eke
his lawes may love, and feare.

A Sorrowful Lamentation,

For the Loſs of their

Gracious QUEEN

M A R Y

Who departed this Life, the 28th. of *December*, 1694.

To the Tune of, *The Bleeding Heart.*

WHat diſmal News is this I hear,
Each *Brittain* ſhedding of a Tear,
I do not mean a Tear alone,
But heavy Sighs and diſmal Groans.

Each one ſtruck dumb, amazing ſtands,
With aiking Hearts and wringing Hands,
Oh! wretched Day that e're was ſeen,
The loſs of our moſt Gracious Queen.

A Queen whoſe Worth could not be nam'd,
A Queen for Vertue ſtill proclaim'd;
And all her Subjects needs muſt owne,
So brave a Queen was never known.

Oh! *Britain*, *Britain*, mourn with ſpeed,
For ſure there never was more need,
Than at this day for our hard Fate.
Our King has loſt his Royal Mate.

No Tongue can tell the Grief and Wo,
Each Subject now does undergo;
Since Your Moſt Royal Queen is dead,
'Twould make a Heart of Stone to bleed,

Where this ſame dreadful News does come,
It ſtruck amazement in each one,
And all with mournful Voice did ſay,
Oh! Wretched and unhappy day.

What muſt I do? where muſt we go?
Our Queen that lov'd her Country ſo,
By cruel Death is ſnatch'd away;
Oh! why did not Death longer ſtay?

This is a Land of Grief and Wo,
Which does with Sorrow overflow;
So great a Loſs was never ſeen,
To looſe ſo vertuous a Queen.

A Queen belov'd of all that knew,
How to their Country to be true;
A Queen that of Mercy had great ſtore,
Oh! ſuch a Queen was ne're before.

But Oh! She's gone, and left us here,
Full of Diſtraction and Diſpair;
No Comfort now is to be ſeen,
Since we have loſt our Gracious Queen.

This is a day of Mourning now,
This is a day of Sorrow too;
This is a day of Wo and Grief,
This day we mourn without relief.

For ſighing, this I needs muſt ſay,
The Good are ſooneſt took away,
Altho She's here no longer ſeen,
In Heav'n She Reigns a Glorious Queen.

FINIS.

Printed at *London*, And Re-printed at *Edinburgh* by *John Reid*, 1695.

The Life and Death of
Fair *ROSAMOND.*

King HENRY the Second's Concubine,



WHEN as king Henry rul'd this land,
The ſecond of that name,
Beſide the queen he loved dear,
A fair and comely dame.
Moſt peerleſs was her beauty found,
Her ſavour and her face;
A ſweeter creature in the world,
Could never prince embrace.
Her criſped locks like threads of gold
Appear'd to each man's ſight,
Her comely eyes like orient pearl,
Did caſt a heavenly light.
The blood within her cryſtal cheeks
Did ſuch a co'our drive,
As tho' the lilly and the roſe
For maſterſhip did ſtrive.
Fair Roſamond, Fair Roſamond,
Her name waa cali'd ſo,
To whom dame Eleanor our Queen,
Was known a deadly foe.

The king therefore, for her defence,
Againſt the furious queen,
At Woodſtock builded ſuch a bower,
The like was never ſeen.
Moſt curiouſly that bower was built
Of ſtone and timber ſtrong,
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong.
And they ſo cunningly contriv'd,
With turnings round about,
That none without a clue of thread
Could enter in and out.
Now for his love and lady's ſake,
Who was both fair and bright,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant Knight.
But fortune that doth often frown
Where it before did ſmile,
The king's delight, the lady's joy
Full ſoon ſhe did beguile.

For why, the king's ungracious ſon,
Whom he did high advance,
Againſt his father raiſed wars
Within the realms of France.
But yet before our gracious king
The Engliſh land forſook,
Of Roſamond his lady fair,
His farewell thus he took.
My Roſamond, my only Roſe,
Who pleaſeth beſt mine eye;
The faireſt flower in all the world.
To feed my phantaſy.
The flower of my affected heart,
Whoſe ſweetneſs doth excel
My royal roſe an hundred times,
I bid you now farewell.
For I muſt leave my faireſt roſe,
My ſweeteſt roſe a ſpace,
And croſs the ocean into France,
Proud rebels to debaſe.
But ſtill my roſe, be ſure thou ſhalt
My coming ſhortly ſee,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
I'll bear my roſe with me.
When Roſamond the lady bright,
Did hear the king ſay ſo,
The ſorrows of her grieved heart
Her outward looks did ſhow.
And from her clear and cryſtal eyes,
The tears guſh'd out apace.
Which like the ſilver pearly dew
Ran down her comely face.
Her lips like to the coral red,
Did wax both wan and pale.
And for the ſorrow ſhe conceiv'd,
Her vital ſpirits fail.
And falling down into a ſwoon
Before king Henry's face,
Full oft within his princely arms
Her body did embrace.
And twenty times with watery eyes
He kiſs'd her tender cheeks,
Until he had reviv'd again,
Her ſpirit mild and meek.
Why grieves my roſe? my ſweeteſt roſe,
The king did often ſay.
Becauſe, quoth ſhe, to bloody wars
My lord muſt paſs away.
But ſince your grace in foreign coaſts
Amongſt your foes unkind,
Muſt go to hazard life and limb,
Why muſt I ſtay behind.

Nay, rather let me, like a page,
Thy ſword and target bear,
That on my breaſt the blow may light
That ſhall offend my dear.
O let me in your royal tent
Prepare your bed at night,
And with ſweet baths refreſhen you,
As you return from fight.
So I your preſence may enjoy,
No toil I will refuſe:
But wanting you my life is death,
Which doth true love abuſe.
Content thyſelf, my deareſt love,
Thy reſt at home ſhall be,
In England's ſweet and pleaſing court,
For travels fit not thee.
Fair ladies brook not bloody wars,
Sweet peace their pleaſure breeds,
The nouriſher of heart's content,
Whoſe fancy firſt did feed.
My roſe ſhall reſt in Woodſtock bower,
With muſic's ſweet delight;
While I among the piercing pikes
Againſt my foes do fight:
My roſe in robes of pearl and gold,
With diamonds rich and bright,
Shall dance the galliards of my love,
While I my foes do ſmite.
And you, Sir Thomas, whom I truſt
To be my love's defence,
Be careful of my gallant roſe
When I am parted hence.
And herewithal he fetch'd a ſigh,
As tho' his heart would break:
And Roſamond, for very grief,
Not one plain word could ſpeak.
And at their parting well they might
In heart be grieved ſore:
After that day Fair Roſamond
The king did ſee no more.
For when his grace paſſed the ſeas,
And into France was gone,
Queen Eleanor with envious heart
To Woodſtock came anon.
And forth ſhe calls the truſty Knight,
Who kept this curious bower,
And with a clew of twiſted thread
Came from this famous flower.
And when that they had wounded him,
The queen this thread did get,

And went where lady Roſamond
Was like an angel ſet.
But when the queen, with ſtedfaſt eyes,
Beheld his heavenly face,
She was amazed in her mind
At ſuch exceeding grace.
Caſt off, ſaid ſhe, theſe fine robes,
That rich and coſtly be,
And drink you up this deadly draught
Which I have brought to thee.
But preſently upon her knees
Fair Roſamond did fall,
And pardon of the queen ſhe crav'd
For her offences all.
Take pity on my youthful years,
Fair Roſamond did cry,
And let me not with poiſon ſtrong
Be forced for to die.
I will renounce my ſinful life,
And in ſome cloiſter bide,
Or elſe be baniſh'd if you pleaſe,
To range the world ſo wide.
And for the fault which I have done,
Tho' I was forced thereunto,
Preſerve my life, and puniſh me,
As you think fit to do.
And with theſe words her lilly hands
She wrung full often there,
And down along her comely face,
Proceeded many a tear.
But nothing could this furious queen
Herewith appeaſed be,
The cup of deadly poiſon ſtrong,
Which ſhe held on her knee,
She gave this comely dame to drink,
Who took it from her hand,
And from her bended knees aroſe,
And on her feet did ſtand.
When caſting up her eyes to heaven,
She did for mercy call,
And drinking up the poiſon ſtrong,
She loſt her life withal.
And when death thro' every limb
Had done it's greateſt ſpite,
Her chieſeſt foes could but confeſs,
She was a glorious wight.
Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Woodſtock, near to Oxford town,
As may be ſeen this day.

Printed and Sold in Bow-Church Yard, London.

An Excellent BALLAD of

St. *GEORGE* and the DRAGON.



WHY ſhould we boaſt
Of *Arthur* and his Knights,
Knowing how many Men
Have performed Fights?
Or why ſhould we ſpeak
Of Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,
Or Sir *Triſtram du Leon*,
That fought for Ladies Sake?
Read but old Stories,
And there you ſhall ſee,
How St. *George*, St. *George*,
He made the Dragon flee.
St. George *he was for* England,
St Dennis *was for* France,
Sing, *Honi ſoit qui Mally Penſe.*

To ſpeak of Monarchs,
It were too long to tell,
And likewiſe to the *Romans*,
How far they did excel:
Hannibal and *Scipio*,
In many a Field did fight;
Orlando Furioſo,
He was a valiant Knight,
Romulus and *Rhemus*,
Were thoſe that *Rome* did build;
But St. *George*, St. *George*,
The Dragon he hath kill'd,
St. George *he was for* England, &c.

Jepthah and *Gideon*,
They led their Men to fight,
The *Gibbonites* and *Ammonites*,
They put them all to Flight:
Hercules his Labour,
Was in the Vale of *Baſs*,
And *Sampſon* ſlew a Thouſand,
With the Jaw-bone of an Aſs.
And when he was blind,
Pull'd the Temple to the Ground;
But St. *George*, St. *George*,
The Dragon did confound.
St. George *he was for* England,
St. Dennis *was for* France &c.

Valentine and *Orſon*,
They came of *Pepin*'s Blood;
Alfred and *Adricus*,
They were brave Knights and good:
The four Sons of *Aymon*
That fought with *Charlemain*,
Sir *Hugh de Bourdeaux*,
And *Godfrey de Bullogin*;
Theſe were all *French* Knights,
The *Pagans* to convert;
But St. *George*, St. *George*,
He pull'd out the Dragon's Heart.
St. George *he was for* England, *&c.*

King *Henry* the Fifth,
He conquered all *France*,
He quartered their Arms,
His Honour to advance:
He rais'd their Walls,
And pull'd their Cities down,
And he garniſh'd his Head
With a double tripple Crown:
He thumped the *French*,
And after Home he came;
But St *George*, St. *George*,
He made the Dragon tame.
St. George *he was for* England, *&c.*

St. *David* you know
Loved Leeks and toaſted Cheeſe,
And *Jaſon* was the Man
Brought Home the Golden Fleece;
And *Patrick* you know,
He was St. *George*'s Boy;
Seven Years he kept his Horſe,
Then ſtole him away:
For which knaviſh Act
A Slave he doth remain;
But St. *George*, St. *George*.
He hath the Dragon ſlain.
St. George *he was for* England, *&c.*

Tamerlane the Emperor,
In Iron Cage did Crown,
With all his bloody Flags
Diſplay'd before the Town:
Scanderberg Magnarimous,
Mahomet's Baſhaws did dread:
Whoſe victorious Bones
Were worn when he was dead:
His *Bezlerbegs* his Corn like dreads,
George Caſtriot was he call'd;
But St. *George*, St. *George*,
The Dragon he hath maul'd.
St. George *he was for* England, *&c.*

Ottoman the *Tartar*,
He came of *Perſia*'s Race;
The great *Mogul* with's Cheſt,
So full of Cloves and Mace:
The *Grecian* Youth *Bucephalous*,
He manfully did beſtride:
But theſe with their Worthies Nine,
St. *George* did them betide.
Guſtavus Adolphus,
Was *Swedeland*'s Warlike King;
But St. *George*, St. *George*,
He pull'd forth the Dragon's Sting,
St. George *he was for* England, *&c.*

Poldragon and *Cadwallader*,
Of *Britiſh* Blood do boaſt;
Tho' *John* of *Gaunt* his Foes did daunt,
St. *George* ſhall rule the Roaſt:
Agamemnon and *Clemedon*,
And *Macedon* did Feaſt,
But compared to our Champion,
They are but meer Cheats.
Brave *Malta* Knights in *Turkiſh* Flights,
Their brandiſh'd Swords out-drew,
But St. *George* met the Dragon,
And run him through and through.
St. George *he was for* England, *&c.*

Bida the *Amazon*,
Poetus overthrew,
As fierce as either *Vandal*,
Goth, *Saracen* or *Jew*:
The potent *Holofernes*,
As he lay in his Bed,
In came his Wife *Judith*,
And ſubtiley ſtole his Head:
Brave *Cyclops* ſtout, with *Jove* he fough
Tho' he thower'd down Thunder;
But St. *George* kill'd the Dragon,
And was not that a Wonder;
St. George *he was for* England, *&c.*

Mark Anthony, I'll warrant you,
Play'd Feats with *Egypt*'s Queen;
Sir *Elamore*, that valiant Knight,
The like was never ſeen.
Grim *Gorgon*'s Might was know in Fight,
Old *Bevis* moſt Men fighted;
The *Mermidons* and *Preſter Johns*,
Why were not theſe Men knighted?
Brave *Spinola* took in *Breda*,
Naſſau did it recover;
But St. *George*, St. *George*,
Turn'd the Dragon over and over,
St. George *he was for* England, *&c.*

The WANDERING JEW:

Or, the SHOEMAKER of Jeruſalem.

Who lived when our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt was Crucified, and by him appointed to Live till his Coming again.



WHEN as in fair Jeruſalem,
Our Saviour Chriſt did live,
And for the ſins of all the world
His own dear life did give;
The wicked Jews with ſcoffs and ſcorns
Did daily him moleſt;
That never till he left this life,
Our Saviour could have reſt.
Repent therefore, O England!
Repent while you have ſpace;
And do not like the wicked Jews
Deſpiſe God's profer'd grace.

When they had crown'd his head with thorns,
And ſcourg'd him with diſgrace;
In ſcornful ſort they led him forth
Unto his dying place.
Where thouſands thouſands in the ſtreet
Did ſee him paſs along;
Yet not one gentle heart was there,
That pity'd this his wrong. Repent, &c.

Both old and young reviled him,
As thro' the ſtreets he went;
And nothing found but churliſh taunts,
By every one's conſent.
His own dear croſs he bore himſelf
A burden far too great;
Which made him in the ſtreets to faint,
With blood and water ſweat.

Being weary, thus he ſought for reſt,
For to eaſe his burthen'd ſoul,
Upon a ſtone; the which a wretch
Did churliſhly controul.
And ſaid, Away, thou king of Jews,
You ſhall not reſt you here:
Paſs on; your execution-place
You ſee now draweth near.

And thereupon he thruſt him thence,
At which our Saviour ſaid,
I ſure will reſt, but thou ſhalt walk,
And have no journey ſtaid.
With that this curſed ſhoemaker,
For offering Chriſt this wrong,
Left wife and children, houſe, and all,
And went from thence along.

So when he had the precious blood
Of Jeſus Chriſt thus ſhed,
And to the croſs his body nail'd
Away with ſpeed he fled.
Without returning back again
Unto his dwelling-place;
And wandereth up and down the world,
A renegade moſt baſe.

No reſting could he find at all,
Nor eaſe, nor heart's content;
No houſe, nor home, nor dwelling-place,
But wandering forth he went.
From town to town in foreign lands,
With grieved conſcience, ſtill
Repenting for the henious gift
Of his fore-paſſed ill.

Thus after ſome ages had paſt,
With wandering up and down,
He once again deſired to ſee
Jeruſalem's fair town.
But finding it was quite deſtroy'd,
He wandered full of woe;
Our Saviour's words which he had ſpoke,
To verify and ſhew:

I'll reſt, ſaid he, but thou ſhalt walk,
So doth this Wandering Jew,
From place to place, but cannot ſtay,
For ſeeing countries new.
Declaring ſtill the power of him,
Where'er he comes or goes;
And of all things done in the Eaſt,
Since Chriſt his death did ſhew.

The world he ſtill doth compaſs round,
And ſees thoſe nations ſtrange,
Who hearing of the name of God,
Their idol Gods do change.

To whom he hath told wond'rous things
Of time fore-paſt and gone;
And to the Princes of the world
Declar'd his cauſe of moan.

Deſiring ſtill to be diſſolv'd
And yield his mortal breath;
But as the Lord had thus decreed,
He muſt not yet ſee death.
For neither looks he old or young,
But as he did thoſe times
When Chriſt did ſuffer on the croſs,
For mortal ſinners crimes.

He paſſed many foreign lands,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Greece, Syria, and Great Thrace,
And quite thro' Hungary.
Where Paul and Peter preached Chriſt,
Thoſe bleſt apoſtles dear,
Where he hath told our Savious's words,
In the countries far and near.

And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German town;
And now in Flanders, as 'tis thought,
He wandereth up and down.
Where learned men with him confer,
Of thoſe his lingering days,
And wonder much to hear him tell
His journeys and his ways.

If people give this Jew an alms,
The moſt that he will take
Is not above a groat a day;
Which he for Jeſus ſake
Doth kindly give unto the poor,
And therefore makes no ſpare,
Affirming ſtill that Jeſus Chriſt
Of him hath daily care.

He was not ſeen to laugh or ſmile,
But weep and make great moan,
Lamenting ſtill his miſeries,
And days far ſpent and gone.
If he hears any one blaſpheme,
Or take God's name in vain;
He tells them they crucify
Our Saviour Chriſt again.

If thou had'ſt ſeen grim death, ſaid he,
As theſe mine eyes have done,
Ten thouſand thouſand times would ye
His torments think upon.
And ſuffer for his ſake all pains,
All torments, and all woes.
Theſe are his words, and this his life,
Where'er he comes or goes.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard, London.

A New BALLAD of St. GEORGE and the DRAGON.



WHY should we boast of Arthur and his Knights,
Knowing how many Men have performed fights?
Why should we speak of Sir Launcelot du Lake?
Or Triſtam du Lion, that fought for ladies ſake?
Old ſtories, and there you will ſee
St George, St. George, he made the Dragon flee.

St. George he was for England, St. Dennis for France,
And HONI SOIT QUI MALY PENSE.

To speak much of Monarchs it were too long to tell,
Likewiſe of the Romans how far they did excell
Hannibal and Scipio in many a fight they did fight
Orlando Furioſo he was a valiant Knight;
Romulus and Remus were thoſe that Rome did build,
St. George, St. George the Dragon he hath kill'd.
St. George he was for England, &c.

Joſhua and Gideon they led their Men to fight;
The Gibeonites and Ammonites they put all to flight;
Hercules his labour was in the Vale of Baſs;
And Sampſon ſlew a Thouſand with the jaw-bone of an aſs;
And when he was blind pull'd the Temple to the ground,
But St. George, St. George the Dragon did conſound.
St. George he was for England, &c.

Valentine and Orſon they came of Pepin's blood,
Alfred and Alarick friars they were brave Knights and good;
The four ſons of Ammon that fought with Charlemain,
Sir Hugh de Bourdeaux, and Godfrey de Bulloign;
Theſe were all French Knights that Pagans did convert:
But St. George, St. George he pull'd out the Dragon's heart.
St. George he was for England, &c.

Henry the Fifth he conquered all France,
He quarter'd their arms, his honour to advance;
He razed their walls, and pull'd their cities down,
And he garniſh'd his head with a double tripple crown;
He thumped the French, and after home he came,
But St. George, St. George he made the Dragon tame.
St. George he was for England, &c.

St. David you know he lov'd leeks and toaſted cheeſe,
And Jaſon was the Man that brought home the Golden Fleece
And Patrick you know was St. George's boy,
Seven years he kept his horſe, and then ſtole him away,
For which knaviſh act a ſlave he doth remain;
But St. George, St. George he hath the Dragon ſlain.
St. George he was for England, &c.

Tamerlain the Emperor in iron cage did crown,
With his bloody flags diſplay'd before the town,
Scanderbeg magnanimous Mahomet's Baſhaws did dread,
Whoſe victorious bones was borne when he was dead.

His Beg'ry, his corn-like deeds, George Castriot was he call'd
~~Old William so fam'd, the Conqueror he was call'd~~;
But St. George, St. George, he hath the Dragon maul'd.
St. George he was for England, &c.

Ottoman the Tartar he came of Perſia's race,
The Great Mogul with his cheſt full of cloves and mace;
The Grecian youth Bucephalus did manfully beſtride,
But theſe with their Worthies nine St. George did deride;
Guſtavus Adolphus was Sweden's warlike King,
But St. George, St. George he pull'd out the Dragon's ſting.
St. George he was for England, &c.

Pendragon and Cadwallader of Britiſh blood do boaſt,
Tho' John of Gaunt his foes did daunt, St. George ſhall rule the roaſt;
Agamemnon and Cleomedes and Macedon did feats,
But compared to our champion, they are but merely cheats;
Brave Malta Knights in Turkiſh fights their brandiſh'd ſwords outdrew;
But St. George, St. George met the Dragon, and thruſt him thro' and thro'.
St. George he was for England, &c.

Bedia the Amazon, Poet overthrew,
As fierce as either Vandal, Goth, Saracen, or Jew;
The potent Holaferneſs, as he lay in bed,
In came wiſe Judith and ſtole away his head;
With Jove the Cyclops, altho' ſhe ſhower'd down thunder,
But St. George the Dragon kill'd, and was not that a wonder?
St. George he was for England, &c.

Mark Anthony I'll warrant ye, play'd feats with Egypts queen,
Sir Eglemore that valiant Knight, the like was never ſeen;
Grim Gorgon's might was known in fight; old Bevis moſt Men frighted;
The Mirmdons and Preſter Johns, why were not theſe men knighted?
Brave Spinola took in Breda, Naſſau did it recover;
But St. George, St. George, turn'd the Dragon over and over
St. George he was for England, &c.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-yard, Bow-Lane, London.

The *BREATH* of *LIFE.*

Being an account of a Young Man that went to Sea, thinking it a pleaſant Life; but ſoon found his Miſtake.

Prettily expreſſed in Sea Terms.



WHen firſt I drew the Breath of Life,
'Twas in the merry month of June,
The fourteenth day as I was told,
When Roſes they were in their bloom.
In ſeventeen hundred and five,
It was the date of the year.
My parents did for me provide,
The beſt of learning I declare.
When I grew up they aſk'd me thus,
What trade they ſhould for me provide?
O then I anſwer'd them again,
My mind's to croſs the ocean wide.
My whimſical brain did fully ſhow,
The pleaſures ſeamen enjoy'd at ſea;
But not the ſorrow, grief, nor woe,
They ſuffer in extremity.
If there be pleaſure on the ſeas,
'Tis when the Wind and Weather's fair,
With a bowl of punch here's to you Jack,
I thank you Will, let's drown all care.
Hardſhips we know there is full well,
But we muſt never flinch altho'
Dark diſmal night and lofty ſeas,
Contrary winds, hail, rain, and blow.
When we are on the raging main,
With wind right aft, and a pleaſant gale,
O then we have our heart's deſire,
When we can ſpread abroad our ſail,
Our main-ſail haul'd up in the brail,
Our fore-ſail drove us bravely thro'.
Our top-ſail and top-gallant ſails,
When hoiſted, make a gallant ſhew.
Now when the wind won't ſtand I am afraid
It weareth forward I plainly ſee,
Get the fore-tack down to the cat-head,
The main-top down to the larcheſtree.
Down ſtudding ſails, aloe and aluft,
And put them by boys for this time,
And ſtow your ſtay-ſails fore and aft,
And trim your ſails unto the wind,
And now ſhe'll hardly lay her courſe,
So let us get our tacks on board,
Our ſheets laid aft and our bawling hawl,
And ſee all things elſe prepar'd.
We muſt expect to head the ſea,
Where foaming billows aloud do roar,
Like hills and dales the main looks you ſee
Now our pleaſant ſail is o'er.
Inſtead of ſtudding now 'tis luff,
Don't fall off my boys, thus, and no near,
The Grampus blows a lofty ſpout,
The ſky looks diſmal I declare.
It's in top-gallant ſail, my boys,
Haul down your top-maſt, ſtay-ſails too,
We have met with a tartar I'm afraid,
We will ſettle our three top-ſails low.
Now boys let us reel while we have time,
Let run your top-ſail haul the yard down,
The rore and main-top bowling gone,
Set the weather braces round,

And fill your ſails my hearts of gold,
Hawl your keel-tacks alſo ;
It will blow hard I do perceive,
Let's clew them up while we are below.
The ſingle reef in each top-ſail,
And to fur them it is agreed ;
So bear a hand my hearts of gold,
And make haſte down with nimble ſpeed.
And ſee your jeers fore clear and aft,
Your haul down tackle-hood alſo,
And ſee all things ready prepar'd,
Both up aloft and down below.
Brail up your mizen ſnug my boys,
And chearfully lower away your yard ;
The ſky looks black and diſmal too,
Which plainly ſhows it will blow hard,
A good hand ſtand by the main ſheet,
And ſee all clear to let it fly ;
It looks as thick as butter-milk,
And will be with us by and by.
So hard a weather goes the helm,
Let fly the main-ſheet now with ſpeed,
This furious ſquall will ſoon be o'er,
It breaks apace I do perceive,
Come haul aft your main ſheets again,
Luff round my boys, lets loſe no ground,
The ſky looks dark and diſmal too,
We will ſurely lower our fore-yard down.
So forward now my heart of gold,
Let go your liſts in the firſt place,
A ſturdy fellow to the jeers,
And ſtrength is required at the brace.
Your down haul tackles muſt be man'd,
Clue garnets, burnt-lines, and lift-lines too
Eaſe off your ſheet, let riſe your tack,
And now my boys lets clue him up,
Belay your lifts ſecurely hard,
Then up aloft him ſnug,
Quoil your ropes, and then come aft,
And well all hands tipple the nut brown jug
And now our helm is laſh'd a-lee,
And all things are ſecure aloft ;
You at the helm pray mind the glaſs,
How ſhe comes too, and likewiſe falls off,
The ſtorm increaſes more and more,
We'll up and make a reef in the main ſail.
In one conſent let it be agreed,
Let's ſeamen's courage never fail,
And to your ſtation now my boys,
Pray ſtand by ſeamen every one.

Eaſe off your ſheet, let riſe your tack,
Set in your brace your bow-lines down,
When this is done, then down we come,
To ſee what more we have to do ;
We loſe our mizen in the brails,
We balance him and ſet him too :
Now he's balanc'd in a trice,
Sway up the yard, haul aft the ſheet,
No ſooner ſpoke but away ſhe flies,
And leave the bolt rope in his ſtead,
Our goodly ſhip lies dangerous too,
In the ſurge of all the ſea,
And takes us upon the broadſide,
And makes o'er us a paſſage free.
You ſee the danger we are in,
For God's ſake boys what ſhall we do?
Its better to ſail before the wind,
I'm ſure my boys than thus lie too.
In one conſent let's be agreed,
In readineſs prepare all things:
And bunt our fore-ſails ſecurely faſt,
And well ſeud under our gooſe wings.
Now ſteady, ſteady is the word,
Pray mind your helm. Steady ſtarboard,
No ſooner ſpoke but brought too ;
Pray ſtop her, its hard a port,
Pray mind the motion of her head,
For God's ſake keep off, don't bring her to
For all our lives lie at ſtake,
Our goodly ſhip and cargo too ;
No ſooner ſpoke but away ſhe flies,
Alas, they ſtrove in vain,
For down ſhe lies all on the careen,
As if ſhe'd never riſe again.
We being now in this diſtreſs,
Our mizen maſt we cut away,
Thinking to lighten her again.
But all in vain, ſtill down ſhe lay.
You ſee what dangers we are in,
The beſt of comfort we can afford,
To lighten our ſhips, and ſave our lives,
We cut our main-maſt by the board.
The ſeas they roar'd like mountains high,
Which ſtav'd our boat in pieces ſmall ;
Of all our lofty ſtanding maſts,
Our fore-maſt top ſtood and that was all;
Now to conclude and make an end,
I wiſh I had known as much before,
I would have choſe ſome other trade,
And liv'd contented on the ſhore.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard, Bow Lane, London. ſt

A NEW

SONG

ENTITULED,

The WARMING-PAN.

WHEN *Jemmy* the Second, not *Jemmy* the Firſt,
With Vexation and Poxes. and Impotence Curs'd,
Saw the good Cauſe muſt end, which ſo well he began,
Swore the Church, ſince he cou'd not, ſhould get him a Son
Derry down, down, &c.

To Work went the Church on her Majeſty's Womb,
By her true Repreſentations, Fryers from *Rome*;
But they well warm'd, her true Catholic Mettle,
They never could make the Meat boil in the Kettle.
Derry down.

But ſince it was determin'd an Heir muſt be got,
No matter from *Kettle*, from *Pan* or from *Pot*;
In Mettles Fertile, the old *JESUITS* Clan,
Produc'd a brave Boy, from a *Braſs-Warming-Pan.*
Derry down.

But *Old Eng'land*, quite harraſs'd with Papiſts before,
The *Brat* being Spurious, would ſure bear no more;
But with little *Welſh*'s help, kick'd the Spawn of a *Fryer*,
From out of the *Warming-Pan*, into the Fire.
Derry down.

Full many a Year, has the *Baſtard* been Nurs'd,
By *Paris* and *Rome*, who engender'd him firſt;
And now they have ſent to promote their old Plan,
The Son of the Son, of the *Eraſs-Warming-Pan.*
Derry down.

Oh! *Britain*'s, reflect, why you drove out the *One*,
And dread the ſame Evils, or worſe from the *Son*;
Quick, to *Paris*, or *Rome*, make your *Perkin* retire,
Or we're out of the *Warming-Pan*, into the *Fire.*
Derry down.

Sure *Scotland* remembers, the direful Fate,
When they ſuccour'd the *Warming-Pan*'s, Father of late;
How many to *Tower*, and *Newgate*, were ſent,
Some Heads were cut off, and too late did Repent.
Derry down.

May all be ſerv'd ſo, that takes up the Cauſe,
For *Rome*, or the D——l, make daily applauſe;
Let's firmly unite in the Proteſtant Caſe,
Drive *Pretender* to the D——l, keep K. *George* in his place.
Derry down.

A delectable new Ballad, Entituled *Leader-Haughs and Yarow.*

To its own proper Tune.

WHen Phœbus bright, the AZure-skies
with golden rayes enlightneth,
Theſe things ſublunar he eſpies;
Herbs, Trees, and Plants he quick'neth
Among all thoſe he makes his choiſe,
and gladlie goes he thorow,
With radiant beams, and ſilver ſtreams,
through Leader-Haughs and Yarow.
When Aries the day and night,
in equal length divideth;
Old frosty Saturn takes the flight,
no longer he abideth:
Then *Flora* Queen, with Mantle green
Caſts off her former ſorrow,
And vows to dwel with Cæres ſell
in Leader-Haughs and Yarow.
Pan Playing on his Oaten Reed,
with Shepherds him attending,
Doth here reſort their flocks to feed,
the Hills and Haughs commending:
With bottle, bag, and ſtaff with knag,
and all ſinging Good morrow,
They ſwear no Fields more pleaſure yeelds
then Leader Haughs and Yarow.
One Houſe there ſtands on Leader ſide
ſurmounting my deſcryving:
With Eaſe-rooms fair, and windows fair
like Dædalus contriving:
Men paſſing by do often ſay
in South it has no marrow:
It ſtands as fair on Leader ſide
as New-wark does on Yarow.
A mile below, who lift to ride,
they'l hear the Mavis ſinging,
Into St. Leonards bank ſhe'l bide,
ſweet Birks her head o'r-hinging:
The Lintwhite loud, and Progne proud,
with tender throats and narrow,
Into St. Leonards banks do ſing,
as ſweeſie as in Yarow.
The Lapwing lilteth o're the Lee,
with nible wings ſhe ſporteth,
But vows ſhe'l not come near the Tree,
where Philomel reſorteth:
By break of day, the Lark can ſay,
I'le bid you all good-morrow,
I'le yont and yell, for I may dwel
in Leader-Haughs and Yarow.
Park Wanton-walls and Wooden-cleugh,
the Eaſt and Weſter Mainſes,
The Forreſt of Lawder's fair enough,
the Corns are good in Blainſlies:
Where Oats are fine, and ſold by kind,
that if ye ſearch all thorow
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, none better are,
then Leader Haughs and Yarow.
In Burn-milne-bog, and Whiteſtead Shaws
the fearful Hare ſhe haunteth,
Bridge-haugh and Broad-wood-ſhiel ſhe
to the Chapel-wood frequenteth (knaws
Yet when ſhe hirks to Kaidſlie birks,
ſhe runs and ſighs for ſorrow,
That ſhe ſhould leave ſweet Leader-haughs
and cannot win to Yarow.
What ſweet ſhe would you hear,
then hounds and beigles crying:
The hare wats not, but flees for fear,
their hard perſuit defying:
But yet her ſtrength it fails at length,
no bielding can her borrow,
At Hoggs, Clackmay, nor Sorlesfield,
but longs to be at Yarow.
For Rockwood, Ringwood, Reva, Almer,
ſtill thinking for to view her,
But O to fail her ſtrength begins,
no cunning can reſcue her.
O'r dube and dike, o'r ſeugh and ſyke,
ſhe'l run the fields all thorow,
Yet ends her days in Leader-haughs
and bids farewel to Yarow.
Thou Erſlington and Coldon-Knowes,
where Humes had once commanding;
And Dry-grange with thy milk-white ewes
'twixt Tweed and Leader ſtanding:
The birds that flees through Red-path trees
and Gladswood banks all thorow,
May chant and ſing ſweet Leader-haughs
and the bony banks of Yarow,
But *Burn* cannot his grief aſſwage,
while as his days endureth,
To ſee the changes of this age,
which day and time procureth:
For many a place ſtands in hard caſe,
where *Burns* were blyth beforrow,
With *Humes* that dwelt on Leader ſide,
and Scots that dwelt in Yarow.

The VVords of *Burn* the Violer.

WHat? ſhall my Viol ſilent be,
or leave her wonted ſcriding?
But choiſe ſome ſadder Elegie,
not ſports and mirds deriding:
It muſt be ſain with lower ſtrain,
then it was wont beforrow,
To ſound the praiſe of Leader haughs,
and the bony banks of Yarow.
But floods hath overflown the banks,
the greeniſh *Haughs* diſgracing,
And trees in woods grows thin in ranks,
about the fields defacing:
For waters waxes, woods doth wind
more, if I could for ſorrow,
In rurul verſe, I could rehearſe,
of Leader haughs and Yarow.
But ſighs and ſobs o'riets my breath,
ſore ſaltiſh tears forth ſending,
All things ſublunar here on earth,
are ſubject to an ending:
So muſt my ſong, though somewhat long,
yet late at even and morrow,
I'le ſing and ſing, ſweet Leader-haughs,
and the bony banks of Yarow.

Hic terminus hæret.

FINIS.

A True RELATION of the Death of

Sir *Andrew Barton*, a Pyrate *and* Rover.

WHEN Flora with her fragrant Flowers,
Bedeck'd the Earth ſo trim and gay,
And Iris with his dainty Showers,
Came to preſent the Month of May;
King Henry he would a Hunting ride;
Over the River of Thames paſs'd he,
Unto a Mountain top alſo,
Did walk ſome Pleaſures for to ſee.
Where forty Merchants he eſpy'd,
With forty Sail come towards him:
Who then no ſooner were arriv'd,
But on their knees did thus complain.
An't pleaſe your Grace we cannot ſail,
Unto France a Voyage to beſure:
But Sir Barton he makes us quail,
And robs us of our Merchants ſtore.
Vex'd was the King and turning him,
Said to the Lords of high degree
Have I ne'er a Lord within my Realm,
Dares fetch that Traytor unto me?
To him reply'd Charles Lord Howard,
I will my Liege, with Heart and Hand
If it pleaſe you, grant me leave he ſaid
I will perform what you command.
To him then ſpoke King Henry,
I fear my Lord you are too young:
No whit at all my Liege quoth he,
I hope to prove in Valour ſtrong.
The Scotch Knight now I vow to ſeek,
In what Place ſoe'er he be;
And bring him a-ſhore with all might,
Or into Scotland he ſhall carry me.
A Hundred Men the King then ſaid
Out of my Realm ſhall choſen be;
Beſides Sailors and Ship-Boys,
For to guide a Ship on the Sea.
Bowmen and Gunners of good Skill,
Shall for this ſervice choſen be;
And they at thy Command and Will,
In all affairs ſhall wait on thee.
Lord Howard call'd a Gunner then;
Who was the beſt in all the Realm;
His age was threeſcore Years and ten,
And Peter Simon was his name.
My Lord call'd then a Bowman rare,
Whoſe active hands had gained Fame;
A Gentleman born in Yorkſhire,
And William Horſly was his Name.
Horſly, quoth he, I muſt go to Sea,
For to ſeek a traytor with good ſpeed:
Of a hundred Bowmen brave quoth he,
I ſhave choſe thee to be their Head.
If you my Lord, have choſen me,
Of a Hundred Men to be their head,
Upon the Main-maſt I will be hang'd,
If Twelve-ſcore I miſs a Shillings Breadth.
Lord Howard then of Courage bold,
Went to the Sea with pleaſant Chear,
Not curb'd with Winter's piercing Cold,
Tho' 'twas a ſtormy Time of Year,
Not long he had been on the Sea,
More in Days than number three;
But one Harry Hunt he there eſpy'd,
A Merchant of Newcaſtle has he,
To him Lord Howard call'd out amain,
And ſtrictly charged him to ſtand;
Demanding then from whence he came,
Or whence he did intend to Land.
The merchant then made anſwer ſoon,
With heavy heart and careful Mind.
My Lord, my Ship it doth belong
Unto Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne.
Can'ſt thou ſhew me, the Lord did ſay,
As thou didſt ſail by day or night,
A Scotiſh Rover on the Seas,
His name is Andrew Barton, Knight,
At this the Merchant ſigh'd and ſaid,
With grieved Mind and Well-a way
But over-well I know that Wight,
I was his Priſoner but Yeſterday,
As I my Lord did ſail from France,
A Bourdeaux Voyage to take ſo far;
I met with Sir Andrew Barton Knight,
Who robb'd me of my Merchant-ware.
And Mickle Debts, God-wot I owe,
And every man doth crave his own,
And I am bound for London now;
Of our gracious King to beg a boon.
Shew me him, ſaid Lord Howard then,
Let me but once the Villain ſee;
And ev'ry Penny he hath from thee ta'en,
I'll double it with Shillings three
Now God forbid, the Merchant ſaid,
I fear your aim thatyou will miſs;
God bleſs you from his Tyranny.
For little do you think what a Man he is,
He is braſs within, and Steel without,
His Ship moſt huge and mighty ſtrong;
With eighteen Pieces of Ordinance,
He carrieth on each ſide along.
With Beams for his Top caſtle.
As being alſo hugh and high:
That neither Engliſh nor Portugal
Can Sir Andrew Barton once paſs by.
Hard News thou ſheweſt then ſaid the Lord
For to welcome Angels unto the Sea;
But as I ſaid, I'll being him abroad,
Or into Scotland he ſhall carry me.
The Merchant ſaid, if you will do ſo,
Take Counſel then I pray withall:
Let no Man to his Top-Caſtle go,
Nor ſtrive to let his Beams down fall.
Lend me ſeven pieces of Ordinance thon,
On each ſide of my Ship, ſaid he:
And by To-morrow my good Lord,
Again I will your Honour ſee.
A glaſs I'll ſet as may be ſeen,
Whither you ſail by Day or Night,
And To-morrow beſure before Seven,
You ſhall meet Sir Andrew Barton, Knight.
The Merchant ſet my Lord a Glaſs,
So well apparent in his ſight;
That on the morrow as the Promiſe was,
He ſaw Sir Andrew Barton Knight.,
The Lord then ſwore a mighty Oath,
Now by the Heavens that be of Might,
By faith believe me, and by Troth,
I think he is a worthy Knight.

Fetch me my Lyon out of hand,
Saith he, with Roſe and Streamers high ;
Set up withall a willow wand,
That merchant-like I may paſs by
That bravely did Lord Howard paſs.
And on an Anchor roſe ſo high ;
No Top-Sail at Length he caſt,
But as a Foe did him defy :
Sir Andrew Barton ſeeing him,
Thus ſcornfully for to paſs by,
As tho' he cared not a Pin
For him and his Company,
Then called he for his men amain,
Fetch back yon Pedlar, now quoth he,
And e'er this way he comes again,
I'll teach him well his Courteſy,
A Pieces of Ordinance being ſhot,
By this proud pyrate fiercely then ;
Into Lord Howard's Middle-deck ;
Which cruel ſhot kill'd fourteen Men ;
He call'd them Peter Simon he,
Look now thy Word do ſtand inſtead,
For thou ſhalt be hanged on Man-maſt,
If thou miſs twelveſcore one ſhillings breadth
Then Peter Simon gave a ſhot,
Which Sir Andrew muckle ſcare ;
In at his Deck it came ſo hot,
Kill'd fifteen of his Men of war ;
Alas ! then ſaid the Pyrate ſtout,
I am in Danger now I ſee ;
This is ſome Lord I greatly fear,
Who is ſat out to conquer me.
Then Henry Hunt with Rigour hot,
Came bravely on the other ſide ;
Who likewiſe ſhot in at his deck,
And kill'd Fifty of his men beſides ;
Then out alas ! Sir Andrew cry'd,
What may a man now think or ſay ;
You Merchant Thief that pierceth me,
He was my Priſoner Yeſterday.
Then did he on Gordion call,
Unto the TopsCaſtle for to go :
And bid his Beams he ſhould let fall ;
For he greatly fear'd an Overthrow.
The Lord call'd Hoſley then in haſte,
Look that thy word do ſtand inſtead ;
For hanged thou ſhalt be on Main-maſt
If thou miſs twelveſcore a ſhillings breadth.
Then up the Main-maſt ſwerved he,
This ſtout and mighty Gordion ;
But Horſly he moſt happily
Shot him under the Collar Bone.
Then call'd he on his Nephew, and
Said, Siſter's Son, I have no more ;
Three Hundred Pounds I will give thee,
If thou wilt to the Top Caſtle go.
Then ſtoutly he began to climb,
For off the Maſt ſcorn'd to depart :
But Horſly ſoon prevented him,
And deadly pierc'd him to the Heart.
His men being ſlain then up a-main
Did this droud Pyrate climb with ſpeed,
For Armour of proof he had put on,
And not Hint of arrows dread.

Come hither Horſly ſaid the Lord,
See thou thy arrows aim right ;
Great Means to thee I'll ſure afford,
And if thou ſpeed'ſt thou ſhalt be a Knight.
Sir Andrew did climb up the Tree,
With right good will and all his Main ;
Then upon his breaſt hit Horſley he,
But the arrow did return again.
Then Horſley 'ſpy'd a private Place,
With a Private Eye in a ſecret Part,
His arrows ſwiftly flew apace,
And ſmote Sir Andrew to the Heart.
Fight on fight on my merry Men,
A little I'm hurt but am not ſlain,
I will lie down and bleed a while,
And come and fight with you again.
And don't ſaid he fear Engliſh Rogues,
And of your Foes ſtand not in awe ;
But ſtand faſt by St Andrew's Croſs,
Until you hear my Whiſtle blow,
They never heard his Whiſtle blow.
Which made them all moſt ſore afraid ;
Then Horſley ſaid my Lord a-board,
For now Sir Andrew Barton's dead.
Thus boarded they this gallant Ship,
With right Good-will and all their Main,
Eighteenſcore Scots alive in it,
Beſides as many more were ſlain.
The Lord went where Sir Andrew lay,
And quickly then cut off his head.
I ſhould leave England many a Day,
If thou were alive, as thou art dead.
Thus from the war Lord Howard came
With muckle Joy and Triumphing ;
The Pyrate's Head he brought along,
For to preſent unto the King,
Who briefly unto him did ſay,
Before he well knew what was done,
Where is the Knight and Pyrate gay.
That I myſelf may give the doom ?
You may thank God, then ſaid the Lord,
And four Men in the Ship, quoth he.
That we are ſafely come on ſhoar,
Sith you never had ſuch an Enemy
That is Henry Hunt and Peter Simon,
William Horſly, and Peter's Son ;
Therefore reward them for their Pains,
For they did Service in their turn.
To the merchant therefore the King ſaid,
In lieu of what he hath from thee taken,
I'll give to the a Noble a Day
Sir Andrew Whiſtle and his chain.
To Peter Simon a Crown a Day ;
And half a Crown to Peter's Son ;
And that was for a Shot ſo gay,
Which bravely brought Sir Andew down.
Horſley, I will make thee a Knight;
And in Yorkſhire thou ſhalt dwell ;
Lord Howard ſhall Lord Bury be,
For this act deſerveth well.
Ninety Pounds our Engliſhmen,
Who in this Fight did ſtoutly ſtand.
And Twelve-pence a Day to the Scots, till this
Come to my Brother King's High-Land.

Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Yard, Church London.

Robin Hood and Little John,

Being an Account of their firſt Meeting, and fierce Encounter. Likewiſe their Friendly Agreement, and how he came to be call'd *Little John.*



WHen *Robin Hood* was about twenty Years old,
With a hey down, down, and a down.
he happen'd to meet *Little John.*
A jolly brisk Blade, right fit for his Trade,
for he was a luſty Young-Man.
Tho' he was call'd *Little*, his Limbs were large,
and his Stature was ſeven Feet high;
Where-ever he came, they quak'd at his Name,
for ſoon he would make them to fly.
How they came acquainted I'll tell you in brief,
if you will but liſten awhile;
For this ſingle Jeſt among all the reſt,
I'm ſure it will make you to ſmile.
For *Robin Hood* ſaid to his jolly Bowmen,
pray tarry you here in the Grove;
And ſee that you all obſerve well my Call,
whilſt thro' the Foreſt I do rove.
We have had no Sport theſe fourteen long Days,
therefore now abroad I will go.
But ſhould I be beat and cannot retreat,
my Horn I will preſently blow.
Then did he ſhake hands with his merry Men,
and bid them at preſent Good-by;
Then as near to a Brook his Journey he took,
a Stranger he happen'd to ſpy.
They happen'd to meet on a long narrow Bridge,
and neither of them would give Way.

Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, and ſturdily ſtood,
I'll ſhow you right *Nottingham* Play.
With that from his Quiver an Arrow he drew,
a broad Arrow with a Gooſe Wing:
The Stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy Hide,
if you offer to draw but a ſtring.
Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, thou doſt prate like an Aſs,
for were I to bend but my Bow;
I could ſend a Dart quite thro' thy proud Heart,
before thou could'ſt ſtrike me one Blow.
Thou talk'ſt like a Coward the Stranger reply'd,
well arm'd with a long Bow you ſtand;
To ſhoot at my Breaſt, whilſt I do proteſt,
I have nought but a Staff in my hand.
The Name of a Coward quoth *Robin* I ſcorn,
wherefore my long Bow I'll lay by:
And now for thy ſake a Staff I will take,
the Truth of thy Manhood to try.
Then *Robin Hood* ſtept to a thicket of Trees,
and chuſe him a Staff of Ground Oak.
Now this being done, to the Stranger he run,
and thus to him merrily ſpoke.
Lo! here, ſee my Staff it is lufty and tough;
now here on this Bridge we will play.
Whoever falls in the water ſhall win
the Battle, and ſo we'll away.

(25)

With all my whole Heart the Sranger reply'd,
I ſcorn in the leaſt to give out;
This ſaid, they fell to't without more Diſpute,
and their Staffs they did floariſh about.
And firſt *Robin* gave the Srranger a Bang,
ſo hard thot he made his Bones ring:
The Stranger he ſaid this muſt be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.
So long as I'm able to handle my Staff:
to die in your Debt Friend I ſcorn;
Then to it both goes, and follow their Blows,
as tho' they were thraſhing of Corn.
The Stranger gave *Robin* a Crack on the Crown,
which cauſed the Blood to appear:
Then *Robin* enraged more fiercely engaged,
and follow'd his Blows more ſincere.
So thick and ſo faſt he did lay it on him
with a paſſionate Fury and Ire:
At every ſtroke he made him to ſmoke
as though he had been all on Fire.
O then in a Fury the Stranger he grew;
and gave him a damnable Look,
And with it a Blow which laid him full low,
and tumbled him into the Brook.
I prithee good Fellow where art thou now?
the Stranger in Laughter he cry'd,
Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, good faith in the Flood,
and floating along with the Tide.
I needs muſt acknowledge thou art a brave Soul,
with thee I'll no longer contend:
For needs muſt I ſay thou haſt got the Day;
our Battle ſhall be at an End.
Then ſtrait to the Bank he did preſently Wade,
and pull'd himſelf out by a Thorn;
Which done at the laſt he blew a loud Blaſt,
ſtraitway on his fine Bugle Horn.
The Eccho of which through the Vallies did ring,
at which his ſtout Bowmen appear'd;
All cloathed in Green, moſt gay to be ſeen;
then up to their Maſter they ſteer'd.
O what is the Matter quoth *William Stutely*?
good Maſter you are wet to the Skin;
No Matter ſaid he, the Lad that you ſee
in Fighting hath tumbled me in.
He ſhall not go Scot-free the others reply'd,
ſo ſtrait they were ſeizing him there;
To duck him likewiſe, but *Robin Hood* cries
he is a good Fellow, forbear.
There is no one ſhall wrong thee, ſo be not afraid
theſe Bowmen upon me do wait.
There's Threeſcore and nine, if thou wilt be mine,
thou ſhalt have my Livery ſtrait.
And other Accoutrements fitting alſo:
ſpeak up Jolly Blade never fear:
I ſhall teach thee alſo the Uſe of the Bow
to ſhoot at the fair Fallow Deer.
O here is my Hand. the Sranger reply'd,
I'll ſerve you with all my Heart:
My Name is *John Little*, a Man of much Mettle,
never doubt me but I ſhall play my Part.
His Name ſhall be alter'd quoth *William Stutely*:
and I will his Godfather be:
Prepare then a Feaſt, and none of the leaſt;
for we will be merry quoth he.
They ſoon did fetch in a Brace of fat Does:
with humming ſtrong Liquor likewiſe:
They lov'd that was good; ſo in the Green Wood
this lovely ſweet Babe they Babtize.
He was I muſt tell you but ſeven Feet high,
and may be an Ell in the Waiſt.
A pretty ſweet Lad: much Feaſting they had:
bold *Robin* the Chriſtening grac'd
With all his Bowmen that ſtood in a Ring,
and were of the *Nottingham* Breed:
Brave *Stutely* came then with ſeven Yeomen,
and did in this Manner proceed.
This Infant was called *Little John* quoth he:
which Name ſhall be changed anon:
The Words we'll tranſpoſe. where-ever he goes,
his Name ſhall be call'd *Little John*
They all with a ſhout made the Elements ring:
ſo ſoon as the Office was o'er:
To Feaſting they went in great Merriment:
and tipled ſtrong Liquor galore.
Then *Robin Hood* took the pretty fine Babe,
and cloath'd him from Top to the Toe:
In Garments of Green ſo gay to be ſeen:
and gives him a curious long Bow.
Thou ſhalt be an Archer as well as the beſt:
and range in the Green Woods with us:
Where we'll not want Gold, nor Silver behold;
whilſt Biſhops have ought in their Purſe.
We live here like Squires or Lords of Renown,
without ever a Foot of Free Land:
We feaſt on good Cheer; with Ale, Wine or Beere:
and every Thing at Command.
Then Muſick and Dancing did finiſh the Day:
at length when the Sun waxed low:
Then all the whole train the Grove did refrain,
and unto their Caves they did go;
And thus ever after as long as he liv'd,
altho' he was proper and tall;
Yet nevertheleſs the Truth to expreſs,
ſtill *Little John* they do him call.

Printed and Sold in Bow-Church-Yard, LONDON.

Æneas

Corrected from the Museum folio

An Excellent [OLD] BALLAD, entitled,

The Wandering PRINCE of TROY.

To an excellent Tune, call'd "Queen Dido &c."



WHEN Troy town [had] for ten years wars,
Withſtood the Greeks in manful wiſe,
Then did their foes encreaſe ſo faſt,
That to reſiſt none could ſuffice;
Waſte lie thoſe walls that are ſo good,
And corn now grows where Troy town ſtood.

Eneas, wandering Prince of Troy,
When he for land long time had ſought,
At length arriving with great joy,
To mighty Carthage walls was brought,
Where Dido, Queen with ſumptuous feaſt,
Did entertain her wandering gueſt.

And as in hall at meat they ſat,
The Queen deſires now to hear,
Of thy unhappy ten years wars,
Declare to me thou Trojan dear;
Thine heavy haps and change ſo bad,
Which thou poor wandering prince haſt had.

And then anon this worthy ~~Prince~~ Knight
With words demure, as he could well,
Of his unhappy ten years wars,
So ſure a tale began to tell:
~~The Carthage Queen with ſighs ſo deep,~~
~~On hearing him did nought but weep.~~
With words ſo ſweet, and ſighs ſo deep,
That oft he made them all to weep.

And then a thouſand ſighs he fetch'd,
And every ſigh brought tears amain,
That where he ſat the place was wet,
As if he'd ſeen theſe wars again:
So that the Queen with truth therefore,
Said, Worthy Prince, enough, no more.

The darkſome night ~~drew on~~ a-pace grew on,
And twinkling ſtars ~~from~~ ſkies ~~were fled~~, was ſpread
And he his doleful tale had told,
And every one lay in his bed;
Where they full ſweetly took their reſt,
Save only Dido's boiling breaſt.

This ſilly woman never ſlept,
But in her chamber all alone,
As one unhappy always kept;
Unto the walls ſhe made her moan.
That ſhe ſhould ſo deſire in vain
The thing that ſhe could not obtain.

And thus in grief ſhe ſpent the night,
Till twinkling ſtars from ſkies were fled,
And Phebus with his glimmering beams,
Thro' miſty clouds appeared red,
Then tidings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan ſhips were gone.

And then the Queen with bloody knife,
Did Aim'd at her heart as hard as ſtone;
Yet ſomewhat loath to loſe her life,
Unto herſelf did make great moan;
And rolling on her careful bed,
With ſighs and ſobs theſe words ſhe ſaid,

O wretched Dido Queen! quoth ſhe,
I ſee thy end approaching near;
For he is gone away from thee.
Whom thou dſt love and hold ſo dear!
Is he then gone and paſſed by?
O heart, prepare thyſelf to die.

Tho' reaſon would thou ſhould forbear,
And ſtop thy hand from bloody ſtroke;
Yet fancy ſays, thou ſhould'ſt not fear,
Who fetters thee in Cupid's yoke.
Come death, ſaid ſhe, and end the ſmart,
And with theſe words ſhe pierc'd her heart.

When death had piere'd the tender heart,
Of Dido, Carthaginian Queen,
And bloody knife did end the ſmart,
Which ſhe ſuſtain'd in woeful teen.
Eneas being ſhip'd and gone,
Whoſe flatt'ry cauſed all her moan.

Her funeral moſt coſtly made,
And all things finiſh'd mournfully,
Her body in the mould was laid,
Where it conſumed ſpeedily.
Her ſiſter's tears her tomb bedew'd,
Her ſubjects grief their kindneſs ſhew'd.

Then was Eneas in an iſle
In Greece, where he lived [a] long ſpace;
Whereas his ſiſter in a ſhort time
Wrote to him to his foul diſgrace,
In phraſe of letter to her mind,
She told him plainly he was unkind.

Falſe-hearted wretch, quoth ſhe, thou art,
And treacherouſly thou haſt betray'd
Unto thy ſelf a gentle heart,
Which unto thee ſuch welcome made,
My ſiſter dear, and Carthage joy,
Whoſe folly wrought her dire annoy.

Yet on her death bed as ſhe lay,
She pray'd for thy proſperity,
Beſeeching God that every day,
Might breed thee great felicity;
Thus by thy means I loſt a friend;
Heaven ſend thee [m] untimely end.

When he theſe lines, full fraught with gall
Perus'd and weigh'd them right,
His lofty courage then did fall,
And ſtrait appeared in his ſight
Queen Dido's ghoſt, both grim and pale,
Which made this lofty ſoldier quail.

Eneas, quoth this griſly ghoſt,
My whole delight while I did live,
Three of all men I loved moſt,
My fancy and my will did give.
For the entertainment I thee gave,
Unthankfully thou dig'ſt my grave.

Therefore prepare thy fleeting ſoul
To wander with me in the air,
Where deadly grief ſhall make it howl,
Becauſe of me thou took'ſt no care:
Delay no time thy glaſs is run,
For life is gone and death is come.
Thy day is paſt, thy deſtiny is come.

O ſtay awhile thou lovely ſpright,
Be not ſo ready to convey
My ſoul into eternal night,
Where it ſhall ne'er behold the day.
O do not frown! thy angry look
Hath made my breath my life forſake forſook.

But woe is me! it is in vain,
And bootleſs is my mone cry;
Time will not be recall'd again,
Nor you ſurceaſe before I die.
O let me live to make amends,
Unto ſome of my deareſt friends.

But ſeeing thou obdurate art
And wilt no pity to me ſhow,
Becauſe I did from thee depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe:
I muſt content myſelf to take,
What lot thou wilt with me partake.

And like one being a trance,
A multitude of ugly fiends
About this woeful prince did dance,
No help had he of any friends.
His body then they took away,
And no man knew his dying-day.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard, Bow Lane, London.

The Wandering JEW's CHRONICLE;

Or, A Brief Hiſtory of the Remarkable Paſſages from *WILLIAM* the Conqueror; to this preſent Reign.

To the Tune of, The Wandering Jew's Chronicle.

WILLIAM Conquer.	WILLIAM RUFUS.	HENRY I.	STEPHEN.	HENRY II.	RICHARD I.	JOHN	HENRY III.	EDWARD I.	EDWARD II.	EDWARD III.
Began his Reign *Oct.* 14 1066. Reigned 20 Years 10 Months 26 Days.	Began his Reign *Sept.* 9, 1087. Reigned 12 Years 10 Months 23 Days.	Began his Reign *Aug.* 2, 1100. Reigned 35 Years 3 Months 30 Days.	Began his Reign *Dec.* 1. 1135. Reigned 18 Years 10 Months 25 Days.	Began his Reign *Oct.* 25, 1154 Reigned 34 Years 8 Months 11 Days.	Began his Reign *July* 6, 1189. Reigned 9 Years 9 Months.	Began his Reign *April* 6, 1199. Reigned 17 Years 6 Months 13 Days.	Began his Reign *Oct.* 19, 1216. Reigned 56 Years 28 Days.	Began his Reign *Nov.* 16, 1272. Reigned 34 Years 7 Months 21 Days.	Began his Reign *July* 7, 1307. Reigned 19 Years 6 Months 18 Days.	Began his Reign *Jan.* 25, 1327. Reigned 50 Years 4 Months 27 Days.
RICHARD II.	HENRY IV.	HENRY V.	HENRY VI.	EDWARD IV.	EDWARD V.	RICHARD III.	HENRY VII.	HENRY VIII.	EDWARD VI.	Q. MARY.
Began his Reign *June* 21, 1377. Reigned 22 Years 3 Months 8 Days.	Began his Reign *Sept.* 29, 1399. Reigned 13 Years 5 Months 20 Days.	Began his Reign *March* 20, 1413. Reigned 9 Years 5 Months 11 Days.	Began his Reign *Aug.* 31, 1422. Reigned 38 Years 6 Months 4 Days.	Began his Reign *March* 4, 1461. Reigned 22 Years 1 Month 5 Days.	Began his Reign *April* 9, 1483. Reigned 2 Months 13 Days.	Began his Reign *June* 22, 1483. Reigned 2 Years 2 Months.	Began his Reign *Aug.* 22, 1485. Reigned 23 Years 8 Months.	Began his Reign *April* 22, 1509. Reigned 37 Years 9 Months 6 Days.	Began his Reign *Jan.* 28, 1547. Reigned 6 Years 5 Months 8 Days.	Began her Reign *July* 6, 1553. Reigned 5 Years 4 Months 11 Days.
Q. ELIZABETH	JAMES I.	CHARLES I.	CHARLES II.	JAMES II.	WILLIAM and MARY	Q. ANNE.	K. GEORGE I.	K. GEORGE II. and Q. CAROLINE.		
Began her Reign *Nov.* 17, 1558. Reigned 44 Years 4 Months 7 Days.	Began his Reign *March* 24, 1603. Reigned 22 Years 3 Days.	Began his Reign *March* 27, 1625. Reigned 23 Years 10 Months 3 Days.	Began his Reign *Jan.* 30, 1649. Reigned 36 Years 7 Days.	Began his Reign *Feb.* 6, 1685. Reigned 4 Years 7 Days.	Began their Reign *Feb.* 13, 1689 Reigned 13 Years 23 Days.	Began her Reign *March* 8, 1702. Reigned 12 Years 4 Months 23 Days.	Began his Reign *Aug.* 1, 1714. Reigned 12 Years 10 Months 10 Days.	Began their Reign *June* 11, 1727. The *Hanover* Line.		

WHen *William*, Duke of *Normandy*,
With all his *Normans* gallantly,
This Kingdom did ſubdue;
Full fifteen Years of Age I was,
And whate'er ſince has come to paſs,
I can report for true.

I can remember ſince he went
From *London* for to conquer *Kent*:
Where in a walking Wood,
The Men of *Kent* compaſſed him,
And he for Aye confirm'd to them,
King *Edward*'s Laws for Good.

Likewiſe I *William Rufus* knew,
And ſaw the Arrow that him ſlew,
Hard by a Foreſt Side:
I well could tell you if I liſt,
Or better tell you if I wiſt,
Who next to him did ride.

Firſt *Henry*, aye, and *Stephen* knew,
Whom no Man there but I did view,
I ſaw them Crown'd, and Dead:
I can remember well alſo
The Second *Henry*'s royal Show;
The Day that he was wed.

I likewiſe was at *Woodſtock* Bower,
And ſaw that ſweet and famous Flower,
Queen *Eleanor* did ſo ſpight:
I found the Clew of Thread again,
After that worthy Knight was ſlain;
'Twas green, blue, red and white.

I ſaw King *Richard* in his Shirt,
Pull out a furious Lion's Heart,
Whereby his Strength was try'd:
I ſaw King *John*, when as the Monk
Gave him the Poiſon which he drunk,
And then forſooth he dy'd.

I mark'd the Barons when they ſent
For the *French* Dauphin, with Intent
To put Third *Henry* down:
I ſaw the Earl of *Leiceſter* flout,
(Call'd, *Simon Munford*) with his Tent
Beſiege fair *London* Town.

And I have the Firſt *Edward* ſeen,
Whoſe Legs I ſtill thought to have been
A Yard and more in Length:
With him I into *Scotland* went,
And back again incontinent,
Which he ſubdu'd by Strength.

I knew *Carnarvon*'s Minion dear,
And ſaw the Fall of *Mortimer*,
With all the Barons Wars:
I likewiſe was in Armour ſent
To *Burton* Battle upon *Trent*,
Where I receiv'd theſe Scars.

Third *Edward*, and his valiant Son,
By whom great Feats of Arms were done,
I ſaw on *Creſſy Plain*;
Which Day, when Bows and Arrows keen
Grew ſcant, with mighty Stones I ween,
Were many *Frenchmen* ſlain.

I knew *Wat Tyler*, and *Jack Straw*,
And I the Mayor of *London* ſaw,
In *Smithfield*, which him ſlew:
I was at *Pomfret* Caſtle, when
The Second *Richard* there was ſlain,
Whoſe Death e'er ſince I rue.

I ſaw when *Henry Bolingbrook*,
The Crown and Scepter on him took;
Which he became full well:
I ſaw when *Henry Hotſpur* he,
And many Lords at *Salisbury*,
Were ſlain in Battle fell.

I ſaw the brave victorious Prince,
Whoſe Death I have bewail'd e'er ſince,
Henry the Fifth, I mean:
And I can give you juſt Report,
How many *French* at *Agincourt*,
Were in one Battle ſlain.

I ſaw the White and Red roſe Knight,
And *Warwick* Great, in Armour bright,
In the Sixth *Henry*'s Reign:
And preſent was that very Hour,
When *Henry* was in *London* Tower,
By Hook'd Back'd *Richard* ſlain.

I in the Goldſmith's Shop have ſeen,
Fourth *Edward*'s famous Concubine;
Whoſe Name was ſweet *Jane Shore*:
I ſaw when *Richard*'s Cruelty,
Did put her to great Miſery;
And I was griev'd therefore.

I alſo was at *Boſworth Field*,
Well armed there with Spear and Shield,
Meaning to try my Force;
Where *Richard* loſing Life and Crown,
Was naked born to *Leiceſter* Town,
Upon a Collier's Horſe.

To the Seventh *Henry* then I was
A Servant, as it came to paſs;
To ſerve him at his Need:
And while I did in Court remain,
I ſaw in the Eighth *Henry*'s Reign,
Full many great Men bleed.

I was a Soldier bold with him,
O'er *Neptune*'s curled Breaſt did ſwim
Unto the Realm of *France*:
I help'd to Ranſack *Bullogin* Town,
And many Places of Renown,
Yet Home I came by Chance.

I knew Sixth *Edward* of a Child,
Whoſe Countenance was very mild,
A hopeful Prince he was:
I knew Queen *Mary* in her Reign,
Put Proteſtants to mickle Pain,
And re-ſet up the Maſs.

And to my Comfort I have ſeen
Elizabeth, that Maiden Queen,
Queen *Mary*'s only Siſter:
Though ſhe reign'd four and forty Years,
Her Subjects ſhew'd well by their Tears,
That they too ſoon had miſs'd her.

I ſaw King *James* come from the *North*,
Like to a Star that ſhineth forth,
To glad the People's Sight:
He brought a Salve to cure our Wound,
And made *Great Britain* ſafe and ſound,
Through Equity and Right.

He was in Troth a Prince of Peace,
And made all former Jars to ceaſe,
'Twixt *Engliſh* Men and *Scots*:
The *Engliſh* Men ſung merry Sonnets,
The *Scots* they then threw up their Bonnets
For Joy of their good Lots.

In *Scotland* born, in *England* nurſt,
Was Pious Princely *Charles* the Firſt,
Who had to Wife Queen *Mary*:
But by the Rage of Rebels Hate,
Murther'd and martyr'd at his Gate,
This good King did miſcarry.

King *Charles* the Second that had ſpent
Many long Years in Baniſhment,
And 'ſcap'd with Life ſo nearly;
By Miracles and Means unknown,
I ſaw plac'd on the Royal Throne,
Where he did ſhine moſt clearly.

I ſaw his Royal Brother *James*,
Who was led on to ſuch Extreams,
Which made the Nation weep:
I ſaw his Coronation-day,
And how he did the Scepter ſway,
Which long he could not keep.

Lord Chancellor I ſaw likewiſe,
When he did Rule and Tyraunize,
By Arbitary Power:
And I was in the Council-room,
When *Peters* he was pleas'd to doom
The Biſhops to the Tower.

I preſent was that very Morn,
When the *Pretender* he was born,
Being the Tenth of *June*;
In Sixteen Hundred Eighty Eight:
But this Day prov'd unfortunate,
It put all out of *Tune*.

I ſaw King *William* croſs the Seas,
To give the Land and Nation Eaſe,
With a moſt glorious Fleet:
I ſaw him croſs to *Ireland*,
With a right valiant armed Band,
Making his Foes retreat.

I have his Royal Conſort ſeen,
Mary, our moſt Religious Queen,
In all her Courtly Train:
I ſaw her Royal Funeral,
And how the Showers of Tears did fall,
While Subjects did complain.

I ſaw the Duke of *Glouceſter*'s Birth,
The Glory, Triumph, Joy and Mirth,
That was on this great Day;
I ſaw his Royal Mother's Tears,
When in the Bloſſom of his Years,
Death ſnatch'd hence away.

I ſaw King *William*, when he dy'd,
Who was the Land and Nation's Guide,
A Scourge to *France* and *Spain*:
I ſaw Queen *Anne* come to the Throne,
Whoſe Royal Favours ſhe made known,
During her glorious Reign.

I ſaw her Commons, Lords, and Peers,
Who paid a Tribute of ſad Tears,
Before her Royal Tomb.
I ſaw King *George* paſs thro' the Town,
All to poſſeſs the Royal Crown,
And govern in her Room.

I ſaw King *George* the Second come,
With loud Hazza's to *Britain*'s Throne,
And glorious *Caroline*;
Like bright *Aurora*, ſweet and gay,
That chaſes all dim Clouds away,
The Joy of Woman-kind.

I ſaw their numerous Progeny,
The Pledges of Proſperity,
For many Years to come;
I ſaw the King and Queen when crown'd,
With Men and Angels compaſs'd round;
Long may they Grace the Throne.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne:
Printed and ſold by J. WHITE, *where Chapmen and others may be furniſhed with ſmall Hiſtories, Sermons,* &c.

Robin Hood and Little John

Being an Account of their first Meeting, and fierce Encounter; their
their friendly Agreement, and how he came to be called *Little John*.



WHen Shaws and Woodbines tremble,
As Zephyrus does blow,
And Flocks do feek for Coolness,
To shun the scorching Heat;
A jolly Bold Blade, right for my Life,
For his Trade,
Tho' he was call'd Rank Rob, his Limbs were large,
And his Stature was full five Foot high:
Whate-ever he came, they quak'd at his Name,
For him he would make them to fly.
How they came acquainted I'll tell you in brief,
If you will but listen a while:
For this bold Spark, fell among all the Lads,
For Robin could do more to smite.
For Robin and his jolly Bowmen,
Were merry fellows all;
And let that you all observe well my Call,
While thro' the Forest I do rove.
We have had no Store these fourteen long Days,
Therefore now abroad I will go.
For I scorn for to beat, and cannot retreat,
Any Horn I will presently blow.
Then he shook hands with his merry Men,
And bid them all present Good-by:
As next to a Brook his Journey he took,
To see what he happen'd to spy.
A Stranger he found on a long narrow Bridge,
And neither of them would give Way.

Quoth bold Robin Hood, good Fellow, I say,
I'll have you to the proper Side:
Quoth the Stranger again, before I do any,
I'll see you first hang'd for your Pride.
If you be so valiant, pray let me know,
For what I to stand you in Stead:
I could find a Dare quare chap the first Hour,
Before thou could'st tell what one was blow.
Then call'd him a Coward the Stranger reply'd,
Well arm'd with a long bow you stand:
To shoot at my Breast, whilst I do preach,
I have no such Fear for a Scare my Head.
The Name of a Coward quoth Robin I scorn,
Wherefore my long Bow I'll lay by:
And now for thy sake a Staff I will take,
The Truth of thy Manhood to try.
Then Robin hasted to a thicket of Trees,
And chose him a Staff of Ground Oak:
Now this being done, to the Stranger he runs,
And thus to him merrily spoke:
Lo! here, see my Staff is lusty and tough,
Now here on this Bridge we will play,
Whoever falls in the other shall win
The Battle, and so we'll away.

(929)

Printed and Sold in Bow-Church-Yard, LONDON.

An Excellent OLD BALLAD, entitled,

The Wandering PRINCE of TROY.



WHEN Troy towne had for ten years ſtood
Without the Greeks in manful wiſe,
Then did their foes encreaſe ſo faſt,
That to reſiſt none could ſuffice;
Waſte lie thoſe walls that were ſo good,
And corn now grows where Troy town ſtood.

Eneas, wandering Prince of Troy,
When he for land long time had ſought,
At length arriving with great joy,
To mighty Carthage walls was brought,
Where Dido, Queen with ſumptuous feaſt,
Did entertain her wandering gueſt.

And as in hall at meat they ſit,
The Queen deſires alwayes hear,
Of thy unhappy ten years wars,
Declare to me thou Trojan dear;
Theſe heavy haps and chance ſo bad,
Which thou poor wandering prince haſt had.

And then anon this worthy Prince,
With words demure as he could well,
Of his unhappy ten years wars,
So ſage a tale began to tell:

And then a thouſand ſighs he fetch'd,
And every ſigh brought tears amain,
That where he ſat the place was wet,
As if he had been there in rain;
So that the Queen with pitie moved,
Said, Worthy Prince, enough, no more.

The darkſome night dispers'd apace,
And twinkling ſtars from ſkie were fled,
And he his doleful tale had ſaid,
And every one lay in his bed;
Wherethgull ſweetly took their reſt,
Save only Dido's burning breaſt.

This ſilly woman never ſlept,
But in her chamber all alone,
As one unhappy always kept;
Unto the walls ſhe made her moan,
That ſhe ſhould ſo deſire in vain
The thing that ſhe could not obtain.

And thus in grief ſhe ſpent the night,
Till twinkling ſtars from ſkie were fled,
And Phebus with his glimmering beams,
Thro' miſty clouds appeared red,
Then tidings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan ſhips were gone.

And then the Queen with bloody knife,
[illegible]
[illegible] moan;
With sighs and tears these words she said,

O wretched Dido Queen, quoth she,
Thy end is now approached near;
For lo, it grows away from thee,
Of from thee doth fame and bold so dear!
In her then grew and pusht up!
O heart, prepare thyself to die,

The reason would from thee forbear,
And stop thy hand from bloody stroke;
Yet force doth overrule it, nor fancies,
Why lingerest thou in Cupid's yoke.
Come death, and die, and end the smarts,
And with their words she pierc'd her heart.

When death had pierc'd the tender heart
Of Dido, Carthage Queen,
And bloody knife did rive the heart,
Which she sustained so woeful teen;
Eneas being crept ashore,
Whose fleet by tempest tossed all her moan.

Her funeral most costly made,
And all things finish'd mournfully;
Her body fair entombed was and laid,
Where it consumed speedily.
Her sister's tears her tomb bedew'd,
Her subjects grief their kindness shew'd.

Then was Eneas in an isle
In Greece, where he lived long space;
Whereas Mercurius in a short time
Wrote to him to his foul disgrace,
In phrase of letter to her mind,
She told him plainly he was unkind.

False-hearted wretch, quoth she, thou art,
And treacherously thou hast betray'd
Unto thy bale a gentle heart,
Which unto thee such welcome made,
My sister dear, and Carthage joy,
Whose folly wrought her dire annoy.

Yet on her death-bed as she lay,
She pray'd for thy prosperity,
Beseeching God that every day,
Might breed thee great felicity;
Thus by thy means I lost a friend;
Heavens send thee [illegible] end.

When [illegible] knee, full fraught with guile,
Persuades with weight of them might,
His lofty courage then did fail,
And from [illegible]
Queen Dido [illegible] and pale,
Within [illegible] quail.

Eneas, quoth she, griefs great,
My whole delight whilst I did live,
Three of all men I loved most,
My sister and thee will I give,
For the entertainment I thee gave,
Unthankfully thou digg'st my grave.

Therefore prepare thy hateful soul
To wander with me in the air,
Where deadly grief shall make it howl,
Because of me thou took it no care;
[illegible] time thy glass it ran,
[illegible]

O thy words [illegible] sweet delights,
[illegible] ready to convey
My soul into eternal night,
Where it shall be for behold the days;
O do not frown, thy angry look
Hath made my heart my life [illegible]

But woe is me! it is in vain,
And needless is my cry;
Time will not be recall'd again,
Nor you forced before I die,
O let me live to make amends,
Unto some of my dearest friends.

But seeing thou obdurate art
And will no pity to me show,
Because I did from thee depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe;
I must content myself to take,
What lot thou will with me partake.

And like one being a trance,
A multitude of ugly fiends
About this woeful prince did dance,
No help had he of any friends,
His body then they took away,
And no man knew his dying-day.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard, Bow Lane, London.

The Wandering JEW's CHRONICLE;

Or, A Brief History of the Remarkable Passages from *WILLIAM* the Conqueror; to this present Reign.

To the Tune of, The Wandering Jew's Chronicle.

[illegible] Conquer. Began his Reign [illegible] 20 Years [illegible] 26 Days.	William Rufus. Began his Reign Sept. 9, 1087. Reigned 12 Years 10 Months 23 Days.	Henry I. Began his Reign Aug. 2, 1100. Reigned 35 Years 5 Months 30 Days.	Stephen. Began his Reign Dec. 1, 1135. Reigned 18 Years 10 Months 25 Days.	Henry II. Began his Reign Oct. 25, 1154. Reigned 34 Years 8 Months 11 Days.	Richard I. Began his Reign July 6, 1189. Reigned 9 Years 9 Months.	John Began his Reign April 6, 1199. Reigned 17 Years 6 Months 13 Days.	Henry III. Began his Reign Oct. 19, 1216. Reigned 56 Years 28 Days.	Edward I. Began his Reign Nov. 16, 1272. Reigned 34 Years 7 Months 21 Days.	Edward II. Began his Reign July 7, 1307. Reigned 19 Years 6 Months 18 Days.	Edward III. Began his Reign Jan. 25, 1327. Reigned 50 Years 4 Months 27 Days.
Richard II. Began his Reign June 22, 1377. Reigned 22 Years Months 8 Days.	Henry IV. Began his Reign Sept. 29, 1399. Reigned 13 Years 5 Months 20 Days.	Henry V. Began his Reign March 20, 1413. Reigned 9 Years 5 Months 11 Days.	Henry VI. Began his Reign Aug. 31, 1422. Reigned 38 Years 6 Months 4 Days.	Edward IV. Began his Reign March 4, 1461. Reigned 22 Years 1 Month 5 Days.	Edward V. Began his Reign April 9, 1483. Reigned 2 Months 15 Days.	Richard III. Began his Reign June 22, 1483. Reigned 2 Years 2 Months.	Henry VII. Began his Reign Aug. 22, 1485. Reigned 23 Years 8 Months.	Henry VIII. Began his Reign April 22, 1509. Reigned 37 Years 9 Months 6 Days.	Edward VI. Began his Reign Jan. 28, 1547. Reigned 6 Years 5 Months 9 Days.	Q. Mary. Began her Reign July 6, 1553. Reigned 5 Years 4 Months 11 Days.
Q. Elizabeth Began her Reign Nov. 17, [illegible] Reigned 44 Years 5 Months 7 Days.	James I. Began his Reign March 24, 1603. Reigned 22 Years 3 Days.	Charles I. Began his Reign March 27, 1625. Reigned 23 Years 10 Months 3 Days.	Charles II. Began his Reign Jan. 30, 1649. Reigned 36 Years 7 Days.	James II. Began his Reign Feb. 6, 1685. Reigned 4 Years 7 Days.	William and Mary Began their Reign Feb. 13, 1689. Reigned 13 Years 25 Days.	Q. Anne. Began her Reign March 8, 1702. Reigned 12 Years 4 Months 23 Days.	K. George I. Began his Reign Aug. 1, 1714. Reigned 12 Years 10 Months 10 Days.	K. George II. and Q. Caroline. Began their Reign June 11, 1727. The *Hanover* Line.		



WHen *William*, Duke of *Normandy*,
With all his *Normans* gallantly,
This Kingdom did subdue;
All fifteen Years of Age I was,
And whate'er since has come to pass,
I can report for true.
I can remember since he went
From *London* for to conquer *Kent*:
Where in a walking Wood,
The Men of *Kent* compassed him,
And he for Aye confirm'd to them,
King *Edward*'s Laws for Good.
Likewise I *William Rufus* knew,
And saw the Arrow that him slew,
Hard by a Forest Side:
I well could tell you if I list,
Or better tell you if I wist,
Who next to him did ride.
First *Henry*, aye, and *Stephen* knew,
Whom no Man there but I did view,
I saw them Crown'd, and Dead:
I can remember well also
The Second *Henry*'s royal Show;
The Day that he was wed.
Likewise was at *Woodstock* Bower,
And saw that sweet and famous Flower,
Queen *Eleanor* did so spight:
I found the Clew of Thread again,
After that worthy Knight was slain;
'Twas green, blue, red and white.
I saw King *Richard* in his Shirt,
With out a furious Lion's Heart,
Whereby his Strength was try'd:
I saw King *John*, when as the Monk
Gave him the Poison which he drunk,
And I then forsooth he dy'd.
I mark'd the Barons when they sent
For the *French* Dauphin, with Intent
To crown a Third *Henry* down:
I saw the Earl of *Leicester* stout,
(Call'd, *Simon Munford*) with his Tent
Besiege fair *London* Town.

And I have the First *Edward* seen,
Whose Legs I still thought to have been
A Yard and more in Length:
With him I into *Scotland* went,
And back again incontinent,
Which he subdu'd by Strength.
I knew *Carnarvon*'s Minion dear,
And saw the Fall of *Mortimer*,
With all the Barons Wars:
I likewise was in Armour sent
To *Burton* Battle upon *Trent*,
Where I receiv'd these Scars.
Third *Edward*, and his valiant Son,
By whom great Feats of Arms were done,
I saw on *Cressy Plain*;
Which Day, when Bows and Arrows keen
Grew scant, with mighty Stones I ween,
Were many *Frenchmen* slain.
I knew *Wat Tyler*, and *Jack Straw*,
And I the Mayor of *London* saw,
In *Smithfield*, which him slew:
I was at *Pomfret* Castle, when
The Second *Richard* there was slain,
Whose Death e'er since I rue.
I saw when *Henry Bolingbrook*,
The Crown and Scepter on him took;
Which he became full well:
I saw when *Henry Hotspur* he,
And many Lords at *Salisbury*,
Were slain in Battle fell.
I saw the brave victorious Prince,
Whose Death I have bewail'd e'er since,
Henry the Fifth, I mean:
And I can give you just Report,
How many *French* at *Agincourt*,
Were in one Battle slain.
I saw the White and Red rose Knight,
And *Warwick* Great, in Armour bright,
In the Sixth *Henry*'s Reign:
And present was that very Hour,
When *Henry* was in *London* Tower,
By crook'd Back'd *Richard* slain.

I in the Goldsmith's Shop have seen,
Fourth *Edward*'s famous Concubine;
Whose Name was sweet *Jane Shore*:
I saw when *Richard*'s Cruelty,
Did put her to great Misery;
And I was griev'd therefore.
I also was at *Bosworth Field*,
Well armed there with Spear and Shield,
Meaning to try my Force;
Where *Richard* losing Life and Crown,
Was naked born to *Leicester* Town,
Upon a Collier's Horse.
To the Seventh *Henry* then I was
A Servant, as it came to pass;
To serve him at his Need:
And while I did in Court remain,
I saw in the Eighth *Henry*'s Reign,
Full many great Men bleed.
I was a Soldier bold with him,
O'er *Neptune*'s curled Breast did swim
Unto the Realm of *France*:
I help'd to Ransack *Bullogin* Town,
And many Places of Renown,
Yet Home I came by Chance.
I knew Sixth *Edward* of a Child,
Whose Countenance was very mild,
A hopeful Prince he was:
I knew Queen *Mary* in her Reign,
Put Protestants to mickle Pain,
And re-set up the Mass.
And to my Comfort I have seen
Elizabeth, that Maiden Queen,
Queen *Mary*'s only Sister:
Though she reign'd four and forty Years,
Her Subjects shew'd well by their Tears,
That they too soon had miss'd her.
I saw King *James* come from the *North*,
Like to a Star that shineth forth,
To glad the People's Sight:
He brought a Salve to cure our Wound,
And made *Great Britain* safe and sound,
Through Equity and Right.

He was in Troth a Prince of Peace,
And made all former Jars to cease,
'Twixt *English* Men and *Scots*:
The *English* Men sung merry Sonnets,
The *Scots* they then threw up their Bonnets
For Joy of their good Lots.
In *Scotland* born, in *England* nurst,
Was Pious Princely *Charles* the First,
Who had to Wife Queen *Mary*:
But by the Rage of Rebels Hate,
Murther'd and martyr'd at his Gate,
This good King did miscarry.
King *Charles* the Second that had spent
Many long Years in Banishment,
And 'Scap'd with Life so nearly;
By Miracles and Means unknown,
I saw plac'd on the Royal Throne,
Where he did shine most clearly.
I saw his Royal Brother *James*,
Who was led on to such Extreams,
Which made the Nation weep:
I saw his Coronation-day,
And how he did the Scepter sway,
Which long he could not keep.
Lord Chancellor I saw likewise,
When he did Rule and Tyrannize,
By Arbitary Power:
And I was in the Council-room,
When *Peters* he was pleas'd to doom
The Bishops to the Tower.
I present was that very Morn,
When the *Pretender* he was born,
Being the Tenth of *June*;
In Sixteen Hundred Eighty Eight:
But this Day prov'd unfortunate,
It put all out of *Tune*.
I saw King *William* cross the Seas,
To give the Land and Nation Ease,
With a most glorious Fleet:
I saw him cross to *Ireland*,
With a right valiant armed Band,
Making his Foes retreat.

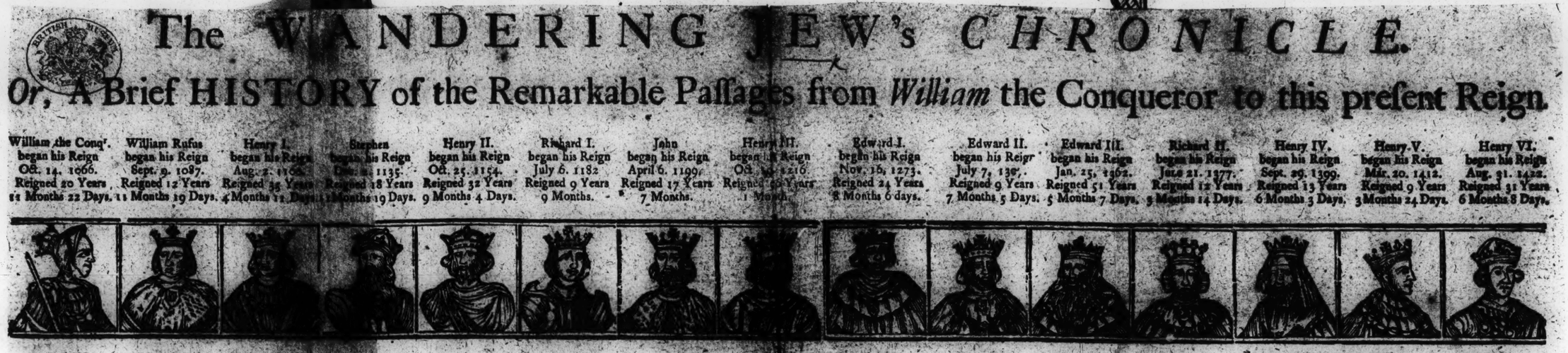
I have his Royal Consort seen,
Mary, our most Religious Queen,
In all her Courtly Train:
I saw her Royal Funeral,
And how the Showers of Tears did fall,
While Subjects did complain.
I saw the Duke of *Glocester*'s Birth,
The Glory, Triumph, Joy and Mirth,
That was on this great Day;
I saw his Royal Mother's Tears,
When in the Blossom of his Years,
Death snatch'd hence away.
I saw King *William*, when he dy'd,
Who was the Land and Nation's Guide,
A Scourge to *France* and *Spain*:
I saw Queen *Anne* come to the Throne,
Whose Royal Favours she made known,
During her glorious Reign.
I saw her Commons, Lords, and Peers,
Who paid a Tribute of sad Tears,
Before her Royal Tomb.
I saw King *George* pass thro' the Town,
All to possess the Royal Crown,
And govern in her Room.
I saw King *George* the Second come,
With loud Huzza's to *Britain*'s Throne,
And glorious *Caroline*;
Like bright *Aurora*, sweet and gay,
That chases all dim Clouds away,
The Joy of Woman-kind.
I saw their numerous Progeny,
The Pledges of Prosperity,
For many Years to come;
I saw the King and Queen when crown'd
With Men and Angels compass'd round;
Long may they Grace the Throne.

45. 6 Ld. 1728.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne:
Printed and sold by J. White, *where Chapmen and others may be furnished with small Histories, Sermons, &c.*

The WANDERING JEW's CHRONICLE.

Or, A Brief HISTORY of the Remarkable Paſſages from *William* the Conqueror to this preſent Reign.



William the Conq'.	William Rufus	Henry I.	Stephen	Henry II.	Richard I.	John	Henry III.	Edward I.	Edward II.	Edward III.	Richard II.	Henry IV.	Henry V.	Henry VI.
began his Reign Oct. 14. 1066. Reigned 20 Years 11 Months 22 Days.	began his Reign Sept. 9. 1087. Reigned 12 Years 11 Months 19 Days.	began his Reign Aug. 2. 1100. Reigned 35 Years 4 Months 12 Days.	began his Reign Dec. 2. 1135. Reigned 18 Years 11 Months 19 Days.	began his Reign Oct. 25. 1154. Reigned 32 Years 9 Months 4 Days.	began his Reign July 6. 1182 Reigned 9 Years 9 Months.	began his Reign April 6. 1199. Reigned 17 Years 7 Months.	began his Reign Oct. 19. 1216 Reigned 56 Years 1 Month.	began his Reign Nov. 16. 1273. Reigned 24 Years 8 Months 6 days.	began his Reign July 7. 1307. Reigned 9 Years 7 Months 5 Days.	began his Reign Jan. 25. 1362. Reigned 51 Years 5 Months 7 Days.	began his Reign June 21. 1377. Reigned 12 Years 5 Months 14 Days.	began his Reign Sept. 29. 1399. Reigned 13 Years 6 Months 3 Days.	began his Reign Mar. 20. 1412. Reigned 9 Years 3 Months 24 Days.	began his Reign Aug. 31. 1422. Reigned 31 Years 6 Months 8 Days.

Edward IV.	Edward V.	Richard III.	Henry VII.	Henry VIII.	Edward VI.	Q. Mary	Q. [illegible]	James I.	Charles I.	Charles II.	James II.	King William and Queen Mary	Q. Anne
began his Reign March 4. 1460. Reigned 23 Years 1 Month 8 Days.	began his Reign April 9. 1413. Reigned 2 Months 18 Days.	began his Reign June 22. 1483. Reigned 2 Years 2 Months 5 Days.	began his Reign Aug. 22. 1485. Reigned 23 Years 10 Months 16 Days.	began his Reign April 22. 1509. Reigned 37 Years 10 Months 2 Days.	began his Reign Jan. 28. 1545. Reigned 6 Years 5 Months 19 Days.	began her Reign July 6. 1553. Reigned 5 Years 4 Month 22 Days.	began [illegible] Nov. [illegible] Reigned [illegible] 3 Months [illegible] Days.	began his Reign [illegible]r. 24. 1602. Reigned [illegible] 3 Years 3 Days.	began his Reign Mar. 27. 1625. Reigned 23 Years 10 Months 3 Days.	began his Reign Jan. 30. 1648. Reigned 36 Years 8 Days.	began his Reign Feb. 6. 1685. Reigned 4 Years 7 Days.	began their Reign Feb. 13. 1689. Reigned 13 Years 23 Days.	began her Reign Mar. 8. 1701. Reigned 12 Years 4 Months 23 Days.

K. George I. began to reign Aug. 1. 1714. Reigned 12 Years 10 Months 10 Days.

K. GEORGE and Q. CAROLINE began to reign June 11. 1727. Q. Caroline died Nov. 20. 1737.



WHEN William, Duke of Normandy,
With all his Normans gallantly,
This kingdom did ſubdue,
Full fifteen years of age I was,
And what e'er ſince has come to paſs,
I can report for true.

I can remember ſince he went,
From London for to conquer Kent;
Where walking in a Wood
The men of Kent compaſſed him,
And he for ay confirm'd to them
King Edward's laws for good.

Likewiſe I William Rufus knew,
And ſaw the arrow that him ſlew
Hard by a foreſt-ſide.
I well could tell you, if I liſt,
Or better tell you, If I wiſt,
Who next to him did ride.

Firſt Henry, ay, and Stephen too,
Whom no man there but I did view,
I ſaw them crown'd and dead.
I can remember well alſo,
The Second Henry's royal ſhow,
The day that he was wed.

I likewiſe was at Woodſtock bower,
And ſaw that ſweet and famous flower
Queen Eleanor did ſo ſpite.
I found that clew of thread again,
After that worthy knight was ſlain,
'Twas blue, red, green, and white.

I ſaw king Richard in his ſhirt,
Pull out a furious lion's heart,
Whereby his ſtrength was try'd.
I ſaw king John, when as the monk
Gave him the poiſon which he drunk,
And then forſooth he dy'd.

[illegible] when they went
[illegible] French dauphin with intent
[illegible]t Third Henry by.
[illegible] the earl of Leiceſter bent,
(Called Simon Montford) with his tent,
Beſiege fair London-town.

And I have the Firſt Edward ſeen,
Whoſe legs I think to have been
A yard or more in length.
With him I into Scotland went,
And back again incontinent,
Which he ſubdu'd by ſtrength.

I knew Carnarvon's minion dear,
And ſaw the fall of Mortimer,
With all the barons wars.
I likewiſe was in armour ſent
To Burton battle upon Trent,
Where I receiv'd theſe ſcars.

Third Edward and his valiant ſon,
By whom great feats of arms were done,
I ſaw on Crosley-plain.
Which day when bows and arrows keen
Grew ſcant, with mighty ſtones I ween,
Were many Frenchmen ſlain.

I knew Wat Tyler and Jack Straw,
And I the mayor of London ſaw,
In Smithfield with him ſlew.
I was at Pomfret-caſtle, when
The Second Richard there was ſlain,
Whoſe death e'er ſince I rue.

I ſaw when Henry Bolinbroke
The crown and ſcepter on him took,
When he became right well.
I ſaw when Henry Hotſpur he
And many lords at Salisbury,
Were ſlain in battle fell.

I ſaw that brave victorious prince,
Whoſe death I have bewail'd e'er ſince,
Henry the Fifth I mean.

And I ſaw [illegible]
How many [illegible]
Were in one [illegible]

I ſaw the white [illegible]
And Wa[illegible]

[illegible]
When [illegible] on tower
By Cro[illegible]
I m[illegible]
Fourth [illegible]
Who[illegible]
I ſaw [illegible]
Did put her to great miſery,
And I was griev'd before.

I alſo was at Boſworth field,
Well armed there with ſpear and ſhield,
Meaning to try my force.
Where Richard loſing life and crown,
Was naked borne to Leiceſter town,
Upon a collier's horſe.

To the Seventh Henry then I was
A ſervant as it came to paſs,
To ſerve him at his need.
And while I did in court remain,
I ſaw in the Eighth Henry's reign,
Full many great men bleed.

I was a ſoldier bold with him,
O'er Neptune's curled waſt did ſwim,
Unto the realms of France:
I help'd to ranſack Bullen-town,
And many places of renown,
Yet home I came by chance.

I knew Sixth Edward of a child,
Whoſe countenance was very mild,
A hopeful prince he was.
I knew queen Mary in her reign,
Put Proteſtants to mickle pain,
And re-ſet up the Maſs.

And to my comfort I have ſeen
Elizabeth, that maiden queen,
Queen Mary's only ſiſter,
Tho' ſhe reign'd four-and-forty years,
Her ſubjects ſhew'd well by their tears,
That they too ſoon had miſs'd her.

I ſaw king James come from the North,
Like to a ſtar that ſhineth forth,
To glad the people's ſight.
He brought a ſalve to cure our wound,
And made Great-Britain ſafe and ſound,
Firſt equity and right.

He was in troth a prince of peace,
And made all former jars to ceaſe
'Twixt Engliſhmen and Scots.
The Engliſhmen ſung merry ſonnets,
The Scots did then throw up their bonnets.
For joys of their good lots.

In Scotland born, in England nurſt,
Was pious princely Charles the Firſt,
Who had to wife queen Mary.
But by the rage of rebels hate,
Murder'd and martyr'd at's own gate,
This good king did miſcarry.

King Charles the Second that had ſpent
Many long years in Baniſhment,
And ſcap'd with life ſo nearly,
By miracles and means unknown,
I ſaw plac'd on the royal throne,
Where he did ſhine moſt clearly.

I ſaw his royal Brother James,
Who was led on by ſuch extremes,
Which made the nation weep.
I ſaw his coronation-day,
And how he did the ſcepter ſway,
Which long he could not keep.

Lord chancellor I ſaw likewiſe,
When he did rule and tyrannize.
By arbitrary power;
And I was in the council-room
When Peters he was pleas'd to doom
The biſhops to the Tower.

I preſent was that very morn,
When the Pretender he was born,
Which was the tenth of June,
In ſixteen hundred eighty eight.
But this day prov'd unfortunate,
It put all out of tune.

I ſee king William croſs the ſeas,
To give the land and nation eaſe,
With a moſt glorious fleet.

I ſaw him croſs to Ireland,
With a right valiant armed band,
Making his foes retreat.

I have his royal [illegible]
Mary, our moſt religious queen,
In all her courtly train.

I ſaw her royal funeral,
And how the ſhowers of tears did fall,
While ſubjects did complain.

I ſaw the duke of Glouceſter's birth,
The glory, triumph, joy and mirth,
That was on this great day.
I ſaw his royal mother's tears,
When in the bloſſom of his years
Death ſnatch'd him hence away.

I ſaw king William when he dy'd,
Who was the land and nation's guide,
A ſcourge to France and Spain:
I ſaw queen Anne come to the throne,
Whoſe royal favours ſhe made known,
During her glorious reign.

I ſaw her commons, lords and peers,
Who paid a tribute of ſad tears,
Before her royal tomb.
I ſaw king George paſs thro' the town,
All to poſſeſs the royal crown,
And govern in her room.

I ſaw king George the Second come,
With loud huzza's to Britain's throne,
And glorious Caroline.
Like bright Aurora ſweet and gay,
That chaſes all dull cares away,
The joy of woman-kind.

I ſaw their numerous progeny,
The pledges of proſperity,
For many years to come.
I ſaw the king and queen when crown'd,
With men and angels compaſs'd round,
Long may he grace the throne.

Printed and ſold in *Bow Church-yard*.
Where are ſold the greateſt Choice of OLD BALLADS, NEW SONGS, HISTORIES, &c. better printed than any where elſe, alſo the beſt Maps, Royals, Lotteries, &c.

JOCKET's Escape from bonny Dundee.

To it's own proper Tune.







WHere got thou the Haver-meal Bannock?
Blind Bubby, can'st thou not tell?
I got them out of a *Scotch* Man's Wallet,
As he lay Eating under a Tree.
Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can,
Come Saddle my Horse, and call up my Man,
Come open the Gates, and let me go free,
And shew me the Way to bonny Dundee.

For I have neither rob'd nor stolen,
Nor have I done any Injury,
But I have got a fair Maid with Bairn,
The Minister's Daughter of bonny *Dundee.*
Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can,
Come Saddle my Horse, and call up my Man,
Come open the Gates, and let me go free,
And I'se gang na mare to bonny Dundee.

Altho' I've gotten her Maiden-head,
Good sooth I've given her mine in Lieu,
For when at her Daddies I'se gang to Bed,
I'se kiss her without any more ado.

I'se warrant her Sheets and Blankets are fine,
Fear'd I'll be sore wearied at Morning to rise,
Then from the Embraces of my Dearie I'll twine,
And I'se away to meet my Love in the Skies.

All *Scotland* to'ts hail with a Toast,
Go bonny and blyth, go bonny my Lass,
I give her a Groat at Going to the Gate,
But now I no longer shall carry Cash.
Then Saddle my Nagg that's bonny and gray,
For now it is Time to go home again,
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
She'll see me no more in bonny Dundee.

In Liberty still I return to Reign,
For why I have done no honest Man Wrong,
The Parson may take his Daughter again,
For she'll be a Mammy before it be long,
And have a young Lad or Lass of my Breed,
For I have done her a generous Deed,
Then open the Gates, and let me go free,
For I'se gang no more to bonny Dundee.

Since Jamy the fan was willing and leal,
And came to my Arms with right good will,
A Token of Love I've left behind,
That I resolved my Kindness fill.
For I'se gang for I dare but tell,
And keep the Gates, and let in my Dear,
And I'll never come more to bonny Dundee.

The Deed would have me to make my Will,
Bestow Horse and to hold. I could never endure,
For bonny Dundee this Day I will die,
Its being a Shame not this out to come.
Then bonny farewell, my Jo and my Dear,
Wha loves in my heart the Tartan I'll wear,
Then open the Gates and let me in free,
For I'se gang no more to bonny Dundee.

My Father he is a noble good Laird,
My Mother a Lady bonny and fair,
Then while I have Strength to handle a Sword,
The Publick Resolve I'll never decry.
Then bonny my Man, be thou of my Mind,
In bonny Dundee we's no' be confin'd,
The Gates we will force to set our selves free,
And never come more to bonny Dundee.

Then bonny reply'd, I'll never refuse,
To fight for a Laird so valiant and bold,
While I have a Drop of Blood for to loose,
But my feckle Lawn shall keep me in Head.
With Sword in my Hand, I'll manfully stand,
And fight by your side to the last we be left'd,
For forcing the Gates, and set our selves free,
And so bid adieu to bonny Dundee.

With Sword ready drawn they rode to the Gate,
Where being deny'd an Entrance through,
The Master and Man they fought at that rate,
That some ran away, and others they slew.
Thus Jockey the Laird and Sandy the Man,
They valiantly fought as Highlanders can,
In Spite of the Lown's they set themselves free,
And so bid adieu to bonny Dundee.

FINIS

J——n B——s.

1.

W——ll——m ——s came, and L——d ——
One, Oh! our Lad's a Saint;
Then Simson's Sense and Reason fails
Before great L——d, L——d's 4.

II.

This learned L——d's Orthodox,
Midst heavy Hums, and Hawhing;
Speaks short and pithy; raps his Box,
And keeps th' Assembly laughing.

III.

Long may Laconick L——d live!
And rise in Fame and Riches;
To sift Simsonians in the Sieve
Of Creeds;—— and prick the Witches.

IV.

The second-sighted Seer sees
By Inspiration,
One, who by black Nature flees
The Light; to Education.

V.

Oh! would th' Assembly make an Act,
To put down Pagan Fooling,
Th' College-lear,—— not worth a Plack,
To Saints who need no Schooling.

VI.

In lengthned Speech then each might blaze
A Star, like bright G——sp;
While learned Reason but betrays,
Like Willy with the Wispy.

VII.

Learning false, and Reason weak,
How ill you tune your Fiddles;
Could you teach Simson e'er to make,
Right like R——ph E——ne's Riddles.

VIII.

Could ye with all your boasted Light
Foundations lay to rear on;
Some that towers to such a Height
As that of J——s M——n.

K. Judas Iscariot



THE DREAM OF JUDAS' MOTHER FULFILLED.

Together with his sinful Life and deserved destruction.

To the Tune of——— Christ is my Love.

WHO that antique story reads,
and ancient tales of old,
a notable strange tragedy
to you I will unfold;
of that Judas Iscariot,
who did our Saviour sell,
and did betray him with a kiss,
to haste himself to hell.

which was the last but foulest fact,
that he did here on earth,
yet other three most damnable
mine author shewed hath,
It's thought that Judas did descend
of parents well esteem'd,
but void goodness to pursue,
seldom or never dream'd.

but to no purpose for to go
his mother sleeping lay,
and dream'd that she should bear a son
which should his father slay.
and to his mother married be:
this she her husband told,
but he amaz'd did greatly muse
hearing his wife unfold

so strange a vision: and he said,
(seeing his wife with child)
It's best when such a one is born
to slay him when a child;
O but, says she, worse is to come
for this was in my dream,
that the Saviour of all mankind
should be betray'd by him.

and that a king's son he should slay;
and when all this is past,
he from his God shall run away
and hang himself at last,
but being born, they do him lay
close by a river side,
Into a cradle made of segs
thinking he should have died.

the king had his dwelling near,
the Queen having no child,
quickly took up this infant young,
who then was meek and mild.
so him adopted for her child
and sent him to the school,
so soon as he could able be
to walk in reason's rule.

In learning arts he was brought up,
and literature most fine,
In wisdom and in policy,
he spent his youthful time.
at last the queen a child did bear,
which made her to look down
on Judas, who no better knew
but that he was her own.

but in a while Judas began
for to correct this child;
thinking that he was prince himself,
but he was ill beguil'd.
the Queen began sharply to check
Judas, who took it ill,
and in furious discontentment,
he doth the young prince kill.

to Pontius Pilate then he fled,
and service did require,
who seeing him a brave comely man
soon granted his desire.
and after that his love he gain'd
but Pilate on a day,
as he was riding thro' the land
on his sport and his play.

a gallant orchard did behold,
and did on Judas call,
go buy me some of yon fair fruit
and send them to my hall.
but being of a greedy heart,
he money offer'd none,
but presently at his own hand
to pluck the fruit began.

the orchard was his own father's
though all unknown to him,
and he with Judas for the fruit,
to quarrel did begin.
Judas being the strongest man
soon forth a weapon drew,
and all unknown to them both
his father there he slew.

his father's friend did him pursue,
and sought his life to have,
but quickly he to Pilate fled,
and he did him receive.
and with fair speeches many a one,
the woman did persuade
to marry Judas her own son,
whom Pilate great had made.

and said good woman do not refuse,
my chief minion is he,
he said if I should take his life,
what better will you be?
better for you to marry him,
then take his life away,
and here I promise for to do
to you what good I may.

but grief to sorrowing her constrained
for her husband now dead,
but Pilate who as king therein reign'd
did this way her persuade
this cursed marriage being made
this couple to their bed,
began to talk of sundry things
which past o'er their head.

then unto him her dream she told,
which struck him to the heart,
when he remembred what had past
thus he did from her part.
our Saviour then in Judah's land
resorted up and down,
preaching and working miracles
in city, land, and town.

our Saviour knew what was in him
yet he did him receive,
tho' Christ knew he would him betray
yet him he credit gave.
the scripture tells he kept the bag
but car'd not for the poor,
altho' for coin he Christ betray'd
what needeth progress more.

his mother's dream is now fulfill'd
and he to hell is gone,
God keep all faithful christians
from being left alone,
intreat the Lord that with his spirit
he may direct us all,
that from the favour of the Lord
our souls may never fall.

keep Lord that spirit from entering in
which entered into him,
and all things that we take in hand
make us at God begin,
one sin another on doth bring,
thus we may clearly see;
and heretofore it hath been seen
in this sad tragedy.

THE

Spaniſh LADY's Love to an *Engliſh* Man.

To an Excellent Tune.

K
BRITISH MUSEUM



WILL you hear of a *Spaniſh* Lady.
How ſhe woo'd an *Engliſh* Man;
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
Deck'd with Jewels had ſhe on:
Of a comely Countenance
And Grace was ſhe,
Both Birth and Parentage,
Of high Degree.

As his Priſoner there he kept her,
In his Hands her Life did lie:
Cupid's Bands did tie them faſter,
By the twinkling of an Eye:
In his courteous Company
Was all her Joy,
To favour him in any Thing
She was not coy.

But at laſt there came Command,
For to ſee all Ladies free,
With their Jewels ſtill adorn'd,
None to do them injury.

Oh! then ſaid this Lady gay,
Full woe is me;
Oh! let me ſtill ſuſtain this kind
Captivity.

Gallant Captain, take ſome pity.
On a Woman in Diſtreſs;
Leave me not within this City,
For to die in Heavineſs:
Thou haſt ſet this preſent Day
My Body free;
But my Heart in Priſon ſtill
Remains with thee.

How ſhouldſt thou fair Lady, love
Whom thou know'ſt thy Country's Foe?
Thy fair Words make me ſuſpect thee,
Serpents lie where Flowers grow:
All the Harm I think on thee,
Moſt courteous Knight,
God grant upon my Head the ſame
May fully light.

Bleſſed be the Time and Seaſon,
That you came on *Spaniſh* Ground;
If you may our Foes be termed,
Gentle Foes we have you found:
With our City you have won
Our Hearts each one;
Then to your Country bear away
What is our own.

Reſt you ſtill you gallant Lady,
Reſt you ſtill and weep no more,
Of fair Flowers you have plenty,
Spain doth yield you wonderous ſtore.
Spaniards langh with Jealouſy,
We oft doth find,
But *Engliſh* Men throughout the World
Are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a *Spaniard*,
Thou alone enjoys my Heart;
I am lovely, young and tender,
Love is likewiſe my deſert:
Still to ſerve the Day and Night,
My Mind is preſt,
The Wife of every *Engliſh* Man
Is counted bleſt.

It would be a ſhame fair Lady,
For to bear a Woman hence;
Engliſh Soldiers never carry
Any without Offence.
I will quickly change myſelf,
If it be ſo,
And like a Page will follow thee
Where e'er you go.

I have neither Gold nor Silver
To maintain thee in this Caſe,
And to Travel is great Charges,
As you know in every Place.
My Chains and Jewels every one,
Shall be thy own,
And eke an hundred Pound in Gold,
That lies unknown.

On the Seas are many Dangers,
Many Storms do there ariſe,
Which will be to Ladies dreadful,
And force tears from their Eyes.

Well worth I ſhall endure
Extreamly,
For I could find in my Heart to loſe
My Life for thee.

Courteous Lady, leave this Folly,
Here comes all that breeds the Strife,
I in *England* have already
A ſweet Woman to my Wife:
I will not falſify my Vow
For Gold nor Gain,
Nor yet all the faireſt Dames
That live in *Spain*.

Oh! how happy is that Woman,
That enjoys ſo true a Friend;
Many happy Days God ſend her
And of my Suit I'll make an End:
On my Knees I pardon crave
For my Offence,
Which love and true Affection
Did Commence.

Commend me to that gallant Lady,
Bear to her that Chain of Gold,
With theſe Bracelets for a Token,
Grieving that I was ſo bold:
All my Jewels, in like Sort,
Take thou with thee;
But they are fitting for thy Wife,
But not for me.

I will ſpend my Days in Prayer,
Love and all her Laws defy,
In a Nunnery I'll ſhroud me,
Far from any Company:
But e'er my Prayer have an End,
Beſure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy Love,
I will not miſs.

Thus farewel, moſt gallant Captain,
Farewel to my Heart's content,
Count not *Spaniſh* Ladies wanton,
Though to thee my Mind was bent:
Joy and true Proſperity,
Remain with thee:
The like fall unto thy Share,
Moſt fair Lady.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Excellent New Song upon the House and Seat of BUMLENRIG.

In the pleasant Water of *Annt* there pleasantly doth stand
A Castle beautiful as is in all the Land:
Most pleasant and lovely to the Eye,
With Walks and pleasant Groves around it all doth ly.
Before there is a pleasant Court is seen,
Also a famous oval Green.
Upon the Front stand the Coat of Arms most fair,
The Lion and Crown just mounting in the Air:
Above the Coat of Arms it's there the Cloke doth stand,
Which shows the Heir by looking to the Hand:
On each side *Anne* and *Fame* doth ly,
Two Angels great who wait continually;
On each side stands a Serpent in his Hand,
Ready at Hand to pull and answer his Command.
Upon the Front stands two Gloucestors rare,
Most curiously adorned for the War;
Betwixt them is a Lyon most strong,
Which makes an End there is more can still belong.
Before the Pavement Court doth ly,
Which is most beautiful to the Eye.
The Steps are most lovely,
Ascending from Darkness into Light.
Then I did climb and walk a while there,
To view the lovely and fair;
And when my Eye and first I'll take a View,
All the fine Place I'll plainly to you shew.
Here you will plainly see most pleasant to the Eye,
All around this Bonnie the Cannon they doth ly.
Then here it is on the east Hand that pleasant *Anne* you'll see,
Most curiously Hand with Woods and Bowers adorn, finds sing pleasantly,
And on the north Part of this Place there is the Mountains high,
And on the south Part of the House the Gardens they doth ly.
Then when I do come down I'll take another View,
And if any Beauties I can I'll tell them all to you:
And when I turned myself about some Rarity to see,
Some Beauties rare from every where did dazle in mine Eye.
Then on this royal Palace there is fifteen Towrs most high,
And all upon the Battifon the great lead Barrs doth ly.
The rest of the outside of the House I think I'll say no mare,
For Art and Nature join'd in one none can with it compare:
Then now I'll go within this Place, O who will go with me
To see the Beauties rare and fair and hear the Melody?
Then there the Musick Bells doth play most pleasant for to hear,
And fill the Beauties of this Place they are so rare and
That Time would fail me them to tell therefore I
And now I'll take a Walk without more to take
And view the pleasant Gardens now that lies
And there it is you'll plainly see all Beauties at a
The seeing of which unto the Mind would make
Just as I went the Door without there stands a
And still two Men upon
And down below the Vol
The charming Birds most
And just before this Stair
Two heathen gods with all
And all around this pleasant Place there is a Turf
With Flour-pots many for in Store the Wall to
And down below this Turf Wall there is
Which fenders you from the
And here another Turf to walk Grafs and
And down below that Turf
Upon the
For there the Harper he doth stand
He'll tune his Harp and
And here it is
And *Neptune* great the god of
And on the Left hand of this Place the
Where Heralds great
And there it is the Maidens
And *Phebus* fair and *Venus* fair the Beauty
And just above this pleasant Place the bowling Green
Where Nobles fine appear in State for bowling curiously
And there it is the Ladies doth appear in Robes of Gold,
Also with them the Damsels young the Sport for to behold.
And just beside this bowling Green there
Where Nymphs resort and Maidens fair for to
And on the Left-hand of this Place the Wilderness
With Walks and Groves and pleasant Greens
In middle of this Wilderness there stands a
And one at every Corner sit, few can with them
And here the Water-works doth play, most pleasant for to
With every Thing that pleasant is and lovely to the
And down below this Wilderness there's the Parterre
Where *Boras* great the Water draws
And down below this pleasant Place all
In Summer and in Winter both all Seasons of the
For here it is you'll plainly see all Beauties in Array,
With the Cascade most pleasantly who do the Waters
And down below this fine Cascade there is the Kinnals
With Carpts and Tinch and other Fish both small and
For all about this royal Place nothing but Wonders are,
The Fame of which hath fill'd the Land,
To see the Beauties of this Place and
With every Thing that pleasant is and lovely to the
Then by this Time you'll
And
To
Upon
Where

45.
6. 28
1334.

(342)

THE LAMENTATION OF

Mr. *Page*'s Wife of *Plymouth*, who being forced to wed him, conſented to his Murder, for the Love of Mr. *George Strangwidge*, for which they ſuffer'd Death at *Barnſtaple* in *Devonſhire*.

To the Tune of, *Fortune my Foe*, &c.

UNHAPPY ſhe whom Fortune hath forlorn,
Diſpiſed Grace, that proffer'd Grace did ſcorn:
My lawleſs Love hath luckleſs wrought my Woe,
My diſcontent, Content did overthrow.

My loathed Life too late I do lament,
My woeful Deeds in Heart I do repent;
A Wife I was that willful went a wry,
And for that Fault am here prepar'd to die.

In blooming Years my Father's greedy Mind,
Againſt my Will, a Match for me did find:
Great Wealth there was; yea, Gold and Silver ſtore,
But yet my Heart had choſen one before.

Mine Eyes diſlik'd my Father's Liking quite,
My Heart did loath my Parent's fond Delight;
My greedy Mind and Fancy told to me,
That with his Age my Youth could not agree.

On Knees I pray'd they would not me conſtrain,
With Tears I cry'd their Purpoſe to refrain;
With Sighs and Sobs I did them often move,
I might not wed whereas I could not love.

But all in vain my Speeches ſtill I ſpent,
My Mother's Will my Wiſhes did prevent:
Tho' wealthy *Page* poſſeſs'd the outward Part,
George Strangwidge ſtill was lodged in my Heart.

I wedded was, and wrapped all in Woe,
Great Diſcontent within my Heart did grow:
I loath'd to live, yet liv'd in deadly Strife,
Becauſe by Force I was made *Page*'s Wife.

My choſen Eyes could not his Sight abide,
My tender Youth did loath his aged Side:
Scarce could I taſte the Meat whereon he fed
My Legs did loath to lodge within his Bed.

Cauſe knew I none I ſhould deſpiſe him ſo,
But ſuch Diſdain within my Heart did grow;
Save only this, that Fancy did me move,
And told me ſtill *George Strangwidge* was my Love.

Lo, here began my Downfal and Decay,
In Mind I mus'd to make him ſtraight away:
I, that became a diſcontented Wife,
Contented was he ſhould be rid of Life.

Methinks the Heav'ns call Vengeance for my Fact,
Methinks the World condemns my monſtrous Act;
Methinks within my Conſcience tells me true,
That for this Deed Hell-fire is my due.

My penſive Soul doth ſorrow for my Sin,
For which Offence my Soul doth bleed within:
But Mercy, Lord, for Mercy I do cry,
Save thou, my Soul, and let my Body die.

Well could I wiſh that *Page* enjoy'd his Life,
So that he had ſome other to his Wife:
But never could I wiſh of low or high,
A longer Life than ſee ſweet *Strangwidge* die.

O wo is me! that had no greater Grace,
To ſtay till he had run out Nature's Race:
My Deeds I rue, but more I do repent,
That to the ſame my *Strangwidge* gave Conſent.

You Parents fond that greedy minded be,
And ſeek to graft upon the golden Tree;
Conſider well, and rightful Judges be,
And give your Doom 'twixt Parent's Love and me.

I was their Child, and bound for to obey;
Yet not to love, where I no Love could lay:
I married was in much ſad endleſs Strife,
But Faith before had made me *Strangwidge*'s Wife.

O wretched World, whom canker'd Ruſt doth blind,
And curſed Men who bear a greedy Mind;
And hapleſs I whom Parents did force ſo,
To end my Days in Sorrow, Shame, and Wo.

You *Devonſhire* Dames, and courteous *Cornwal* Knights,
That here are come to viſit woful Wights,
Regard my Grief, and mark my woful End,
And to your Children be a better Friend.

And thou, my Dear, which for my Fault muſt die,
Be not afraid the Sting of Death to try:
Like as we liv'd and lov'd together true,
So both at once let's bid the World adieu.

Ulalia, thy Friend, doth take her laſt Farewell,
Whoſe Soul with thee in Heav'n ſhall ever dwell.
Sweet Saviour Chriſt do thou my Soul receive,
The World I do with all my Heart forgive.

And Parents now, whoſe greedy Minds doth ſhow,
Your Heart's Deſire, and inward heavy Wo;
Mourn you no more, for now my Heart doth tell
Ere Day be done, my Soul ſhall be full well.

And *Plymouth* proud, I bid thee now farewell;
Take heed ye Wives, let not your Hands rebel:
And farewell Life, wherein ſuch Sorrow ſhows,
And welcome Death that doth my Corps incloſe.

And now ſweet Lord forgive me my Miſdeeds,
Repentance cries for my Soul that inward bleeds:
My Soul and Body I commend to thee,
That with thy Blood from Death redeemed me.

Lord bleſs our King with long and happy Life,
And ſend true Peace betwixt each Man and Wife;
And give all Parents Wiſdom to foreſee,
The Match is marr'd where Minds do not agree.

Mrs. Page's
COMPLAINT
For causing her Husband to be murthered for the Love of Mr. *George Strangwidge*.

IF ever Wo did touch a Woman's Heart,
Or Grief did gall for Sin the outward Part;
My Conscience then, and heavy Heart within,
Can witness well the Sorrow for my Sin.

When Years were young, my Father forc'd me to wed
Against my Will, where Fancy was not fed:
I was content their Pleasure to obey,
Altho' my Heart was link'd another Way.

Great were the Gifts they proffer'd in my Sight,
With Wealth they thought to win me to Delight;
But Gold nor Gifts my Mind could not remove,
For I was link'd whereas I could not love.

Methought his Sight was loathsom to my Eye,
My Heart did grudge against him inwardly:
'Tis Discontent did cause my deadly Strife,
And with his Wealth did cause a grievous Life.

My constant Love was on young *Strangwidge* set,
And Wo to him that did our Welfare let.
His Love so deep a Root in me did take,
I would have gone a begging for his Sake.

Wronged he was thro' fond Desire of Gain,
Wronged he was even thro' my Parents Plain:
If Faith and Troth a perfect Pledge might be,
I had been Wife unto no Man but he.

Eternal God forgive my Father's Deed,
And grant all Parents may take better heed;
If I had been but constant to my Friend,
I had not match'd to make so bad an End.

But wanting Grace, I sought my own decay,
And was the Cause to make my Friend away;
And he on whom my earthly Joys did lie,
Through my amiss, a shameful Death must die.

Farewell, sweet *George*, always my loving Friend,
Needs must I laud, and love thee to the End:
And albeit that *Page* possess'd by Due,
In sight of God thou was my Husband true.

My watry Eyes unto the Heavens I bend,
Craving of Christ his Mercy to extend:
My bloody Deed, do me, O Lord, forgive,
And let my Soul within thy Kingdom live.

Farewell, false World, and Friends that fickle be,
All Wives farewell, example take by me,
Let not the Devil to murder you entice,
Seek for to escape such foul and sinful Vice.

And now, O Christ, to thee I yield my Breath,
Strengthen my Faith in bitter Pangs of Death;
Pardon my Faults and Follies, I thee pray,
And with thy Blood wash thou my Sins away.

Mr. George Strangwidge's
LAMENTATION
For consenting to Mr. Page's Death, for the Love of Mrs. *Ulalia*, Mr. *Page's* Wife.

THE Man that sighs and sorrows for his Sin,
The Corpse with care and wo hath wrapped in,
In doleful Sort records her Swain-like Song,
That waits for Death, and loaths to live so long.

Oh *Glansfield!* cause of my committed Crime,
So wed in Wealth, as Birds in Bush of Lime:
What Cause had thou to bear such wicked spight
Against my Love, and eke my Heart's delight?

I would to God thy Wisdom had been more,
Or that I had not enter'd into thy Door;
Or that thou hadst a kinder Father been
Unto thy Child, whose Years they are but green.

The Match unmeet, which thou for me didst make,
When aged *Page*, thy Daughter home did take:
Well may'st thou rue with Tears that cannot dry,
Which is the Cause that Four of us must die.

Ulalia more brighter than the Summer's Sun,
Whose Beauty hath for ever my Love won:
My Soul more sobs to think of thy Disgrace,
Than to behold my own untimely Race.

The Deed, late done, in Heart I do repent,
But that I lov'd, I cannot yet relent:
Thy seemly Sight was ever sweet to me,
Would God my Death could thy Excuses be.

It was for me, alas! thou didst the same,
On me by right they ought to lay the Blame:
My worthless Love hath brought my Life in scorn,
And wo is me that ever I was born!

Farewell! my Love, whose loyal Heart was seen,
I would thou hadst not half so constant been:
Farewell! my Love, the Pride of *Plymouth* Town,
Farewell! the Flower, whose Beauty is cut down.

For twenty Years great was the cost I know,
Thy unkind Father did on thee bestow:
Yet afterwards so sower did Fortune lower,
He lost his Joy and Child within an Hour.

My wrong and wo to God I do commit,
Who was the Cause of matching them unfit?
And yet I cannot so my Guilt excuse,
We gave Consent his Life for to abuse.

Wretch that I am, that my Consent did give,
Had I deny'd, *Ulalia* still would live;
Blind Fancy said, This Suit do not deny,
Live thou in Bliss, or else in Sorrow die.

O Lord, forgive this cruel Deed of mine,
Unto my Soul let Beams of Mercy shine:
In Justice Lord, do thou no Vengeance take,
Forgive us both for Jesus Christ his Sake.

45.
6. 28
1336.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Newcastle upon *Tyne*: Printed and Sold by JOHN WHITE.

The LAMENTATION of Mr. PAGE's Wife of Plymouth.

UNhappy she whom fortune hath forlorn,
Despis'd of grace that proffer'd grace did scorn.
My lawless love has luckless wrought my woe,
My discontent contemn did overthrow.

My loathed life too late I do lament,
My woeful deeds in heart I do repent.
A wife I was that wilful went astray,
And for that fault am here prepar'd to die.

In blooming years my father's greedy mind,
Against my Will a match for me did find;
Great wealth there was, yea gold and silver store,
But yet my heart had chosen one before.

Mine eyes dislik'd my father's liking quite,
My heart did loath my parents fond delight:
My childish mind and fancy told to me,
That with his age my youth could not agree.

On knees I pray'd they would not me constrain,
With tears I cry'd their purpose to refrain.
With sighs and sobs I did them often move,
I might not wed with him I could not love.

But all in vain my speeches still I spent,
My mother's will my wishes did prevent:
Tho' wealthy Page pollefs'd the outward part,
George Strangwidge was lodged within my heart.

I wedded was, and wrapped all in woe,
Great discontent within my heart did grow,
I loath'd to live, yet liv'd in deadly strife,
Because by force I was made Page's wife.

My chosen eyes could not his sight abide,
My tender youth did loath his aged side.
Scarce could I taste the meat whereon he fed,
My legs did loath to lodge within his bed.

Cause I knew none that I should slight him so,
That such disdain within my heart did grow;
Save only this, that fancy did me move,
And told me still George Strangwidge was my love.

Lo! here began my downfal and decay,
In mind I mus'd to make him strait away.
Ill that became his discontented wife,
Contented that he should be rid of life.

Methinks the Heavens cry vengeance for my fact,
Methinks the world condemns my monstrous act,
Methinks within my conscience tells me true,
That for this deed Hell-fire is my due.

My pensive soul doth sorrow for my sin,
For this offence my soul doth bleed within.
Mercy, Lord, for mercy still I cry:
Save thou my soul, and let my body die.

Well could I wish that Page enjoyed his life,
So that he had some other to his wife.
But never would I wish of love an end,
A longer life than for I went Strangwidge die.

O woe is me! that had so little grace,
To stay till he had run out nature's race.
My deeds I rue, but more I do repent,
That for this thing my [illegible]

Confess well, and rightful judges be,
And give your doom 'twixt parents love and me.
I am their child and bound for to obey,
[illegible] love where I no love could [illegible]

O wretched world! whose [illegible] I well may find,
And cursed men, who bear a worldly mind,
And hapless I, whose parents me forc'd so,
To end my days in sorrow, grief and woe.

Ye Devonshire dames and [illegible] Cornwal knights,
That here are come to visit wofful wights,
Regard my grief, and mark my woeful end,
But to your children prove a better friend.

And thou, my dear, who for my fault must die,
Be not afraid the sting of death to try;
Like as we liv'd and lov'd together true,
So both at once let's bid the world adieu.

Ulalia, thy friend, doth take her last farewel,
Whose soul with thee in heaven shall ever dwell.
Sweet Saviour Christ, do thou my soul receive,
The world I do with all my heart forgive.

And, parents now, whose greedy minds do thow,
Your heart's desire, and inward mighty woe,
Mourn ye no more, sorrow my heart doth tell,
Ere this day's gone my soul will be right well.

O Plymouth proud! I bid thee now, farewel,
Take heed, ye wives, let not your hands rebel,
And farewel life, wherein such sorrow flows,
And welcome grave, that doth my corps inclose.

And now, dear Lord, forgive me my misdeeds,
Repentance calls for a bleeding heart that inward bleeds.
My soul and body I recommend to thee,
Who with thy blood from death redeemed me.

Lord bless our king with long and happy life,
And send true peace 'twixt each man and his wife.
And give all parents wisdom to foresee
The match is [illegible] where minds do not agree.

(7445)

Mrs. PAGE's Complaint for making her Husband to be Murdered by Lord Cromwell's Procurement.

Cromwell's Repentance, Lamenting and Bewailing his Untimely Death, for Love of Mrs. Page's Wife.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard, Londo[illegible]

(2447)



To the Tune of, [illegible]

The Diſtracted Maids Lamentation.

YOUNG Maidens all pray pity me,
And think of my Extremity,
My Love is preſt and gone to Sea,
Whilſt I am confined in Miſery.

I am confined in Bedlam you ſee,
With Iron Fetters that are ſtrong,
And till my Love Returns from Sea,
My Parents they have done me Wrong.

My Chains they Rattle Day and Night,
My Parents they ſent me out of Spight,
Becauſe my Love was forced to Sea,
To fight againſt his Enemy.

O could I but my Love eſpy.
Sw ftly into his Arms I'd fly,
And tell him of my Grief and Woe,
The Sorrows that I undergo.

But if he chance to be ſlain,
Or by his Enemies be taken,
O then my Heart would burſt in twain,
I ne'er ſhall ſee my Love again.

O then my Parents would be pleaſed,
To think he's buried in the Seas,
Perhaps he may Return again,
And bring me Riches out of Spain.

O Pity me ye Powers above,
Grant that once more I ſee my Love,
To heal me of my grief and Woe,
The ſorrow which I undergo.

But if I have not ſome Relief.
Quickly my tender Art will break,
She had no ſooner ſpoke but cries,
And ſo ſhe laid her down and dies.

The ANSWER.

YOung Billy coming home from Sea,
Thinking his own true Love to ſee,
Unto her Fathers Houſe he goes,
Enquiring for his Lovely Roſe.

Her Father Anſwering with a frown,
He ſaid my Daughters out of Town,
I pray unto your Ship Repair,
For ſure you have no Buſineſs here.

A Neighbour happened to ſtand by,
Immediately made this Reply,
In BEDLAM there ſhe was confined,
And for your Sake alone confined.

O then he ſaid Revenged I'll be,
Upon her Fathers Cruelty,
Then from his Pocket drew a Knife.
He ſoon did end her Fathers Life.

Then ſtrait he run unto the Grave,
Wherein his own true Love was laid,
And with the ſame ſharp Bloody Knife,
He ſoon did End his Precious Life.

Unto you Parents all I write
Ne'er ſtrive your Children for to ſpite,
Ne'er Croſs them in their Love I pray
For fear you Rue another Day.

The Bedlam keeper being there,
Hearing of all they did declare,
With Pen and Ink he took it down,
And ſent it to her Friends in Town.

FINIS.

45. 6. 28.
1340.

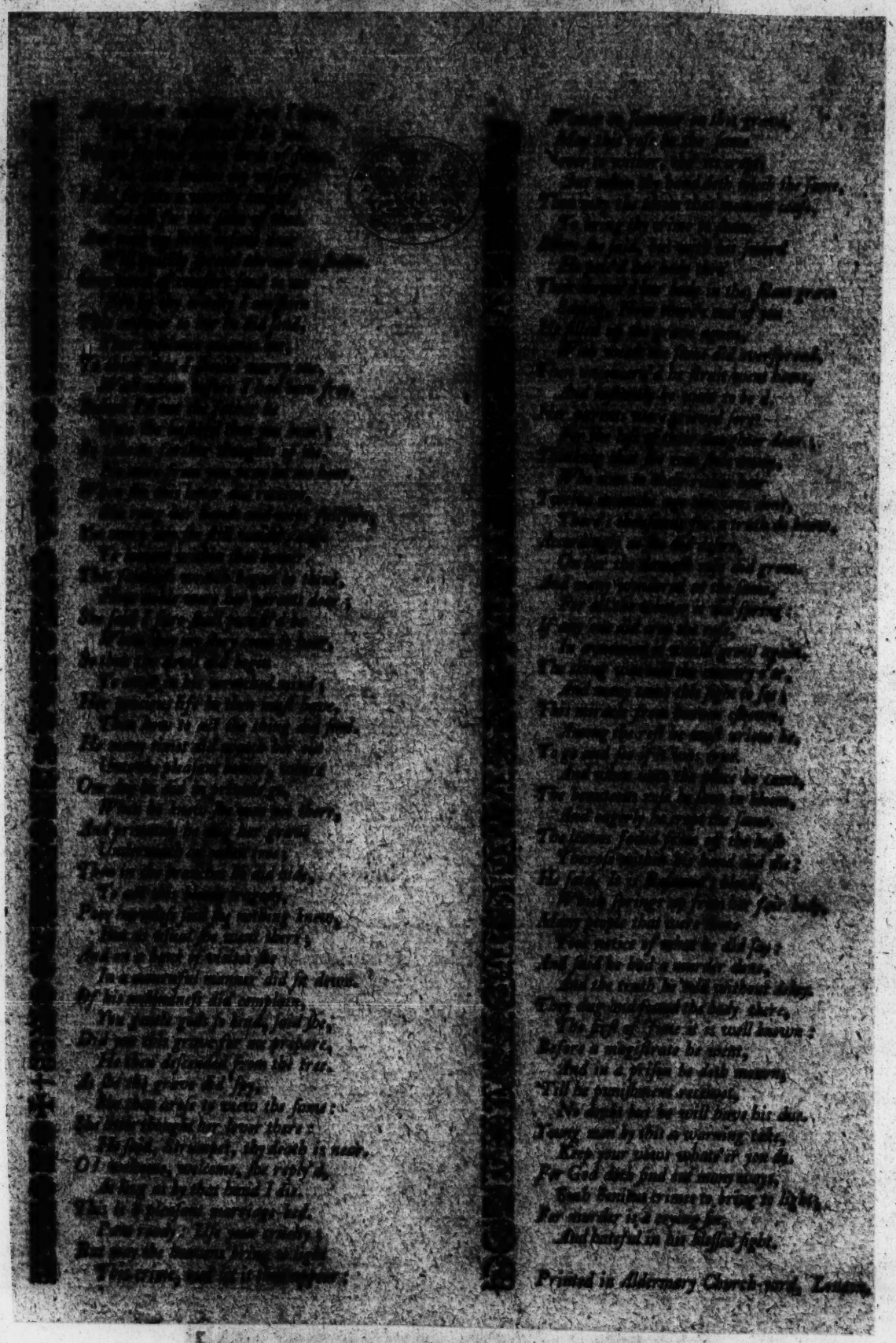
The Oxfordshire Tragedy:
Or, The Virgin's Advice.

PART II.

YOung virgins fair, of beauty bright,
And you that are of Cupid's folk,
Unto my tragedy give ear,
For 'tis as true as e're was told.
In Oxfordshire, a lady fair,
The daughter of a worthy Knight,
A gentleman that did adore,
Was enamour'd if this beauty bright.
Resolved was this maiden's mind,
The flower of fair Oxfordshire,
This gentleman a courting came,
Begging of her to be his dear,
Her kind heart to love inclined,
Young Cupid bending of his bow,
And left a fatal dart behind,
That prov'd her fatal overthrow.
Within a pleasant grove they walk'd,
And walking where the lambs do play,
Sweet pleasant tales of love they talk'd,
For to pass the long summer's day,
My charming sweet rose, said he,
See how the pleasant flowers spring,
The pretty birds on every tree,
With melody the groves did ring,
I nothing have to please or delight
My soul, but those charms of thine;
Our hearts are fixed, therefore my dear,
Like turtles let us both combine,
Let me embrace my heart's delight
Within this pleasant bower here;
This bank of violets for my bed,
Shaded with sleek roses fair.
She said, What do you mean, I pray?
I am a noble lady born,
What signifies my beauty bright,
When my honour it is gone?
My parents they will me disdain,
And young virgins me deride,
O do not prove my overthrow,
If you love stay till I'm your bride,
Sweet angel dear, I do vow,
By all the powers so divine
You are the whom I adore,
And in love my heart confine,
And if thou dost me refuse
This sword shall for ever more
Thee from her cruel fancy loose,
And so myself for sorrow die,
Her heart it chill'd to hear this,
Most wonderful she did cry,
Sir, pray be still, your passion cease,
Should I allow such private love,
It would my honour soon decease,
'Tis I must receive the scorn,
The world for ever shall me deride,
If I fall down dead on the ground,
This moment by your side,
Fall for a proof of my high love,
True love is a virtue rare,
But seldom found in women fair,
But when they have it once,
He many times does make a mock,
Then he'll for ever change,
And her contemn for ever.

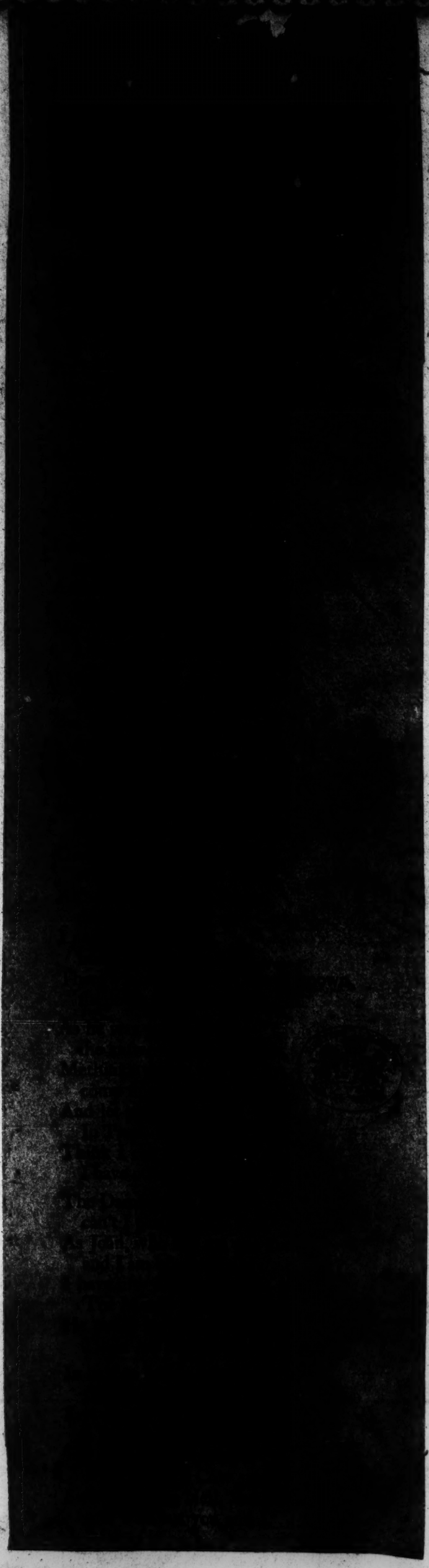
PART II.

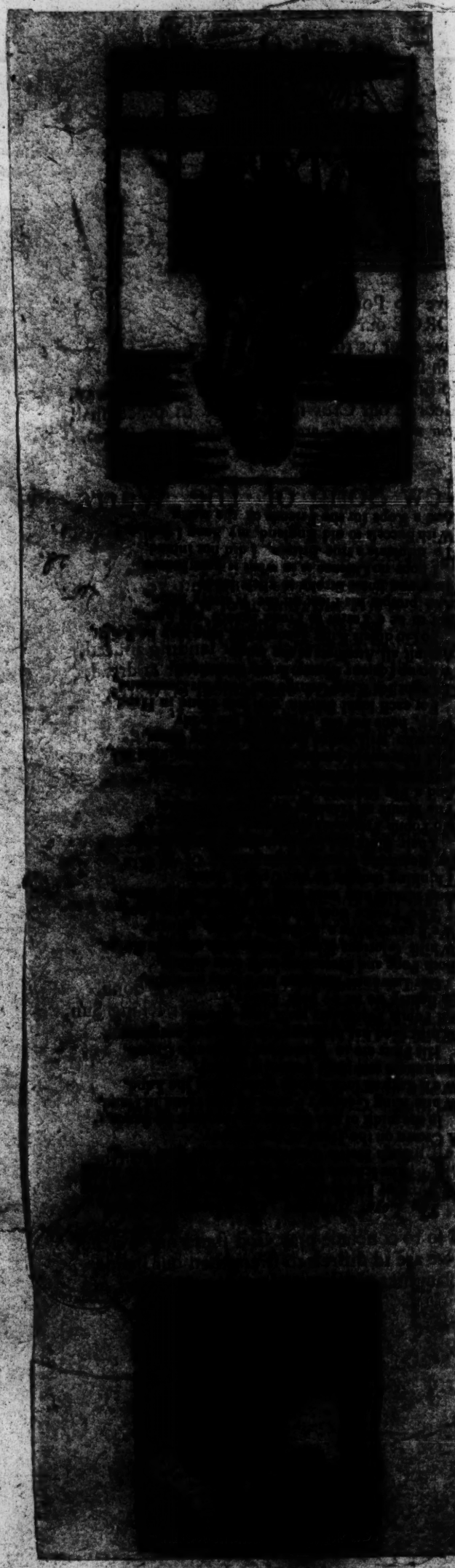
NOW virgins in this second part,
Observe this fatal conclusion's end,
When once your virgin love is gone,
You've nothing you to recommend,
After our traitor had his will,
He never did come near her more;
Then from her eyes both night and day,
The trickling tears did pour,
In the silent grove for this
Did wonder quite alone,
And for the creatures she had lost
In the said bower that would moan,
Oh that I were some little bird,
That I might fly to hide this shame;
O foolish maid, thus to believe
The base delusion of a man,
The harmless lamb could sport and play,
The turtle constant to his mate;
Nothing more wretched is than I,
To buy the man that doth me hate,
I will to him a letter send,
Remembering of the vows he made
Within that shady bower, where
My tender heart he first betray'd,
Her trembling hands a letter wrote,
My dearest dear, what must I do;



Printed in Aldermary Church-yard, London.

(916)







George I.st

New Song of the Warrs

(232)

Neptune's raging Fury

OR THE

Gallant Seaman's Sufferings.





YE Gentlemen of England,
That live at home at ease,
Little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show,
The cares and the feares,
When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen,
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas,
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be fright hearted,
In hail, rain, blow, or snow,
Nor to think for to shrink
When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
Poor seamen must endure,
Day and night with many a fright,
We seldom rest secure.

Our sleep is disturbed,
With wishing slewings to know,
And with dreams on the hatches,
When the stormy winds do blow.

In clapse of roaring thunder,
Which darkness do enforce,
We often find our ship forsook,
Beyond our wonted course,
Which causes great distraction,
And sinks our hearts full low,
It is in vain to complain,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's lap,
Our ships are toss'd with waves,
And every man expecting
The sea to be his grave,
Then up aloft the mountains,
And down again so low,
'Tis with waves, O with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then we rouze up, we rouze up,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppoſe us,
When England is at wars
With any foreign nation,
We fear no wounds nor ſcars;
Our roaring guns ſhall teach them,
Our valour for to know,
Whilſt they reel in the keel,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly drinkers,
But Engliſhmen true bred,
We play our parts with bold hearts,
And never fly for dread.
We'll ply our buſineſs nimbly,
Where'er we come or go,
And our mates to the flagſtaffs,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.

Then courage all brave mariners,
And never be diſmay'd,
Since we have bold adventurers,
We never ſhall want trade.
Our merchants will employ us,
To fetch them wealth we know:
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.

Then we return in ſafety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapſter and the vintner
Do help to ſhare our gains.
We'll call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go,
And we'll roar on the ſhore,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office,
Bow Church-Yard, London.

The Frolicksome Spark,

A NEW SONG.

YE frolicksome sparks of the age,
Ye unlucky boys wretched and vain,
Come listen to me by my sage,
Who once had in store full of gold,
And seven score acres of land,
With corn and cattle in flore,
But now I have none at command,
Yet my heart is as gay as before.

My father was cloathed in leather,
My mother in sheep ruffet grey,
They labour'd in all sorts of weather,
That I might go gallant and gay,
With my rapier hat mounted with feather,
My heart too as light as a cork,
And what the old folks scrap'd together,
I spread it abroad with my fork.

The merchant who trades on the sea,
For riches you very well know,
His heart can ne'er be at ease,
When terrible tempests do blow;
His happiness is very small,
For fear of some terrible news,
But he that has got nothing at all,
Has little or nothing to lose.

Shou'd they make me a justice of peace,
An alderman, sheriff, or lord mayor,
With riches my cares would encrease,
And throw me quite into despair:
I love to be jolly and free,
I'll ne'er be concern'd in the state,
My mind is a kingdom to me,
There's danger in being too great.

Some say that care kill'd a cat,
It starv'd her and caus'd her to die;
But I will be wiser then that,
For the devil a care will have I,
But to toss of a jolly full bowl,
To drive away sorrow and strife,
Here's a health to that honest brave soul,
Who never knew care in his life.

A New Fox-hunting Song,

Compoſed by W. S. KENRICK, and J. BURTELL.

The Chace run by the Cleveland Fox Hounds on Saturday the 29th Day of January, 1785.

YE hardy ſons of Chace give ear,
All liſten to my Song;
'Tis of a Hunt perform'd this Year,
That will be talk'd of long.
When a hunting we do go, oho, oho oho,
And a hunting we will go, oho, oho, oho,
And a hunting we will go, oho, oho, oho,
with the Huntſman Tally, ho.

On *Weary Bank* ye know the ſame,
Unkenell'd was the Fox;
Who led us, and our Hounds of Fame,
O'er Mountains, Moors and Rocks.
When a Hunting we do go, &c

'Twas *Craythorn* firſt ſwift Reynard made,
To *Limton* then did fly:
Full ſpeed purſu'd each hearty blade,
And join'd in jovial cry,
with the Huntſman Tally ho.

To *Worſal* next he took his flight,
Eſcape us he wou'd fain;
To *Picton* next with all his might,
To *Craythorn* back again,
With the Huntſman Tally ho.

To *Weary Bank* then takes his courſe,
Thro' *Fanny Bell's gill* flies;
In *Seymour Car* ſtrains all his force,
His utmoſt vigour tries,
with the Huntſman Tally ho.

To *Tanton, Nunthorp*, next he flies,
O'er *Laughrough Rig* goes he;
He ſcours like Light'ning o'er the meads,
More ſwift Fox could not be,
Nor with a Huntſman better match'd, &c.

To *Newton*, then to *Roſeberry*,
To *Hutton Lockeraſs gill*;
To *Lownſdale*, o'er *Court Moor* go we,
From thence to *Kildale Mill*;
With the Huntſman Tally ho, &c.

By this our Zeal was not ſubdu'd,
All croſſes were in vain;
To *Kildale* Reynard we purſu'd,
To *Lownſdale* back again,
with the Huntſman Tally ho, &c.

By *Percy Croſs* and *Sleddale* too,
And *Pilly Rig* full faſt,
As Fox could run to *Skyldersdew*,
And *Lockwood Beck* he paſt,
with the Huntſman Tally ho, &c.

By *Freeborough Hill* he takes his way,
By *Danby Lodge* alſo;
With ardour we purſue our prey,
As ſwift as Hounds could go,
with the Huntſman Tally ho, &c.

By *Coal Pits* and o'er *Stonegate Moor*,
To *Scayling* Reynard ran;
Was ſuch a Fox e'er ſeen before?
His equal ſhew who can!
when a Hunting we do go, &c.

To *Barnby* now by *Ugthorp Mill*,
And *Mickleby* likewiſe;
To *Ellerby*, to *Hinderwell*,
Still ſtubborn Reynard flies,
with the Huntſman Tally ho, &c.

The Huntſman now with other three,
And Reynard you'll ſuppoſe;
Ten couple of Hounds of high degree,
One field now did incloſe,
with the Huntſman Tally ho, &c.

But now our Chaſe draws near an end,
No longer we'll intrude;
For on the Cliff, rejoice my Friend,
Swift Reynard there we view'd,
with the Huntſman Tally ho, &c.

Sure ſuch a Chace muſt wonder raiſe,
And had I time to ſing,
The Huntſman's deeds who merits praiſe,
Would make the Vallies ring,
when a Hunting we did go, &c.

Come ſportſmen all your Glaſſes fill,
And let the toaſt go round;
May each Foxhunter flouriſh ſtill,
In Health and Strength abound,
when a Hunting we did go, &c.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

25.
6. 28
1546.

* Thomas Cole, Huntſman,
Rev. George Davison,
Chriſtopher Rowntree, junr.
William Stockdale.



King Charles the Second's Reſtoration.

Tune, *Where have you been my lov'd Sailor bold.*



YOU brave loyal Churchmen,
That ever ſtood by the crown,
Have you forgot that noble Prince,
Great Charles of high renown,
That from his rights was baniſh'd,
By P------ns who,
Moſt cruelly his father kill'd,
O curſed damned crew,
So let the Bells in Steeples ring,
and muſick ſweetly play,
That loyal tories mayn't forget,
The twenty ninth of May,

Twelve years was he baniſh'd,
From what was his juſt due,
And forc'd to hide in fields and woods
From P------n crew,
But God did preſerve him,
As plainly you do ſee,
The blood hounds did ſurround the Oak.
While he was in the tree,
So let the bells in Steeples ring,
And Muſick ſweetly play,
That loyal tories may not forget,
The twenty ninth of May.

As providence would have it,
The hounds did lose their scent,
To spill the blood of this brave Prince
It was their whole intent,
While that he was in exile,
The church they pulled down,
The common prayer they burnt sir,
And trampled on the crown
So let, &c.

They plunder'd at their pleasure,
On lords estates they siez'd,
The bishops they did send away,
They did just as they pleas'd:
But General Monk at last rose up,
With valiant heart so bold,
Saying, that he no longer,
By them would be controul'd.
So let, &c.

So in great splendour,
At last he did bring in,
Unto every Tories joy,
Great Charles our sovereign;
Then loyal hearts so merry,
the royal oak did wear,
While baloonies with tapestry hung,
Nothing but joy was there.
So let, &c.

The conduits then with wine did run,
the bonfires did blaze,
In every street likewise the skies,
did ring with loud huzzas.
Saying God bless our Sovereign,
and send him long to reign,
Hoping the p——n crew,
may never rule again. So let, &c.

Soon as great Charles
Our royal king was crown'd,
He built the church up again,
the meetings were pull'd down.
No canting then was in the land,
the subjects were at peace,
The church again did flourish,
and joy did then increase.
So let, &c.

The curled P——n crew,
was then put to the flight,
Some did fly by day,
and others run by night,
In barns and stables they did cant,
and every place they could,
He made them remember,
the spilling royal blood.
So let, &c.

May God for ever,
bless the church and crown,
And never let any subject strive,
the king for to dethrone,
May churchmen ever flourish,
and peace increase again,
God for ever bless the king,
and send him long to reign.
So let, &c.

King Charles the Second's Reſtoration.

Tune, *The Duke of* ORMOND.



YOU Tories round the nation,
Of every birth and ſtation,
The glorious day is coming on,
King Charles's Reſtoration,
Therefore this loyal health,
Let every churchman ſing,
O bleſſed twenty ninth of May,
That did reſtore the King,
Which did ſuch joy unto a dying
nation bring.

O Britons moſt diſloyal,
To give your King denial,
All other nations you've outdone,
You brought King Charles to trial
You made laws of your own,
Your King for to dethrone,
And after you cut off his head,
You baniſhed his ſon,
As good a prince as ever reign'd in
Chriſtendom.

When Cromwell the uſurper,
Had ſlain the King his maſter,
twas he that would the ſcepter sway
Committing blood and ſlaughter
The churches they pull'd down,
Whilſt uſeleſs lay the crown,
Presbyters we ſhall ne'er forget,
The year of forty-one,
When you your king did baniſh
for a brewer's ſon.

He that was born a prince, sir,
To hand Britain's defences, sir
Was forced to be under the frowns
Of a greasy cook wench, sir,
His life for to invade,
Their traps for him they laid,
At length to Madam Jane Lead,
This Prince became a page, to save
And forc'd to fly to France his life
With blood hounds they did seek
But heaven did still keep him, him
And did preserve him in the oak,
While his princely heart was ach-
To see himself purs'd, sing,
All by this curs'd brood,
Who took his Father's life away,
And spilt his Royal blood,
Who was a prince most fully true
A churchman good.

Many did their lives surrender,
For Charles their good defender,
Striving his Cause for to maintain
Against the base Pretender;
Many a noble Lord,
That ne'er fear'd scar nor sword,
On Tower hill did lose their lives,
All for their sovereign's good,
Thus glorious Britain soon be-
came a scene of blood,
Heaven rous'd up a hero,
Who for no usurper car'd sir,
General Monk brought in the king
Therefore his loyal health, sirs,
Let every Churchman sing,

Whilst rogues hung in a string,
O blessed twenty ninth of May,
That did such joy unto a dying
Nation bring.

The subjects were huzzaing,
The drums and trumpets playing
The conduits they did run with
Bonfires too were blazing; wine
The tories did begin,
This loyal health to sing,
O blessed twenty ninth of May,
When great Charles was crowned
His foes he soon confounded,
He built the churches up again,
Nothing but joy abounded.
He paid his father's scores,
Upon the guts of whores.
In his blest reign presbyters,
Were kicked out of doors;
Thus the land did flourish, heaven
did increase our store.

Now churchmen of each station,
Pray that this British nation,
By captiers ne'er be overcome,
The love of feuds and factions;
Let every tory sing;
And strike the musick string,
O blessed twenty ninth of May,
And long live George our King,
To his health boys your glasses fill
unto the brim.

Printed in Stonecutter street.

(72)

T H E

Famous Flower of Serving-Men;

Or, The Lady turned Serving-Man.



YOU learned ladies, young and dull,
I write unto you one and all;
Wherein that you may understand
What I have suffered in this land.

I was by birth a Lady fair,
My father's eldest and only heir;
But when my good old father di'd,
Then I was made a young knight's bride.

And then my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragant flower,
A braver bower you ne'er did see,
Than what my love did build for me.

But there came thieves late in the night,
When robb'd my bower and slew my knight.
And after that my Knight was slain,
I could no longer there remain.

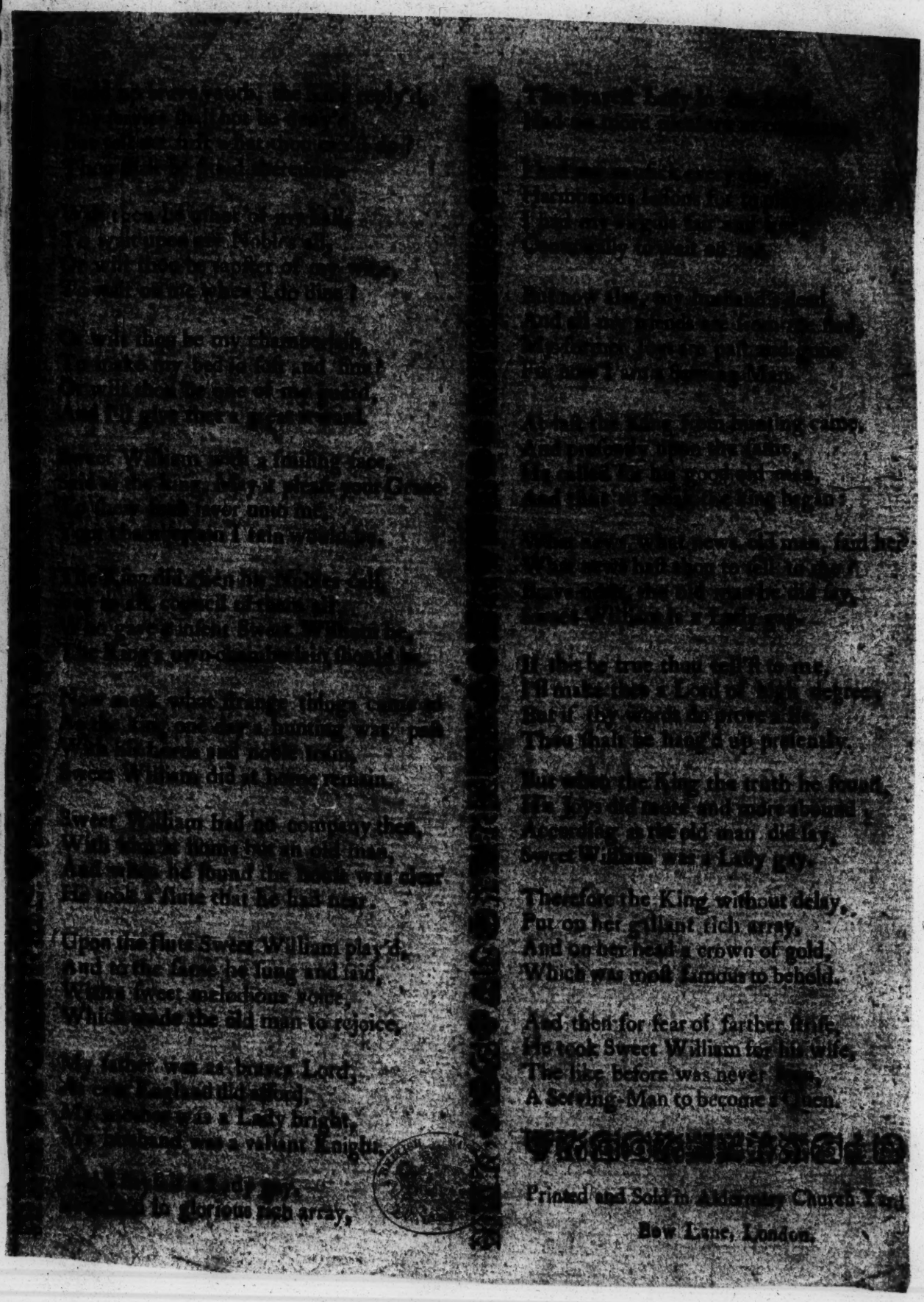
My servants all did from me fly,
In the midst of my extremity,
And left me by myself alone,
With a heart more cold than any stone.

To shun all company I went,
And dress myself in man's attire,
My dimber, neat, and bonny hair,
And a golden band about my head.

With a silver rapier by my side,
Much like a gallant I did ride,
The thing that I delighted in,
It was to be a Serving-Man.

Thus cloath'd in fine process man's wear,
I nobly rid along the highway,
And at last it chanced so,
That I to the King's court did go.

Then I to the King bow'd most low,
My love and duty for to show;
And so much favor I did crave,
That I a Serving-mans place might have.



Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard
Bow Lane, London.

(714)

A NEW SONG.

BRITISH MUSEUM

I.

YE Lovers of *Phyſick*, come lend me your Ear,
All diſintereſted, I pray you draw near,
My Tale's of *Doctor* and of a *Profeſſor*,
The firſt a ſkill'd Man, the laſt an Oppreſſor.

Down, down —— down, dery, down.

II.

Our worthy *Profeſſor* (whom few can excel)
Is a Spreader of *Calumny*, greedy as Hell,
His principal Study is hoarding of *Pelf*,
And ne'er does an Action but tends to himſelf.

Dery down.

III.

This *Gown-man* ſo noted, by ſilly, mean Lies,
Attack'd here a Stranger for curing of *Eyes*,
A Subject on which he himſelf ne'er ſpake Senſe,
Tho' he *Lectur'd* on't yearly for gaining of Pence.

Dery down.

IV.

He began on the Doctor's Arrival to ſmell,
(For join'd with his Greed he is cunning and fell)
That a *Rival* ſo bright, who no Secret did hide,
Might quickly eclipſe a few *Grains* of his Pride.

Dery down.

V.

To ward off this Blow, from Morning to Night,
Thus accoſted his *Mates*, "and ſaid it was right
"To diſcourage a Man of ſuch Learning and Parts,
"Becauſe prejudicial to *Maſters of Arts*.

Dery down.

VI.

"You know we can teach, when our Students have Clink,
"But thoſe of toom Pockets can't learn (as we think)
"If they want but a Shilling of our common Fee,
"We ſend them a-packing, to our *Claſs* they're not free.

Dery down.

VII.

"Ye cannot forget, ev'n a Friend of our own,
"A Brother by Trade, well ſkill'd, of Renown,
"Was debarr'd a Diſſection, he intended to make,
"At my *Inſtigation*, leſt my Trade it ſhould break.

Dery down.

VIII.

"Is it fair that a Stranger go off with our Wealth?
"Let the Blind and Blear-ey'd be depriv'd of their Health
"Far rather, than that it ſhou'd ever be ſaid,
"That *Our College*, ſo famous, wants Skill in the Trade.

Dery down.

IX.

"Our *Noble Infirmary*, built at great Coſt,
"By the Bounty of thoſe who love the Poor moſt,
"Shall never be fill'd for their Uſe, by this *Man*,
"For there I ſhall ſwagger, let 'em do what then can."

Dery down.

X.

And thus our *Profeſſor*, poſſeſs'd with *Envy*,
Spreads Stories about, of this and that *Eye*
As hurt by the *Doctor*, who truly did cure;
Beware then, my Friends, of what comes from his [illegible]

Dery down.

XI.

But great *Doctor Taylor* thou neat-handed [illegible]
Judge not of our Nation by this ſingle one,
For thoſe of the College who do you oppoſe,
Are but ſuch the *Profeſſor* can lead by the Noſe.

XII.

Let thoſe do their beſt by *Libels* in Print,
The Men of ſound Senſe will *ne'er take the* [illegible]
To condemn you at Random, not knowing [illegible]
They'll leave that to the College, *thoſe* [illegible]

45- 6. 28. 1350.

XIII.

Much more I cou'd ſay, as the help[illegible]
Depriv'd of their *Houſe*, that's [illegible]
What Grudge muſt the *Donors* [illegible]
To ſee it lock'd up, and the Poor [illegible]

XIV.

But the reſt I'll refer 'till the *Do*[illegible]
Then with Grief and with Tears [illegible]
When none of the *Faculty* dare uſe the *Needle*,
Tho' they Strutted thro' *France*, and there danced to a [illegible]

Dery [illegible]

(765)

A New SONG called HASTE to WINCHESTER, or, Yorkshire Volunteers, Farewell to the good Folks of Stockton.

Tune, Pale shou'd the Jessa.

Ye Lads and Lasses, all in a row,
Come listen to my Song, O,
Of Yorkshire Lads, that are so brave,
Who've left their Homes, and gone to save
Their King, their Country, and their Laws,
From Foreign Foes, and Civil Cause,
Fal lal, &c.

Bess MacFrail, Nell the Collier,
They're all for Lads to do it;
And Sooth the Dove, or Isak Monkcorn
Come here, will make them rue it,
Hal Lyon the Dancer, make them flee,
With a fee, row row, row, row,
And so send 'em by Land—or Sea
to Hopper till Lammas.
Fal lal, &c.

Then, Farewell, and Ale Lads to light
Of foot, with Heart of Steel, O,
This Country's Cause shall crown your Sight,
And make her Foes to reel, O;
For, don't the Frog-fed Sons of Gaul,
Come capering *à la Francoise*,
My Lads, said he, we'll cash them all,
The *Light Bob* Country Dance, A.
Fal lal, &c.

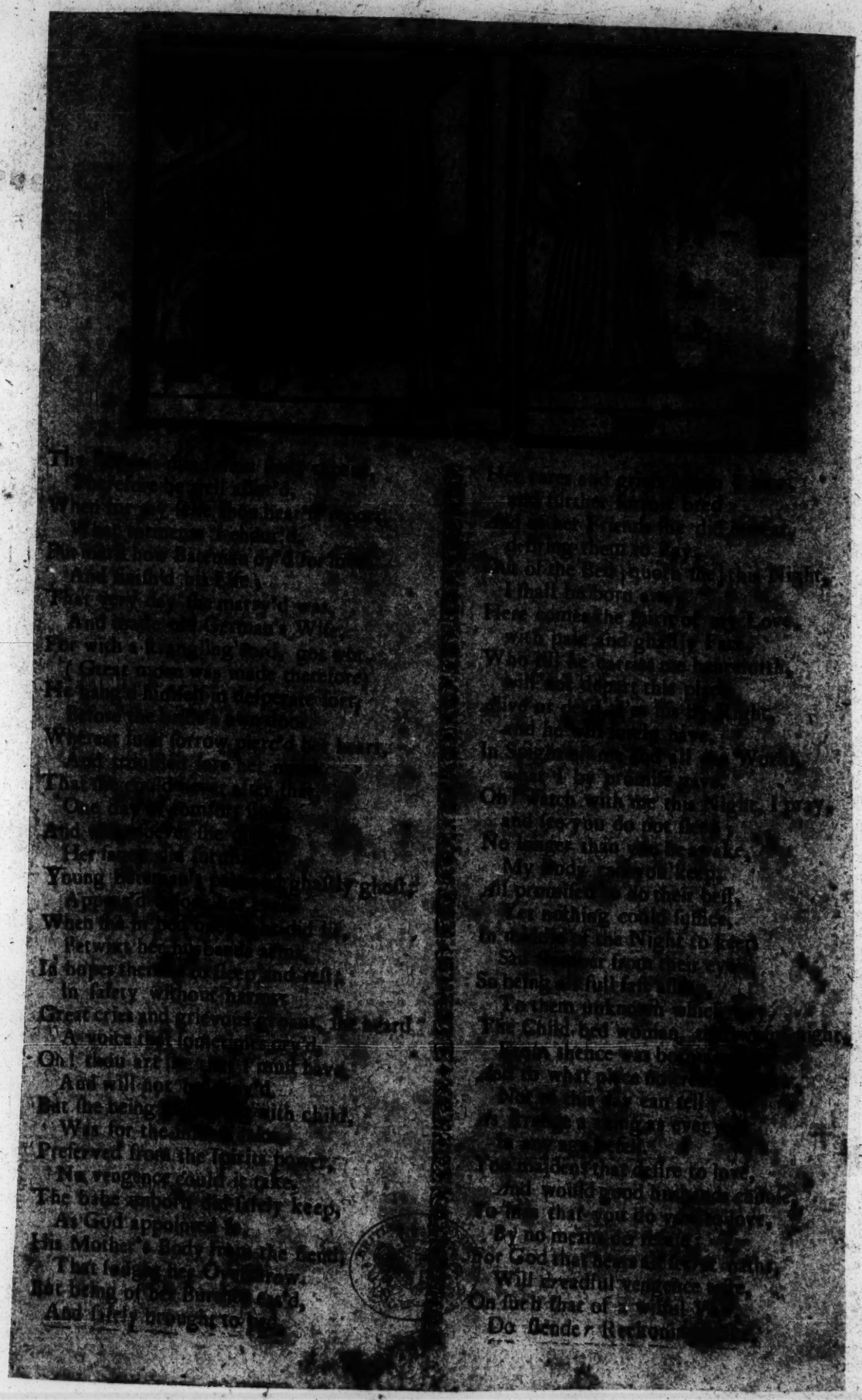
Our Leaders ALL, so brave and bold,
Shou'd I in Verse recite, A.
A baggage Waggon wou'd not hold,
The Songs that I con'd write, A.
Their Deeds so great, their Words so mild,
O take our worst Commander,
And to him *Cæsar* was a Child,
And so was *Alexander*.
Fal lal, &c.

Such Men as these we'll follow thro'
The World, and brave all Danger,
Each Volunteer is firm and true,
His Heart's to Fear a Stranger;
Good Folks Farewell, God bless the King,
With Angels centry o'er him,
Now, *Hark! to Winchester*, we'll sing,
And push about the Jorum,
Fal lal lal la ral.

Stockton, Printed for the Author *Herbert Stockbore*, Private in Earl *Fauconberg*'s Yorkshire North Riding Volunteers.



YOU dainty Dames so finely fram'd
Of beauty's choicest mold,
And you that tripdo up and down,
Like lambs of Cupid's fold:
Here is a lesson to be learnd,
A lesson by my mind,
For such as will prove false in Love,
And bear a treacherous mind.
Not far from Nottingham of late,
In Clifton, as I hear,
There dwelt a fair and comely Dame,
None with her could compare:
Her cheeks were like the crimson rose,
Yet as you may perceive,
The fairest Face, the falsest heart,
The soonest will deceive.
This gallant Dame she was adorn'd,
By nature in that grace,
And many sought of marriage bed
Her only to embrace;
[illegible] handsome youth,
[illegible]man call'd by name,
To [illegible] would become his wife,
[illegible] this maiden fame.
Such [illegible] and liking there was found,
That he from all the rest,
Had stolen away the maiden's heart,
And she did love him best.
Then [illegible] promis'd secretly,
[illegible] between them two,
That nothing could but death itself,
This true Love-knot undo.
He broke a piece of Gold in twain,
One half to her he gave,
The other as a pledge again he,
Dear Love (quoth he) will have,
If I do leave my Love (quoth he),
While I remain alive,
Maugre a thing I take in hand,
[illegible] to thy wife.
This passing on [illegible] months space,
[illegible] maid became
To [illegible] and liking [illegible]
Upon another man,
One Bateman [illegible] will,
Her husband needs to be,
Because he was of greater wealth,
And better in degree.
Her vows and promise lately made,
To Bateman she denyd,
And in dispite of him and his,
She utterly defyd:
Well then, quoth he, if it be so,
Thee thou shalt not forsake,
And like a false and forsworn wretch,
Another husband take.
Thou shalt not live one quiet hour,
For surely I will have
Thee either now alive or dead,
When I am laid in grave:



[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

(79)

The CHILDREN's EXAMPLE.

Shewing, how one Mrs Johnson's Child of Barnet, was tempted by the Devil to forsake GOD, and follow the Ways of other wicked Children, who used to Swear, tell Lies, and disobey their Parents; How this pretty innocent Child resisting Satan, was Comforted by an Angel from Heaven, who warned her of her approaching Death: Together with her dying Words, desiring young Children not to forsake God, least Satan should gain Power over them. To the Tune of *Bonny Mary*.







YE Parents, that love Children dear,
To what I shall relate give Ear;
And if you'd have them Heaven partake,
You'll buy this Sheet for their sweet Sake.
In Barnet liv'd a loving Pair,
A tender Wife and Husband dear,
Whom cruel Death of Life beguil'd,
And left his tender Wife with Child.
It prov'd a Daughter, therefore she,
Was brought up very tenderly;
And as she did grow up in Time,
Her temper seem'd like one divine.
So sweet, so modest and so fair,
That few could with this Child compare,
For when her words had Silence broke,
You would have thought an angel spoke.
She was her Mother's Darling bright,
In Learning she took great Delight,
But above all her Mind was given,
To find the speedy Way to Heaven.
Whatever Time that she could spare,
She spent to Heaven in fervent Prayer,
If she one Farthing had in Store,
She freely gave it to the Poor.

Now observe good People, this heavenly Child reproved some wicked Children who were cursing and swearing.

AS she did come from School one Day,
She saw some Children were at Play,
And wickedly they did blaspheme,
And take God's holy Name in vain.
Says she, dear Children do forbear,
What makes you thus to curse and swear?
At School you never learn'd the same,
Therefore I think you are to blame.
Besides, what will your Parent's say,
When they hear how you go astray?
I'm sure their Hearts would troubled be,
To know you liv'd so wickedly.
Don't you fear that God who gave
His Son's dear Blood our Lives to save;
Remembers every sinful Word,
You'll answer for before the Lord.
Then started up a little Elf,
Saying, Mistress, pray go mind yourself,
We'll lead our Lives this merry Way,
In Spite of what you do or say.
We value not our Parents dear,
The Church we never will come near:
For there's no Heaven to enter in,
No Hell to punish us for Sin.
A Gentleman has told us so,
Who gave us money so to do;
So hold your tongue, and do'nt us teaze;
For Madam, we'll do what we please.
The tender Infant weeping, said,
It is the Devil I'm afraid,
That bids you God's Commandments break,
That he your precious Souls may take;
But, dear Companions, have a Care,
You fall not in this woful Snare;
Take this advice, I do implore,
Or else I'll not come near you more.
One taking this in great Disgrace,
Did strike her o'er the pretty Face,
Saying, Young Mistress, hence depart,
We scorn you from our very Heart.
Oh! God forgive you, she did say,
Though thus you strike me I will pray,
That your Souls may in Heaven dwell,
But now I bid you all farewell.
Tears from her Cheeks then did glide,
Her Mother ax'd her why she cry'd;
What! did your Mistress you chastise,
That you come Home with weeping Eyes.
My dearest Mother, she did say,
Some Children I have seen to Day,
Who will not God's Commandments keep
And 'tis for their poor Souls I weep
For when I blam'd them for their Oaths,
They gave me many cruel Blows:
But let them do whate'er they will,
Their precious Souls I'll pray for still.
Her Mother took her in her Arms,
My dear God keep thee from all Harms,
Don't weep, my Child, be not distress'd,
They'll answer for their Wickedness.

Now observe how the Devil appeared to the Child, and would have enticed her to be as wicked as other Children were.

AS this Child went to Church one Day,
Thro' the Church-yard she took her way,
Where lo! the Devil came and said,
Where are you going, pretty Maid?
To School, I'm going, Sir, said she,
Pish, Child don't mind the same, said he:
But hast to your Companions dear,
And learn to lie, and curse, and swear.
They bravely spend their Time in Play,
God they don't value, no, not they:
It is a Fable, Child, he cry'd;
At which his Cloven Foot she 'spy'd.
I'm sure there is a God, said she,
Who from your Power will keep me free:
And if you should this thing deny,
Your cloven Foot gives me the Lie.
Satan, avoid, hence out of hand,
In Name of Jesus I command,
At which the Devil instantly,
In Flames of fire away did fly.
Soon after came an Angel fair,
Who says to her, why weeps my Dear,
What does your Time too swiftly run,
On Dial which you look upon?
If it be so, be not beguil'd,
You only die to live my Child;
At which the pretty harmless Maid,
Thus to the shining Angel said,
Dear Sir, I'm not afraid of Death,
For if God took me from the Earth,
Satan would then cease to torment,
A harmless Child and innocent.
O Sir, he was but here just now,
Without God's Help what shall I do?
But Heaven, I hope, will hear my Prayers,
And dry my Cheeks from weeping Tears.
The Angel took her by the Hand,
Sweet Child I come by Heaven's Command,
To comfort you in this sad Hour,
The Devil shall not have a Power
To tempt you more while you have breath
Too good you are to live on Earth:
But dearest Child, Continue on,
In Heaven for you there is a Throne,
Where Christ doth sit in Glory bright;
In such as you he takes delight.
May Blessings e'er on you remain,
So farewel till we meet again.
This pretty Infant straightway went home,
And told her Mother what was done,
Who wept, because she did foresee,
Her Child not long with her to be.
In a Month's Time she did complain,
That she did feel tormenting Pain.
The Doctors were sent for with Speed,
To help the Child in time of Need.
Her Sickness it was most severe,
And yet this pretty harmless Dear,
Would never utter one Complaint,
But lyeth like a dying Saint.
And when the Doctors gave her o'er,
Nothing could grieve this dear Child more;
Than when her Mother's Tears she'd spy,
Dear Mammy for me do not cry.
Come kiss your Child and don't complain,
We only part to meet again:
My Soul doth seem in Cage to be,
But Death, I hope, will set it free.
To my Companions tell this truth,
To serve the Lord in time of Youth,
That so their Sins may be forgiven,
And when they die may go to Heaven.
So spoke the dying Infant dear,
When lo! the Angel did appear.
Have Mercy, Lord! she then did cry,
And comfort me before I die.

Now mark the sweet Behaviour of the Child to her Mother, and the Heavenly Angel, who came to visit her before she died.

LOOK Mother dear, I pray behold,
My Angel shining bright as Gold,
Where is he Child, I cannot him see,
O there he is, 'tis he! 'tis he!
Speak, lovely Angel, take me hence,
Thy words exceed all Eloquence,
Sweet Child, said he, thy Days are done,
Thy Minutes fly, thy glass is run;
I'm coming Lord, the Child did say,
One last Embrace, dear Mother pray
Oh! think I am not snatch'd too soon,
But love my Memory when I'm gone.
Methinks I hear my passing Bell,
My Friends all taking their Farewel,
Sweet Lord, receive my Soul, she said:
Thus died this harmless pretty Maid.
When lo! was heard a charming Sound,
As though a Saint in Heaven was crown'd,
And at her Funeral likewise there
Was heard sweet Music in the Air.
The People wept for this dear Child,
It was so heavenly meek and mild,
But God has made her now his own,
Where Satan's Power cannot be known,
Now, Children dear, strive piously,
Like her to live, like her to die;
Then God will bless you while on Earth,
And make you happy after Death.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.

The Wandering Young Gentlewoman;

Or, CATSKIN.

YOU fathers and mothers, and children alſo,
Draw near unto me, and ſoon you ſhall know
The ſenſe of my ditty, and I dare to ſay,
The like han't been printed this many a day.
The ſubject which to you I am to relate,
It is of a Squire of a vaſt eſtate:
The firſt dear infant his wife did him bear.
It was a young daughter of beauty moſt fair.
He ſaid to his wife, had this child been a boy,
T'would have pleaſed me better, and increaſed my joy.
If the next be the ſame ſort, I do declare,
Of what I am poſſeſſed ſhe ſhall have no ſhare.
In twelve months time after this woman, we hear,
Had another daughter of beauty moſt clear;
And when that he knew it was a female,
In a bitter paſſion he preſently fell.
Saying, ſince this is of the ſame ſort as the firſt,
In my habitation ſhe ſhall not be nurs'd;
Pray let her be ſent into the Country,
For where I am truly this child ſhall not be.
With tears his dear wife unto him did ſay,
Huſband, be contented, I'll ſend her away.
Then to the Country with ſpeed ſhe was ſent,
For to be brought up by one who was her friend.
Altho' that her father he hated her ſo,
She good education on her did beſtow;
And with a gold locker and robes of the beſt,
This ſlighted young female was commonly dreſt.
And when unto ſtature this damſel was grown,
And found from him ſhe had no love ſhewn;
She cry'd, Before I will lie under his frown,
I am fully reſolved to range the world rounds.

The Second Part.

But now mark, good people, the creem of the jeſt,
In what ſort of manner this creature was dreſt:
With catskins ſhe made her a robe I declare,
The which for her covering ſhe daily did wear.
Her own rich attire, and jewels beſide,
Them up in a bundle by her they were ty'd:
Then to ſeek her fortune ſhe wander'd away.
And when ſhe had travel'd a cold winter's day;
In the evening tide ſhe came to a town,
When at a Knight's door ſhe then ſat her down,
For to reſt herſelf, who was tired before;
This noble Knight's Lady then came to the door.
Then ſeeing this creature in ſuch ſort of dreſs,
This lady unto her theſe words did expreſs:
Whence cam'ſt thou girl, and what would'ſt thou have
She ſaid, A night's reſt in your ſtable I crave.
The Lady ſaid to her, I'll grant thy deſire;
Come into the kitchen, and ſtand by the fire.
Then ſhe thanked the lady, and went in with haſte;
Where ſhe was gazed on from the higheſt to the leaſt.
And being well warmed, her hunger being gone,
They gave her a Piece of good Food for to eat;
Then to an out-houſe this creature was led,
Where ſhe with ſeveral ſervants made her a bed.
And when in the morning the day-light ſhe ſaw,
Her riches and jewels ſhe hid in the ſtraw;
And being very cold, ſhe then did requeſt,
To go to the kitchen and ſtand by the fire.
The Cook ſaid, my Lady hath promiſ'd that thou
Shalt be as a Scullion for to wait upon me;
And what ſay'ſt thou girl, art willing to bide?
With all my heart truly, to him ſhe reply'd.
To work with her needle ſhe could very well;
And for raiſing of paſte few could her excel:
She being ſo handy, the Cook's heart did win,
And there ſhe was call'd by the name of Catskin.

The Third Part.

The Lady had a Son both comely and tall,
Who oftentimes uſed for to be at a ball,
A mile out of town, one evening tide,
To dance at this Ball away he did ride.
Catskin ſaid to his mother, pray Madam, let me
Go after your ſon now this ball for to ſee?
With that in a paſſion this lady ſhe grew,
And ſtruck her with the ladle, and broke it in two.
And being thus ſerved, ſhe then got away,
And with her rich garment herſelf did array:
Then to this ball ſhe with ſpeed did retire,
Where ſhe danced ſo bravely that all did admire.
The ſport being done, this young Squire did ſay,
Young Lady, where do you live, tell me I pray,
Her anſwer to him was, Sir, that will I tell.
At the ſign of the Broken Ladle I dwell.
She being very nimble, got home firſt 'tis ſaid,
And with her Catskin robes ſhe ſoon was array'd;
And into the Kitchen again ſhe did go,
But where ſhe had been then none of them did know:
Next night this young Squire, himſelf to content,
To dance at this ball away again went:
She ſaid, Pray let me go this ball for to view; [two
Then ſhe ſtruck her with a skimmer, and broke it in
Then out of doors ſhe ran full of heavineſs,
And with her rich garment herſelf ſoon did dreſs,
And to this ball ſhe ran away with ſpeed;
Where to ſee her dancing all wonder'd indeed.
The ball being ended, this young Squire then
Said, Where is it you live? She anſwer'd again,
Sir, becauſe you ask me, account I will give,
At the ſign of the broken skimmer I live.
Being dark, then ſhe left him, and homeward did hie
And with her Catskin robe was dreſt preſently,
And into the kitchen amongſt them ſhe went,
But whats ſhe had been they were all ignorant

Was ne'er known, and begin for to frown
For you might as well [illegible] been a lady,
The [illegible] of beauties that ever I saw.

She was the best dancer in all the whole place;
And most men like Cuckolds in her did gaze;
But for one beauty she had [illegible]
I should have found, if I had been [illegible]

Next night to this ball he did go once more;
And she asked his mother to go as before;
Who having a potion of water in her hand,
She threw it on Catskin, as I understand.

Shaking her wet cap out of doors she did run;
And drolling herself: when this thing she had done;
To the ball room again she then went her ways.
To see how her dancing all gays on the plains.

And [illegible], this young Squire to
Said, I [illegible] maiden you come, pray tell me?
Her answer was, Sir, you shall soon know the same;
Some the light of the bottle of water I came.

Then homeward she hurry'd as fast as could be;
This young Squire then was resolved to see
Wherein she belonged; then following Catskin
Into an old forge house, he saw her creep in.

He said, O brown Catskin, I find it is thee
That's been night by night to charm me;
Then up the forge he quickly his eyes did behold,
With [illegible] which his heart now is fill'd.

Then straight unto Catskin, he said I shall have life,
Grant me but the love, and I will make thee my wife,
And you shall have maids for to be at your call.
Sir, that cannot be, I have no portion at all.

Thy beauty is a portion, my life and my dear,
I prize it far better than a thousand a year;
And to have my friends consent I have got a trick:
I'll go to my bed, and I will feign myself sick.

There's no one shall tend me but thou I protest;
So one day or another in thy rich dress
Thou shalt be clad, and if my parents come nigh,
I'll tell them 'tis for thee that sick I do lie.

The Fourth Part.

Having thus consulted, this couple parted.
Next day this young Squire he took to his bed;
And when his dear parents this thing both perceived,
For fear of his death they were heartily grieved.

To tend him they sent for a nurse speedily.
He said, None but Catskin my nurse shall be.
His Parents said, No son. He said, but she shall,
Or else I'll have none to nurse me at all.

His parents both wonder'd to hear him say thus,
That no one but Catskin must then be his nurse:
So then his dear parents their son to content,
Up into the chamber poor Catskin they sent.

Sweet cordials and other rich things were prepar'd,
Which between this couple were equally shar'd;
And when all alone, they in each others arms
Enjoy'd one another in love's pleasant charms.

And at length, on a time, poor Catskin, 'tis said,
In her rich attire for them was array'd:
And when that his mother the chamber drew near,
Then much like a goddess did Catskin appear,

[illegible] Lady is [illegible] fine, said she,
He said, Why old Catskin, for whom I die,
And except I have her, with [illegible]
His mother then laugh'd to see all this trouble,
Who run up to fetch this amazing great bubble:
He said, Dublo Catskin we had in such jewell
I'm sure a finer lady than I was here.

The old Knight said to her, I pray then tell me,
From whence these fine things came, and if more plenty
I [illegible]
[illegible]

The young Squire cry'd, If you will save my life,
Procure me this young creature for me to be my wife.
His father reply'd, With life for to save,
If you are already married, you shall have.

Next day, with great triumph and joy, as we hear,
There were many coaches did come for and near;
Then much like a Goddess, drest in rich array,
Catskin was marry'd to the Squire that day.

For several days this great wedding did last,
Where was many a sporting and gallant rich guest;
And for joy the bells rang all over the town,
And bonfires of Canary wine merrily round.

When Catskin was marry'd, how fame for to raise!
Who saw her amidst marriage all gave her the praise.
Thus long charming beauty the Squire did win,
And wedlock he grew unto Catskin.

The Fifth Part.

Now in the fifth part I'll endeavour to show;
How things with his parents and father did go!
His mother and father of life are bereft,
And now all alone the old Squire is left.

Who hearing his daughter was marry'd so brave;
He said, In my middle a fancy I have.
Drest like a poor man now a journey I'll make;
And see if she on me some pity will take.

Then dress like a beggar he went to her gate,
Where found his daughter, who appear'd very great.
He cry'd, Noble lady, a poor man I be,
And I am now brought to crave your charity.

With a blush she asked from whence that he came?
With that he then told her, and gave her his name.
She cry'd, I am your daughter whom you slighted so;
Yet nevertheless to you some kindness I'll show.

Through mercy the Lord hath provided for me:
Pray father come in, and sit down, then said she;
Then the best provision the house could afford,
For to make him welcome was set on the board.

She said, You are welcome, good heavy, I pray;
And if you are willing, with me you shall stay
So long as you live: Then he made this reply,
I only am come now thy love for to try.

Through mercy, my child, I am rich and not poor;
I have gold and silver enough now in store;
And for this love which at thy hands I have found,
For thy portion I'll give thee ten thousand good pound.

So in few days after, as we understand,
This man he went home, and sold off his land,
And ten thousand pounds to his daughter did give;
And now altogether in love they do live.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The COOK-MAID's Garland:

Or, The Out-of-the-Way Devil.

Shewing, How Four Highwaymen were bit by an ingenious Cook-Maid.



YOU Gallants all in London,
If you will but draw near,
The joak is merry, 'twill make you ſmile
When you the ſame do hear.
It is of a jolly country girl,
That did in Rygate dwell,
Whoſe wit got her a husband,
As many for truth can tell.
Five gentlemen to Rygate
From London they were bound,
And as they rode along the road,
Not far from Croydon town:
Four highwaymen did ſet upon
Theſe gentlemen, 'tis ſaid,
Crying, gentlemen, deliver your gold,
Or we will ſhoot you dead.
The gentlemen, ſurprized,
Delivered out of hand;
Finding there was danger,
Diſputing for to ſtand.
Five hundred pounds amongſt them,
They loſt, as we do hear,
Beſides, theſe villains to the skin,
Indeed did ſtrip them bare.

It being about the hour of ten,
To Rygate they did ride,
And coming to an inn, ſir,
Where is the hoſt? they cry'd.
The oſtler he came running out,
Theſe gueſts to entertain;
But ſeeing the fight run back in a fright
Into the houſe again.
Saying Here's a parcel of devil's in buff,
Come riding to the door;
Some countrymen that drinking were,
They were affrighted ſore.
The gentlemen did whiſtle and call,
But none of them did come;
At length a handſome brisk cook-maid
Unto the door did run.
With candle in her hand, ſir,
The girl at them did ſtare;
The gentlemen moſt modeſtly
With their hands did cover their ware.
Pray what are you, ſaid the cook-maid,
So bare from the top to the toe?
They ſaid, Go call your maſter,
And the matter you ſhall know.

We are gentlemen, have been robbed,
Not far from Croydon town:
The maid ſhe ſtraitway rung the bell,
And call'd her maſter down,
She ſhew'd to him the gentlemen,
Crying, Our looby John
Put us in a fright, there's no harm in th
I think of a naked man. [figh
The inn-keeper he took them in
And cloath'd them ſtraitway;
And when they were dreſſed, ſir,
The cook unto them did ſay,
Come, gentlemen, if to reward me
You will a bargain make,
Although I am but a cook-maid,
Theſe highwaymen I will take.
The gentlemen did laugh aloud,
To hear the maid ſay ſo:
And ſaid, My bonny laſs, there's few
Who down the lane do go,
But they are robb'd and plunder'd;
If thou can'ſt do this thing
An hundred pounds we will give thee,
Beſides what's allow'd by the king.

But what will you forfeit if you don't,
Then, ſaid one of the five?
She ſaid, My maidenhead, ſir,
I'll forfeit as I am alive.
A match, with all my heart, ſaid he,
And if this thing you can do,
Three hundred a year I'll you give,
And I will wed you too.
Therefore, to-morrow night, ſir,
This frolic I'll purſue.
Not far, ſir, from this loneſome grove
There is a wilderneſs you know.
A Company of you in ambuſh
In that ſame place muſt lie.
I'll drive the rogues therein to you,
Then take them ſpeedily.
They ſay that a woman's wit
Oftentimes proves the beſt;
Therefore, good gentlemen, ſaid ſhe,
Let us purſue the jeſt.
The bargain it was fairly made
By the ſame gentlemen,
And to the wilderneſs repair'd,
A dozen of armed Men.
But of her ſubtle invention
The like ſure never was known
The girl ſhe open'd a bed, ſir,
Was made of coney-wool down,
Then daubing herſelf with ſoot and ſize,
She roll'd herſelf quite o'er,
So hairy ſhe was from top to toe,
The like was never ſeen before
The horns of a ſtag of a monſtrous ſize
She did make faſt behind;
And upon her head a rouzing pair,
Which were of another kind;
With a hollow truncheon in her hand
Which was with gunpowder fill'd:
She look'd like the dragon of Wantley
Which in the country was kill'd.
Aſtride a croſs the horſe's back,
She laid herſelf along,
With her feet ty'd under the horſe's belly
For fear ſhe ſhould fall down.
Two hornify'd heads did then appear,
Which was a frightful ſight.
In one of her hands a link ſhe had,
Which was in a blazing light.
Then leaning on her two elbows,
Acroſs the horſe's mane,
The devil to meet the highwayman
Came riding down the lane.
They ſeeing the light coming along,
They thought it was ſome prize.
Some gentleman with his equipage,
Come let us look ſharp each cries.

One ſtarted out from behind a buſh.
Unto the reſt did call,
Z——ds, you dogs, get out of the way
The devil is come for us all.
Two heads the devil has got, now ſee,
As he is now paſſing by;
On each of his heads a pair of horns
In the hindermoſt forehead one eye
One ſaid, I'll ſhoot him, ſaid another,
No, that will not be well,
For fear he ſhould carry us inſtantly:
Along with him to hell.
The devil then kept drawing near,
Set up ſuch hideous cries;
Then clapt the link to the gunpowder,
And the fire like fury flies
They took to their heels and run away,
But the devil purſu'd them faſt,
And drove them to the wilderneſs
Where they were trapp'd at laſt. [foot,
There were ſome on horſeback, ſome on
Some had arms, and ſome had none,
When the devil found they were ſafe,
She ſtrait went galloping home,
An old woman with butter and eggs,
For Croydon the next day,
Seeing her like a fury coming along,
Leap'd off her mare to pray,
And calling unto her huſband,
Who was leading of the mare,
Cries, Wounds the devil is coming along,
Look you behind you there.
The mare did kick and caper,
As the devil was paſſing by,
When the butter and eggs about the road
Like thunderſhot did fly;
While the countryman and his wife
Beſhit themſelves for fear.
Laying their heads between their legs,
'Till the morning did appear.
The devil came galloping to the inn,
Where the women they did wait,
Who dreſs'd her up this frolick to play,
And did relieve her ſtrait.
Her skin does look of a dingy hue,
But the money will make it clear,
The gentleman to his bargain ſtands,
That he will wed with his dear,
Theſe highwaymen they were bound and ty'd,
And brought unto the inn; [ty'd,
Then the devil appeared before them all,
To ſhew how mump'd they'd been,
They curs'd their fate, to a juſtice ſtrait
All four were ſoon convey'd;
And the girl's reward is a portion good,
Which hath theſe rogues betray'd.

The Merchant's SON, AND THE BEGGAR-WENCH of *HULL*.





YOU gallants all I pray draw near,
And you a pleaſant Jeſt ſhall hear,
How a Beggar Wench of Hull,
A Merchant's Son of York did gull.
Fa, la, &c.

One morning on a certain day,
He cloath'd himſelf in rich array,
And took with him as it was told,
The ſumm of ſixty pounds in gold,
Fa, la, &c.

45. 6. 2. 185.

So mounting on a prancing ſteed,
He towards Hull did ride with ſpeed;
Where in his way he chanc'd to ſee,
A Beggar Wench of mean degree.

She aſked him for ſome relief,
And ſaid with tears of ſeeming grief,
That ſhe had neither houſe nor home,
But for her living was forc'd to roam.

He ſeemed to lament her caſe,
And ſaid, Thou haſt a pretty face;
If thou wilt lodge with me, he cry'd,
With gold thou ſhalt be ſatisfy'd.

Her ſilence ſeem'd to give conſent,
So to a little houſe they went;
The landlord laugh'd to ſee him kiſs,
The Beggar Wench a ragged Miſs.

He needs muſt have a dinner dreſt,
And call'd for liquor of the beſt;
And there they toſt of bumpers free,
The jolly Beggar Wench and He.

A doſe ſhe gave him as 'tis thought,
Which by the landlady was bought;
For all the night he lay in bed,
Secure as if he had been dead.

Then ſhe put on all his cloaths,
His coat, his breeches, and his hoſe;
His hat, his periwig likewiſe,
And ſeiz'd upon the golden prize.

Her greaſy petticoat and gown,
In which ſhe rambled up and down,
She left the Merchant's Son in lieu,
Her bag of bread and bottle too.
Down ſtairs like any ſpark ſhe goes,
Five guineas to the hoſt ſhe throws,
And ſmiling then ſhe went away,
And ne'er was heard of to this day.

When he had took his long repoſe,
He look'd about and miſt his cloaths;
And ſaw her rags lie in the room,
How he did ſtorm, nay fret and fume.

Yet wanting cloaths and friends in town,
Her greaſy petticoat and gown
He did put on, and mounted ſtrait,
Bemoaning his unhappy fate.

You would have laugh'd to ſee the dreſs
Which he was in, yet ne'ertheleſs,
He homewards rode, and often ſwore,
He'd never kiſs a Beggar more.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard,
Bow-Lane, London.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A NEW SONG

Call'd Curling of the Hair.

YOU Ladies all who are in Fashion;
Both here and every where o,
Who kills bright Beaus by Love-lick
By buckling of their Hair o. (Fashion
Tal, la, &c.

The Ladies Maid will immitate,
The Mistress in the Fair o,
The Footman with his Curling Irons,
To Buckle and Curl his Hair o.
Tal, la, &c.

There's Mistress Betty, a beautiful Lady,
Her Fortune one Hundred a Year o,
She longs of the 'Squire, and begs of her mamy
To Buckle and Curl her Hair o.
Tal, la, &c.

The Mantua maker and niddeft Quaker,
They all must have a Share o,
In hopes to get some Lover True,
And charm some brisk young Hair o.
Tal, la, &c.

The Chemney Sweepers Daughter Sue,
She swears she'll drive up the Rear o,
And tho' she's neither Stocking nor Shoe,
She'll Buckle and Curl her Hair o.
Tal, la, &c.

Te-re Re-re, my Rump-Itches
To-it Re-re, where o;
Here and there and every where
And amongst the Tuft of Hair o.
Tal, la, &c.

The Collier has a beautiful Daughter,
She Swears she'll drive up the Rear o.
Tho' she has not a Smock to cover her garter
She'll Buckle and Curl her Hair o.
Tal, la, &c.

There's Huge Matees and Sugar Loaf Caps
With nice Clock Stockings a Pair o,
And Hoops that are of a Monstrous size,
I long to stick a Pin there o:
Tal, la, &c.

I've got never a Penny of Money,
Nor never a Smock to wear o;
Nor never a Rag to cover my C——t,
But one poor Tuft of Hair o.
Tal, la, &c.

My Daddy left me twice Ten Pounds,
My Mammy a Horse and a Mair o,
But never a lad that ever I found,
Was able to Curl my Hair o.
Tal, la, &c.

FINIS.

I had a Pervefe froward wife,
And with her was contented,
But now from me the is gone away,
I'll ſtrive to be contented:
We never did agree where ſhe was,
I vow I do not flatter,
If would give all the world,
If I could but come at her.

I by chance to the Ale-houſe went
There to ſpend a Penny,
She made the Maggs and Glaſſes fly
And then abus'd my Friends, Sir;
She had a Tongue moſt loudly hung,
Like to great Tom of Lincoln,
You might hear her round five miles round
Pray tell me what you think on.

[illegible] to England came,
[illegible] a Letter,
[illegible] was never the better.

[illegible]
[illegible] that ſhe was married,
And for the time to come again,
I'll never more be married.

Cupid's Recruiting Serjeant.

RECITATIVE.

FROM Paphos' Iſle, Salamis old, I come,
[illegible] with many Gallant Dames,
The Queen of Beauty bears the Sway,
Each Nymph and Swain to her does homage pay,
Obey the call, and list for Cupid's Land,
Where Captain Cupid bears the ſole Command.

AIR.

Ye Nymphs and ye Swains, who are married and gay,
Attend to the Call, and be liſt while you may;
Lads and Laſſes hither come to the Sound of the Drum,
I have Treaſure in Store which you never have ſeen,
Then haſte, let us rove to the Iſland of Love,
Where Cupid is Captain, and Venus the Queen.

Each Nymph of fifteen, who would fain be a Wife,
Shall ſoon have a Partner to bleſs her for Life;
Then Laſſes hither come to the Sound of the Drum,
I have Sweethearts in Store, ſuch as never were ſeen,
Haſte, haſte, let us rove to Iſland of Love,
Where Cupid is Captain, and Venus the Queen.

The wandering Black-bird.

I am weary weary wandering,
All day and all night,
Since my Black-bird has left me,
And has taken his flight:
He flies where he pleaſes,
And proves cruel ſtill,
And leaves me in the deſart,
For wild birds to kill.

He wanders all day,
And he comes home at night,
And when I am aſleeping,
He ſtands in my ſight;
He often does chide me,
Whom I do adore,
And he tells 'tis a folly,
And then grieves me more.

[illegible] true love,
[illegible] and I,
[illegible] told her,
[illegible] all proſper,
[illegible] Nan:
God ſend him luck,
And a fair wind to blow,
And I hope he will marry me,
Before he does go.

My love's gone a wandering,
And I cannot tell where,
In the groves and the deſarts,
And leaves me in deſpair.
I hope you'll be with me,
Before it be long,
For I am weary with wandering
Since my true love is gone.

Adieu, my deareſt, farewel,
Since I am a ſo vain;
For my heart is oppreſſed,
With grief to complain:
Of all men in the world,
I love him the beſt,
And I hope that in heaven,
I is ſweet ſoul may be bleſt.

The Northamptonſhire Tragedy.

In THREE PARTS.

YOung Lovers lend an Ear, I'm ſure you'll ſhed a Tear,
When you the ſame ſhall hear which I unfold.
Twill make your heart to bleed, when farther I proceed,
A diſmal Story ſure as e'er was told.
In fair Northamptonſhire, as I to you declare,
There liv'd two Noblemen of vaſt Eſtates.
Each had a Daughter dear, as for a truth we hear,
But yet, alas! unhappy was their Fates.
One was of beauteous mould, the other as 'tis told,
Was much deformed, and inferiour too,
The other a Beauty clear, but you ſoon ſhall hear,
Her Craftineſs did this Lady quite undoe.
A noble Knight of Fame, to court this Beauty came,
Prot'ſting if ſhe would not grant him her love,
He was ruin'd quite, no Comfort Day or Night,
O eaſe me of my pain ye Powers above.
Why did this lovely fair, my tender heart enſnare?
O Cupid let your tender arrows fly,
And wound her heart as mine, and make her be as kind,
For if ſhe will not love, for her I die.
At laſt as we do find, he to her told his mind
Who courteouſly to him this anſwer made.
Your ſuit I muſt deny, kind ſir, I tell you why,
I think I am too young as yet to wed.
But lovely Maid, ſaid he, can you thus cruel be,
Let not thoſe charming eyes ſuch darts let fly;
O cure a love-ſick heart, and eaſe me of my ſmart,
Or elſe for you my deareſt love I die.
Sir, tell me not of Love, you may unconſtant prove,
I know ſuch things they are often found;
My years they are too green, I am not yet Fifteen,
I'm ſure I do not know what Love doth mean.
Thus night and day, would he with this Lady be,
At laſt ſhe did conſent to be his Bride;
Firſt ask my Father pray, let him appoint the Day,
And if he's willing I am ſatisfied.
O charming ſound I hear, that you'll be my Dear,
Thou beauteous Goddeſs whom I do adore;
Since you're conſtant at laſt, now my ſorrows paſt,
Inſtead of Grief, I now have comfort more.
He to her Father went, and aſked his Conſent,
Immediately to him he thus did ſay;
She is too young indeed, It muſt be thus agreed,
If that you have her you for her muſt ſtay.
With all my heart he cried, if ſhe is my Bride;
I do not mind for her how long I ſtay;
'Tis ſhe I do adore, and ſhall for evermore.
With kiſſes ſweet they paſs'd the time away.

PART II.

OBſerve the Second Part, how he did her betray,
Her Heart he ſtole away, and then defil'd
Her lovely Body too, which prov'd her overthrow,
For ſhe alas! by him did prove with Child.
Soon as he knew the ſame, he left the lovely Dame,
And to her Neighbour a courting did go:
Tho' Crooked and Deform'd, for her this Beauty ſcorn'd
Which caus'd her lovely Eyes with tears to flow.
Letters ſhe oft did ſend with expreſſions kind,
Saying, what do you mean, dear love I pray,
That you do me fly, and will not me come nigh,
O cruel Man my Heart thus to betray.
No anſwer ſhe received from her Love indeed,
At length unto the Coachman ſhe did ſay,
Dear John, one thing I crave, I'll make you fine and brave,
If you'll my counſil keep and not betray.
This Diamond Ring ſo bright, bear to the gallant knight,
Brave STAWFORD that ſweet Name it doth bear,
Alſo this Letter pray, give to him this day,
Or elſe my Heart in peices I muſt tear.
The Coachman was amaz'd, and to his Lady gra'd:
Unto the perjur'd Knight away he went,
His meſſage did declare: Go tell your Lady fair,
To come to her this Day was my intent.
Soon as he did come, he approach'd the room,
The charming lady's bloom, like roſes ſweet,
Her crimſon cheeks forſook, e're a word ſhe ſpoke,
In a ſwoon ſhe dropt down at his feet.
He drove her to revive, and finding her alive;
What means your grief, I beg now let me hear,
Her lilly hands ſhe wrung, 'tis a deluding tongue,
O pity me for my ſweet Infant dear.
It's ſtriving in my womb, perform your promiſe, come
Blaſt not my Honour, hide my ſhame I pray,
Look on the Ring I beg, think on the oath you made,
Which you ſwore to me both Night and Day.
With Countenance moſt Grim, he at her caſt the Ring,
Think not that I vile Wretch, thy caſe deplore,
No more thy Face I'll ſee, no more ſend to me,
I will not own a Baſtard nor a Whore.
Good People do but think, what Greif ſhe underwent,
To hear this perjured Creature thus degrade,
Her charms unto her Face, who did her thus diſgrace,
Whoſe flattery at firſt her Heart betray'd.
At laſt her Father dear, beheld his Daughter fair,
With Sorrow overflow'd, to her he ſaid,
What ails my Daughter dear, do pray let me hear:
The reaſon I muſt know this very Day.
I'm very ill, ſhe cry'd, let me not be deny'd,
One thing that I deſire dear Father pray,
That I to take the air, may to my Aunt's repair,
If not, my Father's will muſt be obey'd.

PART III.

HER Father did conſent, ſhe to her Aunt's was ſent,
Her Coach to attend on her alſo:
Her Aunt did quickly ſpy, wherein her grief did lie,
And the truth ſhe quickly then did know.

Her Aunt was left and good, her best Friend he found,
As all the time unknown, this Lady fair,
Much delivered her a lovely Son, and Heir,
Which was much more to her, of grief and care:
All the delivered were, by will'd the Coachman there,
To Flanders made him fwear, for to be true,
Here take these Guineas bright, go to the fair Knight,
And give to him these Rings and Letter too.
Soon to the Knight he went, and gave the things the first,
Who opened the same, it did unfold;
When he read the same, a treacherous laugh did frame,
Saying, I do wonder at this Strumpet bold.
Me of her Son to tell, I wish they were in Hell,
I think it would be well, if they were there;
Go tell her what I say, and come no more I pray,
So there in Pieces the Letter he did tear.
He to the Lady came, and told her of the fame;
O Creature most Prophane, my Infant dear,
May rot in Heaven high, while thy foul doth lye
In cruel torment where you with me were.
In bitter Grief she lay, consumed Night and Day,
At length her Infant died by her side.
This made her grief more and more, she kiss'd it o'er & o'er,
My Father I will go, whate'er betide.
At length the weary grew, I'll to my Father go,
Dear Aunt I pray let some the letter know;
So farewell, she cried, let Heaven be your Guide,
I'll look for him that caus'd my overthrow.
She to her Father came, which did her entertain,
Most lovingly, saying, my Daughter dear,
I'm glad to see you well, strange news I have to tell,
Your Love is married this day I do declare.
She learned discontent, and from her Father went,
Ye Furies now come strike unto my Brain,
Some curst invention pray, to take his Life away;
And let me be revenged for his disdain.
Her Lover as we hear, did each Day repair,
To take the air within a silent Grove,
To pass the time away, read some diverting Play,
He'd sit and let his wandering fancy rove.
She understood the same, and calling to her Man,
And smiling unto him, he thus did say,
Stanford as I do hear, does to a Grove repair,
A Project is come in my Head this Day.
I'll get a Friar's dress, a visit I protest,
I am resolved unto him to pay,
And crave his Charity, while he does look on me,
I'm sure to speak to him, I'll find a way.
Thydre's he did prepare, with things fit and rare,
Her Coachman ready in the afternoon;
Drove down a narrow Lane, behind the Grove it came,
Now stop, said she, You'll see the fancy soon.
Out of the Coach she came, the Fryar's dress put on,
And when she had disguis'd herself all o'er,
A curious Basket fine, she round her Arm did twine.
Then went his charity for to implore.
Most noble Knight so brave, your charity I crave,
I hope you'll me relieve before you go;
Yes, that I will, said he, but pray now let me see,
Methinks I something of that voice do know.
She by his side did stand, and took him by the hand,
And with the other got a Pistol down;
And he to all what spoke, to do this wicked deed,
The Bullet went his Body thro' and thro'.
He fell down dead indeed, the Fryar the Slayer's speed,
Now Stanford's worthy Friends accost the Fryar;
Have done this bloody deed, cursed day must to bleed,
Now thou art rewarded for thy treachery.
She cast her Friar's weed over her head with speed,
Her Coachman saw the thing that she had done,
He trembled every limb, and drawing took her in,
And then like lightening homeward he drove.
But as they drove along, the Coach did overthrow,
A most unhappy doom, this Lady fair,
Her Arm did break in two, the Coachman's Leg also,
In misery they lay till afternoon.
The folk that saw them there, was a Servant we hear,
Of the murder'd Knight, a coming there;
To fetch his master dear, fearing this Lady fair,
Had by some false Trayters been misled.
Then turning back again, he found his Master slain,
So going home to tell this fatal News,
And all that there were, thought this Lady fair,
Carried them to her Father I declare.
The Lady of this Knight, unto her bore a spite,
And had her apprehended out of hand;
She did confess the deed, and soon told with speed,
And the whole truth for her them understand.
She was Condemn'd to die, her Father's Gold did fly,
Like Chaff before the Wind, her Life to save;
It would not save her Life, for the Knights cruel Wife,
She said, Her Life, Her Life, is all I crave.
The fatal Day was come, the mast receive her doom,
When thousands went to hear what she did say;
When she came to the Tree, both old and young, said she,
Now warning take by me this very Day.

PART IV.

FIRST Parents have a care, if o're your Children dear,
Think fit to marry, do not them deny,
For fear that love at last, should their glory blast,
As may be seen by this sad destiny.
Next Maidens all beware, and have a special care,
Of Mens deceitful Tongues, that flattering train,
For if you do consent, to your great discontent,
When they have you betray'd, they will you disdain.
Likewise false Men I say, beware how you betray,
Poor Innocents, it may be your ruin;
When love does turn to hate, the malice is so great,
That your destruction does your fancy prove.
As for example, I poor wretched Soul must die,
The deed I don't deny, for I did kill
The Man I lov'd so dear, who scorn'd my Beauty fair,
For one that was deform'd, but yet I still
Unto the World must own, my Heart is with him gone:
O welcome Death I come execute I pray;
The tragick part perform, O Lord, I come I come,
O Lord, receive my Soul that's gone astray.
After she had spoke, the hangman fix'd the Rope,
The Cart it drew away, the Earth it shook,
The cries they were so great, that the People did make,
Thus this Lady fair the world forsook.

Printed and Sold in Bow Church-Yard, London.

The Broken CONTRACT

Or, The Betray'd Virgin's Complaint.





PART. I.

YOU maidens all I pray give ear,
Unto my sad downfall which I declare,
Of parentage I am,
Nigh to a gentleman,
As some now witness can the date of year,
At fourteen years of age with grief I tell,
Many a young man lov'd me very well,
I being childish and young,
I believ'd a flattering tongue,
And fix'd my mind upon a brisk young man.
He said if I'd not yield with him to dwell,
He would go hang himself what e'er befel,
He wrung and tore his hair,
And solemnly did swear,
His sword should end his care, before me then.
But hearing what he said grieved me so,
I took him for my friend and not my foe,
Young man said I forbear,
And pray let go your hair,
I'll ease you of your care and be your bride.
O how he jump'd for joy before me then,
My love, my only dear happy's the man,
He kindly me embrac'd,
And I hung about my waist
And then my love I plac'd on this young man.
For two months space or more he courted me,
And swore without my love he was not free;
He let me take no rest,
I must sleep on his breast,
And then my love I plac'd most desperately.
The appointed day we set for to be wed,
But first of all he stole my maidenhead,
My parents did not know,
I lov'd this young man so,
Which prov'd my overthrow and ruin quite.

When I with child did prove and he me told,
He called me twenty wheres brazen and bold,
I know you not said he,
So pray begone from me,
Which prov'd my misery, my love grew cold.
I was asham'd to stay where I was known,
So straitway I did go from my own home,
Then wander'd up and down,
From sea port town to town,
'Till I in travail fell down on the highway.
Then taken up I was by women kind,
Whose friendship to show nature did bind,
Deliver'd then I were,
Of two fine babies there,
Which caused me much care, be warn'd by me.

PART. II.

WAS ever damsel so unfortunate,
As I have been? so my grief is great,
No comfort can I find,
To ease my troubled mind,
Since he is so unkind that ruin'd me.
My friends and parents dear, I left,
To wander up and down sadly bereft,
Of joy and comfort too,
False man farewell, adieu!
In trouble now I rue my unhappy state.
My infants now being born as I have told,
I then endur'd the scorns of young and old,
For they did deride me,
In my sad misery,
No comfort could I see to ease my care.
Then with my loving son and daughter dear,
I went unto my love when I came there,
With dismal heaviness,
These words I did express,
I pray my wrongs redress and pity me.

I [illegible] then my grief and care,
[illegible] been with fad defpair,
I [illegible] to and fro
In my [illegible] pain and woe,
And knew not where to go and eafe my care.
I told him I had no place of abode,
But travell'd to and fro' in the high road.
I did in travail fall,
My forrow was not fmall,
Having no friend at all to fuccour me.
Theſe infants of my breaſt by you I have,
And were they but rich dreſt would be as brave,
As e'er the ſun ſhone on,
Then hear my pitcous moan,
And for their ſakes alone, love pity me.
When I had ended this ſad mournful tale,
With a moſt bitter curſe me then did rail,
Striking me ſuch a blow,
As laid me ſprawling low,
With grief my eyes did flow, with briny tears.
My little infants cry'd when I was down,
Here was my patience mov'd for in the town,
That night I muſt not ſtay
But was compell'd away,
I knew not what to ſay, but wept amain.
In the town where he liv'd I was not known,
Therefore their rage I fear'd, for he alone,
Hir'd near a hundred more,
Who did abuſe me ſore,
Never was a ſout before uſed like me,
They drove me out of town no friend I ſaw,
My former bed of down was chang'd to ſtraw,
The infants at my ſide,
With bitter bruiſes cry'd,
And the next day they dy'd tho' to my grief.
Sweet tender virgins young take heed I pray,
Let not deluding tongue ſteal you away,
Leſt you my grief behold,
Which have been manifold,
Hot love is ſooneſt cold. be rul'd by me.

The mournful Anſwer to the Betray'd Virgin.

AS he was on his bed the ſelf the ſame night,
Strange things run in his head did him affright
He dream'd his love he ſee,
In ſad extremity,
So the next morning he bitterly cry'd.
I am the wretched man who broke my vows,
No living mortal can pity me now,
Bath'd in tears I lie,
Accus'd of perjury,
Oh! whither muſt I fly to eaſe my grief.
No youthful lady fair, or beauty bright,
Could with my love compare tho' I did ſlight,
Her lamentation ſo,
Cauſing her overthrow,
In bitter grief and woe, when in diſtreſs,
My very conſcience, friends flies in my face,
How ſhall I make amends for my diſgrace,
Which I did bring her to,
When from her friends ſhe flew,
My troubles to renew both day and night.
Why did I ſtrike her down with blows ſevere,
Why did I raiſe the town to fright my dear,
When ſhe her moan did make,
For her dear infant's ſake.
With grief my heart will break for what I've done,
I'll ſeek the nation round night and day,
And if ſhe can be found without delay,
I will her pardon crave,
Which if I may not have,
I'll ſeek a ſilent grave, and lay me down.
O'er hills and dales he paſt, thro' groves he went,
And at laſt he found his hearts content,
Near to a river ſide,
Where ſilver ſtreams do glide,
His love there he eſpy'd bleeding to death.
Cloſe by her ſide he found theſe verſes writ,
My ſelf did give the wound that I might quit,
My life of care and grief,
Since there was no relief,
Worſe than a cruel thief my love has been.
Like one diſtracted then his locks he tore,
And often kiſs'd her lips when bath'd in gore,
Crying out as ſhe lay,
This is the diſmal day,
Alas what ſhall I ſay, I am the cauſe.
What ſhall I think of this that I have done,
Then her lips did kiſs both pale and wan,
By ſorrows compaſs'd round,
Lying upon the ground,
He bath'd her bleeding wound with flowing tears.
He many ſighs did fetch crying amain,
None but a cruel wretch as I have been,
Could e'er have ſerv'd thee ſo,
For to my grief I know,
I wrought thy overthrow and ruin'd thee.
Has death no fatal dart that he can give,
To pierce my cruel heart why ſhould I live,
Why ſhould I here remain,
Since my true love is ſlain,
Oh! eaſe me of my pain, and let me die.
I'll go the neareſt way to find my dear,
I will no longer ſtay to languiſh here,
This ſaid his ſword he drew,
And run his body through,
And bid this world adieu as down he went.
You perjur'd lovers all take notice pray,
See you a conſcience make, and don't betray,
Any poor harmleſs love,
Leaſt you their ruin prove,
For there's a God above will find you out.

Sold in Stonecutter-Street, Fleet-Market.

THE GUERNSEY Garland.

PART I.

YOU Mortals all that deal unjuſt,
Who ſin yourſelves to filthy Luſt,
Be pleas'd a while for to draw near,
And liſten to this ditty here.
Which of a Nobleman I write,
Who had a comely daughter bright,
Aged fifteen, a comely Child,
Who by her father was beguil'd,
Her tender mother being dead,
She by her father was tempted,
With him to lie, and in ſo doing,
At laſt it prov'd her utter Ruin.
At laſt ſhe prov'd with-child, and low,
On finding of it out, ſhe cryed O
Father I am with-child by you,
Alas, alas, what ſhall I do?
If it is known I am with-child,
My fortune is for ever ſpoil'd,
Alas, alas, I am undone,
To hide my ſhame where ſhall I run.
Daughter, be not diſſatisfy'd,
I will take care thy ſhame to hide:
In Guernſey there I have a friend,
To whom with ſpeed I will thee ſend.
And if the child ſhould chance to live,
Full forty pounds a year I'll give,
To ſome who ſhall it own, he ſaid,
Hence to the Iſle ſhe was convey'd.
In ſorrow there in a ſhort while,
She was delivered of a child;
This baby was a ſon we hear,
Upon whoſe breaſt did plain appear
Theſe words at large, in letters blue,
I am thy Son and Brother too:
Which was aſtoniſhment to all
Spectators both great and ſmall.
But none of them could ſay aright,
The cauſe of this amazing ſight,
But the poor mother of the child,
She knew the meaning all the while;
But ſhe like Mary for her part,
Ponder'd the ſame within her heart;
Alas, when able, this young dame,
Did take leave, and homeward came
Again unto the Britiſh ſhore,
But ne'er went to her father more;
She lived with a Goldſmith in the Strand,
A very aged Gentleman.

BRITISH MUSEUM

45. b. 28. 1362.

She had two thouſand pounds we hear,
And boarded with them ſeven years,
At laſt this Goldſmith and his wife
By death deprived were of life.
Having a ſon at man's eſtate,
Endu'd with worldly riches great
This damſel being boarded there,
And of a charming beauty fair,
Having a thouſand pounds withal,
This man in love with her did fall;
And they in love ſo well agreed,
That they were married with ſpeed,
And as the apple of his eye,
He loved her moſt tenderly;
So now I'll leave them for a while,
With providence on them to ſmile.

PART II.

AND next ſome ſmall enquiry make,
What courſe of life her father takes,
He ſent to Guernſey for to know
How things did with his daughter go.
The anſwer was return'd, ſhe's fled,
At which he ſigh'd and ſhook his head,
Saying, O let that day be curſt,
In which, to ſatisfy my Luſt,
I rob'd my child of honour then,
For which I was the worſt of Men;
What a wretch was I to be ſo vile,
Of honour for to rob my child?
All women-kind that do me meet
Will ſtop me as I walk the ſtreet:
Calling me bruitiſh beaſt; but I
Am worſe than brutes, by reaſon, why?
Becauſe the brutes doin their kind,
I rob'd a lovely child of mine;
To wrong her thus I am to blame,
Thou'rt loſt I fear to hide thy ſhame.
Thou'rt gone into ſome cave to be,
Where thou with grief will pine and die,
As for the baby thou didſt bear
All by my villainy yet care.
Of him I am reſolv'd to take;
My whole ſtate to him I'll make.
This being done, then out of hand,
With ſpeed I'll quit my native land.
And in ſome foreign wilderneſs
My ſorrow great I will expreſs,
With weeping eyes, and tears great flood,
Unto the harmleſs trees and birds.

Where warbling birds do strain their
Singing out their warbling notes, (throats
Which sweet and lovely to the ear,
But they need not their anger fear.
O God! whose great all seeing eye,
Can let great deeds no more slye,
Encompassed with sorrows round,
He find my sins will cut me down.
Like grass that withers and consumes,
This shameful sin will be my doom,
So in small time as we hear,
To Guiney he his course did steer.
There in an unfrequented wood,
This man became a Lion's food:
Now since he has lost his breath,
And come to an untimely death,
We'll leave him, and give you to know,
How things did with his daughter go.

PART III.

HIS Son he by his father had,
Grew up to be a comely lad,
And in this island, as 'tis told,
He tarried till sixteen years old,
At last this youth as it is said,
Resolved for to learn a trade.
He came to London city where
In a short time he prentice were
Unto this Goldsmith and no other,
Whose wife happen'd to be his Mother.
But all his apprenticeship that while,
She never knew he was her child.
The last year of his service then,
His Master dy'd like other Men.
He forced was by cruel death,
For to resign his vital breath:
This apprentice being tall,
And of a pleasant look withal,
His mistress fancy'd him so well,
That she till death with him could dwell,
And according to Old England's Laws,
She to her apprentice joined was,
And all the live-long wedding day,
In mirth they past the time away;
When night was come with free consent,
To-bed this bride and bridegroom went,
Taking their rest and sleep that night,
But in the morning e'er 'twas Light,
As she her husband's Side lay by,
Upon his breast she did espy
The mark as I before told you,
Whereby to her great grief she knew
He was born of her own body,
At which she wept most bitterly.
Smiting her breast, she said, I find
No woman's sorrow like to mine.
To hear her grieve and dismal cries,
It put me in a sad surprise,
Saying, My dear pray let me know,
The cause of your lamenting so;
Alas I have cause enough 'tis true,
With very grief my heart it lies
Bleeding within my mournful breast,
On earth we no more shall have rest,
My very soul's opprest with care,
My sorrows more than I can bear.
O wretched man the cause of this,
Ne'er think to take of heavenly bliss;
Hearing these words immediately,
He straitway made her this reply,
What harm have I pray to you shewn,
As makes you make this piteous moan?
Her answer was no harm at all:
The things that makes my tears to fall
And thus deprives me of my rest,
It is the mark upon your breast;
A wicked man, father of mine,
Did overcome me once with wine;
And having done this thing, then he
Robb'd me of my Virginity,
Contrary to God's holy Laws,
You in my womb conceived was.
I am the woman that bore you,
Your Sister, Wife, and Mother too;
O what uncommon thing is here,
My wife to be my Mother dear.
Her answer was, 'Tis so indeed,
These thoughts does make my heart to bleed,
This thing does all my glory stain,
Of joyful days I have seen the last.
No sort of succour will I have,
But will go mourning to the grave,
I fear that when my body's dead,
And under earth is covered,
My poor distrest forsaken soul
Will in the air be left to howl.
So this past on a month or two,
In great sorrow, grief, and woe.
And with deep groans and panting heart,
She with her precious life did part,
Leaving her loving spouse behind,
For her in floods of tears to pine.
And thus in grief of soul, I say,
Lord give me patience I thee pray;
And that this may a warning be,
To all that hear my destiny.
Now to conclude, you women all,
And likewise maidens great and small,
Let this poor woman's destiny,
By you always lamented be.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, London.

I Jesus Christ.

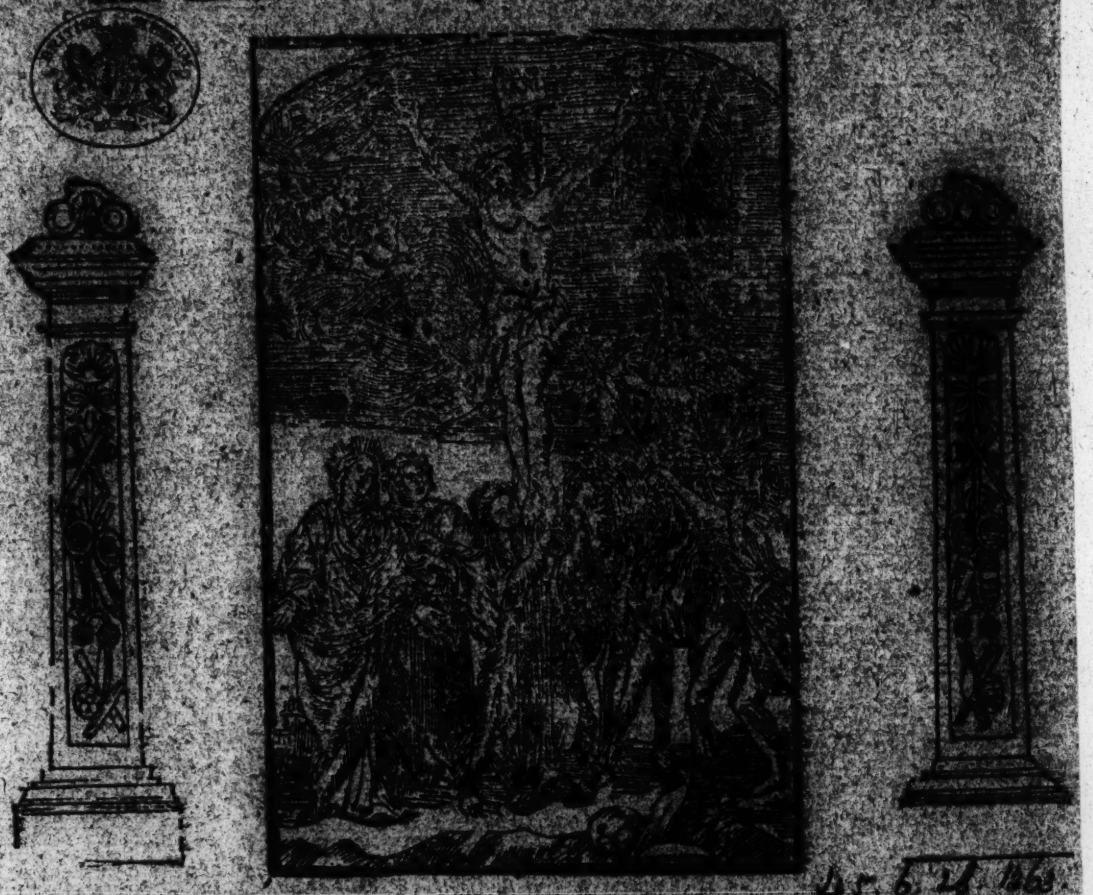
CHRIST's LOVE

TO

PENITENT SINNERS.

SHEWING

How he shed his Blood seven Times for our SINS.



Ps. 6. 2. 1763.

YOU Mortals all of high and low Degree,
Draw near a While and listen unto me;
Whilst I unfold these Lines which you here find,
They are compos'd to put you forth in mind,

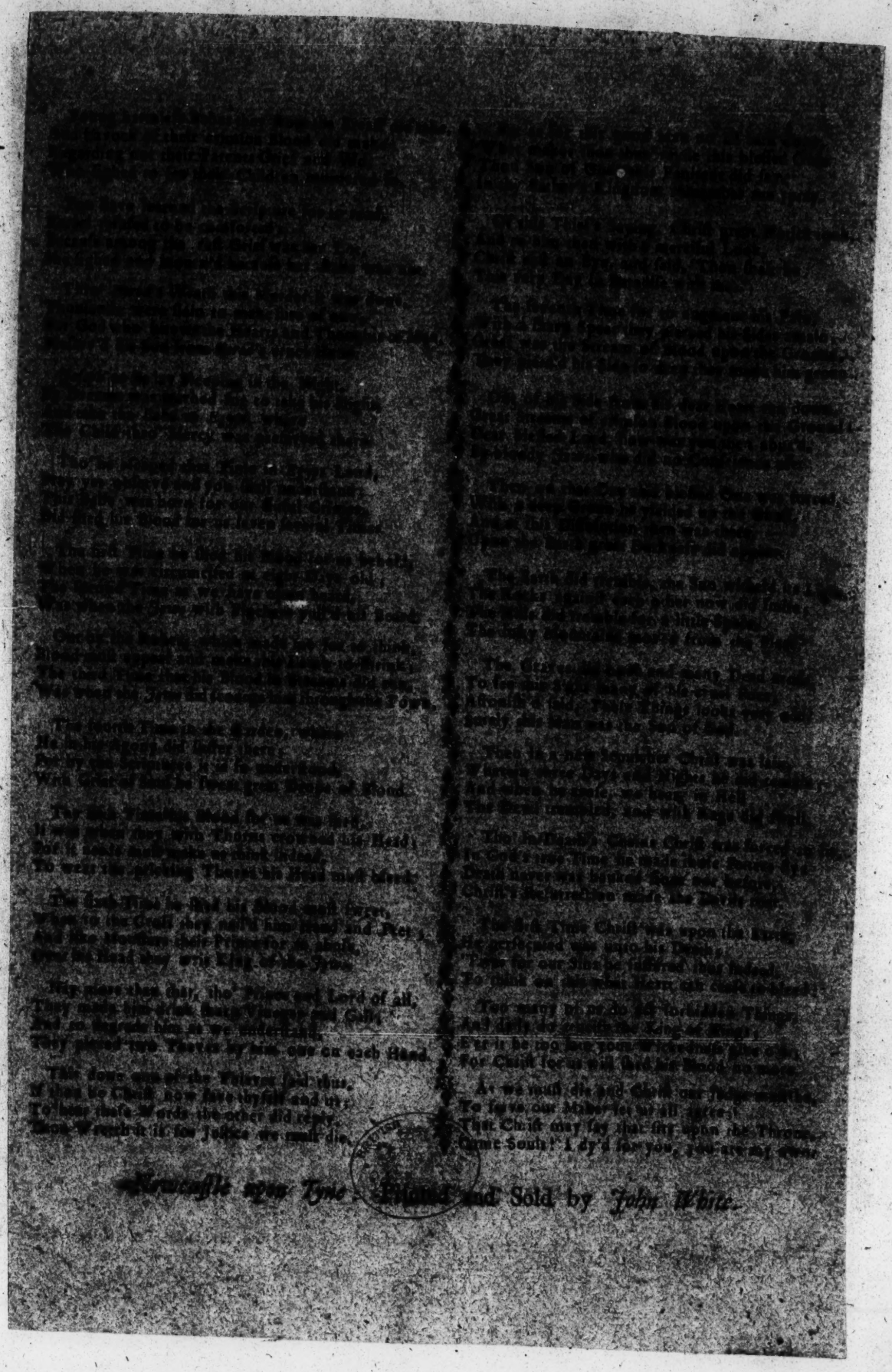
Of what our gracious God has done,
In sending of his beloved Son:
When Thousands on the Brink of Ruin lay,
He sent his Son their sinful Debts to pay.

Now let's observe this Prince of royal Birth,
When at the first he descended on the Earth,
Was by a Virgin in a Manger laid,
When Christ was born, his Mother was a Maid.

This Babe's Birth both far and near did ring,
Which reach'd the Ears of cursed that great King;
That angry Monarch for to rile up strife,
Was then resolved to take away his Life.

To make sure of the Babe we understand,
He sent forth a Decree throughout the Land,
That every Child then, as he did reign,
From two Years old and under should be slain.

The Murderers were sent about their Work to do,
And many a pretty smiling Babe they slew;
Cutting their Flesh, and breaking of their Bones,
Dashing their tender Heads against the Stones.



Newcastle upon Tyne: Printed and Sold by John White.

K. Johnston (Lit 9.)

Captain *Johnſon*'s Laſt Farewel to the World, who was executed at *Tyburn*, near *London* for being concened in ſtealing an Heirres.

To the Tune of, Ruſſel's Farewel; *or*, Monmouth's Lament.





45. 6. 21. 1364.

YOU noble Lords of high Degree,
That ſee my diſmal Doom;
Have ſome Regard, and pitty me,
Who now, alas! am come
To die an ignominious Death,
As it doth will appear;
While I declare, with my laſt Breath,
The Laws are moſt ſevere.

In *Scotland* I was breed and born,
Of noble Parents there;
Good Education did adorn
My Life, I do declare:
No Crime did e'er my Conſciance ſtain,
'Till I adventur'd here;
Thus have I Reaſon to complain,
The Laws are moſt ſevere.

BRITISH MUSEUM

In *Flanders* I the *French* have fac'd,
And likewise in *Ireland*
Still eagerly purfued the Chace,
With valiant Heart and Hand;
Why was I not in Battle flain,
Rather then fuffer here,
A Death, which Mortals do diſdain,
The Laws are moſt ſevere.

I did no Hurt, nor any Wrong,
I ſolemnly proteſt;
But merely for to ſerve my Friend,
I granted his Requeſt;
To free his Lady out of Thrall,
His Joy and only Dear;
And now my Life muſt pay for all,
The Laws are moſt ſevere.

Coming from my Native Land,
In this unhappy Time,
Alas! I did not underſtand
The Nature of the Crime;
Therefore I ſoon did condeſcend,
As it does well appear,
And find therein I did offend,
The Laws are moſt ſevere.

In the ſame Lodging where I lay,
And liv'd at Bed and Board,
My Landlord did my Life betray,
For fifty Pounds reward;
Then being into Priſon caſt,
Although with Conſcience clear;
I was arraigned at the laſt,
The Laws are moſt ſevere.

The Lady will not hear my Moan,
While dying Words I ſent;
Her cruel Heart more hard than Stone,
Would not the leaſt relent;
But triumphing in my wretched State,
As I die often here;
I fall here by the Hand of Fate,
The Laws are moſt ſevere.

Will not my good and gracious King,
Be merciful to me;
Is there not, in his Breaſt, a Spring,
Of princely Clemency?
No, not for me, alas! I die,
The Hour is drawing near,
To the laſt Minute I ſhall cry
The Laws are moſt ſevere.

Farewel, dear Countrymen, ſaid he,
And this tumultuous Noiſe;
My Soul will ſoon tranſported be,
To more Celeſtial Joys;
Tho' in the Bloſſom of my Youth,
Pale Death I do not fear;
For to the laſt, I'll ſpeak the Truth,
The Laws are moſt ſevere.

Alas! I have not long to live,
And therefore now, ſaid he,
All that wrong'd me, I them forgive,
As God ſhall pardon me:
My Landlord and ſubtle Wife,
I do forgive them here;
Farewel, this tranſitory Life,
The Laws are moſt ſevere.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne: Printed and Sold by JOHN WHITE.

THE DISOBEDIENT S[on] AND CRUEL HUSBAN[d]

BEING

A full and true Account of one Mr John Ipsit, a Gentleman's Son in Wiltshire, whose Father had him an Heir of twelve hundred [illegible] married a Lady of a great Fortune in the same Place, but being reduced to Poverty, and Want with riotous Living, he killed his [illegible] afterwards hanged his Mother on a tree in the Orchard. With the last dying Words of this Wretch, who was hanged before his Mother [illegible]

PROVERBS, Chap. xxx. 17. *The Eye that mocketh his Father, and despiseth to obey the Voice of his Mother the Ravens of the Valley pick [illegible] the young Eagles shall eat it.*





YOU Parents all that now these Lines do hear,
Observe them well, I'm sure you'll shed a Tear,
The like of this scarce ever yet was known,
The World it is so very wicked grown.

In *Wiltshire*, where a wealthy Man did dwell,
He had one only Son, 'tis known full well:
His Parents they did greatly him adore,
And he indeed was Heir to all their Store.

His tender Father, as we understand,
Was snatch'd away by Death's most cruel Hand;
Before his Son arriv'd to fifteen Years,
Leaving his Loving Wife in Floods of Tears.

She very tender was of her Son dear,
The best that could be bought this Son must wear,
And all he desir'd, she ne'er it deny'd,
At length he grew to such a Height of Pride:

At Cards and Dice her Substance he'd confound,
Nothing but Vice did in this Youth abound:
He oft would curse his Mother to her Face,
When she did tell him of his wicked Race.

At last unto a charming Maiden fair,
He married was, as I to you declare,
Six hundred Pounds he had with her 'tis known,
But her dear Parents they were dead and gone.

He seemed for to love her as his Life,
But now observe what caused all the Strife;
He on a Woman Harlot cast an Eye,
And often would frequent her Company.

The richest of Attire he wou'd her buy,
He spar'd no Cost, but let his Money fly,
For to maintain his Harlot in her Pride,
Nothing that she did ask must be deny'd.

At last his Wife she of the same did hear,
And oft would say to him my dearest Dear,
These wicked Courses that you do take, in Time,
To Poverty they will bring me and mine.

Two lovely Children by his Wife he had,
Which might have made a Father's Heart full glad,
But he was barbarous, cruel and severe,
To his Wife, his Mother, and his Children dear.

At last his Substance very short did grow,
Yet to his wicked Harlot would he go;
And when his Money it grew very scant,
His Miss grew cold, and seemed discontent.

Saying, this Trade will never do with me,
Then to his Wife and Children would he flee,
Their Rings and Cloaths, and all that he could find,
He'd bring to her, their cries he did not mind.

At last this Course he could no longer run,
His Wife, poor Soul, her Substance it was gone:
His aged Mother had but little left,
And almost of her Senses was bereft.

One Day as Miss and him together were,
She in a Passion said, I do declare,
If you some Money do not get for me,
I will no longer keep your Company.

He in a Fury to his Wife went Home,
And found her with her Babes making sad Moan,
Some Money I will have, to her did say,
Or else I'll Murder you this very Day.

My Dear, said she, I have none to give you,
With that he in a Passion straightway flew,
And barring up the Door, to her did come,
And threw her on the Floor there along.

He gagg'd her Mouth and bound her ev'ry Limb,
At last one of the Children said to him,
Father, do not my Mother kill, I pray,
For a Bit of Bread we have not touch'd To-day.

He turn'd about, and on the Child did gaze,
The Devil did his Reason so amaze.
He with a Knife that was so keen and sharp,
Did stab this tender Babe unto the Heart.

His loving Wife she saw the Deed he'd done,
While Tears did from her Eyes like Fountains run
What! dost thou weep to see thy Darling die?
I will dispatch thee likewise instantly.

Then with the Knife that kill'd her infant dear,
Her Throat he straight did cut from Ear to Ear:
The other Infant straight aloud did cry,
To see his Mother there a bleeding lie.

He straightway went and took her by the Hand,
While the poor Babe did there a trembling stand:
Thy Life I fain would save, to it did say,
But I do fear that you would me betray.

But three Year's old, this Infant was no more,
He also laid it wallowing in it's Gore:
And then to search the House he did begin,
But no Money he could find therein.

So then straightway out of the House he went,
The Doors did fasten, being discontent;
Unto his aged Mother he did go,
Whose tender Heart was over-whelm'd with Woe

His Mother straightway rose her Son to meet,
And presently fetch'd him some food to eat:
Saying, you're melancholy, my dear Son,
I'm sorry, he reply'd, for what I've done.

For Joy his aged Mother wept amain,
And will my Son his wickedness refrain,
That I may Comfort have in thee, my Son
But little did she think what he had done.

At length this cruel Wretch, so void of Grace,
He with his Hand did strike her on the Face,
And gagg'd her Mouth in dismal Sort also,
And by the Hair, he dragg'd her to and fro.

Unto the Orchard he did drag her [illegible]
And on a Tree hang'd her up by [illegible]
Tying her aged Arms likewise [illegible]
Saying, Now thy Money I'll go [illegible]

When he had taken all that [illegible]
Unto his Harlot straightway he [illegible]
And told her all the Things that [illegible]
And how his Mother on a Tree he [illegible]

She answer'd, why did you use [illegible]
Come instantly, to *London* let us go.
He reply'd, my Dear, it shall be [illegible]
But God above the Matter all doth know.

Next Day one of his Neighbours [illegible]
His Mother hanging on a Tree so high
The same did raise the Town, the [illegible]
Who took her breathless Corpse from [illegible]

And running straightway for to [illegible]
As soon as e'er unto the House they [illegible]
They found it fastened, no Answer [illegible]
Which put their Hearts in further Fear.

The Doors they then broke open [illegible]
A Sight would make a Heart of Stone [illegible]
To see the Mother and her Infants dear,
Lie in their Gore, Lord! what a Sight [illegible]

Murder, O Lord, is hateful to thy [illegible]
Thy divine Providence brings it to Light.
The Murderer was taken on the Road,
And unto Justice brought, with one Accord.

He was condemn'd to suffer for the [illegible]
And after Death for to be hung in Chains
As soon as he came to the fatal Tree,
He wept and wrung his hands most bitterly.

Saying Christians all, pray for my [illegible]
My Sins indeed are very gross and [illegible]
My Wife, my Mother, and my Children [illegible]
For Murdering them I now must suffer [illegible]

My Infant's Blood for Vengeance [illegible]
My virtuous Wife she stands before me [illegible]
My aged Mother too, methinks I [illegible]
You graceless Children all be rul'd by me.

Before you shun lewd Harlot's Company,
You with a virtuous Wife may happy be;
But I, cruel Wretch! her Blood most dear
That never did nor thought me any Ill.

How can I cast my Eyes to Heaven [illegible]
O blessed Saviour do not me deny:
I hope good Christians for my Soul you'll [illegible]
When this he spoke, the Cart [illegible] drew away.

You Parents, and likewise you Children [illegible]
Observe what I do say to you this Day:
You Children mind your Parents, serve the [illegible]
A Crown of Glory will be your Reward.

Ms. C. 28. 1365.



A New SONG.

Call'd the Duke of *Cumberland*'s Victory over the Scotch Rebels at *Cullodon-Moor*, near *Inverneſs*. Made by a Soldier who was in the Engagement.

To the Tune of the Earl of ESSEX.

YOU Subjects of Britton now you may Rejoice,
And pray for K. George with Heart and Voice.
The Popiſh Pretender has now run away,
Juſt like his old Daddy no longer could ſtay.
The brave Duke of *Cumberland* he did command,
And happy was we that had ſuch a Hand.
He greatly Encouraged his Soldiers that Day,
And it was our Care his Command to obey.
We followed the Rebels thro' Dirt and thro' Mire,
And for to come up with them was our Deſire;
At length we did wade through the freſh River *Spey*,
And when we came over they ſtill run away.
We ſtill advanc'd after them Four Days,
Over Mountains, thro' Rivers, and many rough Ways;
At length we came up with them near *Inverneſs*,
And there we quickly put them to Diſtreſs.
They had thirteen Pieces of Cannon that Day,
Which quickly upon us began for to Play;
Our Cannon we turned it and levell'd it ſo True,
Which made all the Rebels begin to look Blue.
They thought to come in upon Us Sword in Hand,
But as we was ordered we firmly did ſtand;
We poured in our ſmall Shot ſo when they drew nigh,
That many fell Dead and the reſt they did fly.
They was in ſuch haſt they their Cannon did leave,
And then the *Pretender* did weep and did grieve;
They left all their Baggage their haſt it was ſuch,
And their Amunition which grieved them much.
Our Light horſe and Dragoons they did cloſely purſue
With Broad Swords and Piſtols great Numbers they ſlew
The Ground it was covered with wounded and ſlain,
So Popiſh Pretender thy hopes are in Vain.
Three thouſand that Day we lay dead on the Ground
Beſides many Skulking in Cabbins we found;
And many Deſerted their Kale-yards to ſet,
Which put the *Pretender* into a great Fret.
Altho' they had got an Aſſiſtance from *France*,
The brave Duke of *Cumberland* made them to Dance,
He took many Priſoners and blaſted their hope,
For he was not commanded by General *Cope*.
To hang all the Rebels you have my Conſent,
Becauſe with a good King they are not Content,
The World it is come to a very ſad Paſs,
For they want to have Britton be Rul'd by an Aſs.

45. 6. 28. 1366.

Let each Loyal Subject then fill up a Glaſs,
And drink to King George and about let it Paſs;
And when your Hand's in let your Liquor not ſtand,
But fill up another to brave CUMBERLAND.
For He's a Commander Courageous and bold,
In following the Rebels he will not be Controul'd;
I wiſh he may always have Health and Succeſs,
For ſuch a Commander is a great Happineſs.

England's GLORY; Or,

Duke WILLIAM's Triumph over the Rebels in SCOTLAND.

BRITTONS all your Voices Raiſe,
Huzza! the Britiſh Hero;
And ſound the brave Duke *William*'s Praiſe
And make the Vallies Eccho;
For now me Boys we've got the Day,
For which we long did with and Pray,
Let every Churchman with me ſay,
God ſave the brave Duke William.
When our Champion Orders gave,
To march and give them Battle,
Our Soldiers gave three loud Huzza's,
Whilſt Cannon loud did Rattle;
When to the River Spey they came,
So eager was they for the Game,
They all leaped in and thro' it Swam,
Lead on by brave Duke William.
The Rebels look'd like Men amaz'd,
To ſee the Brittons coming,
They 'Spyed the Duke and on him gazed,
But ſoon they all were running;
On Cullodon Moor, they made a ſtand,
Eight thouſand Men with Sword in Hand,
But all the World muſt needs commend,
The Conduct of brave Duke William.
Our Soldiers bravely ſtood their Ground
And briskly they did Fire,
The vain Pretender quickly found,
'Twas time for to retire;
Three Souſand ſlain they left behind,
A Thouſand more that's now confined,
And Monſieur you ſhall quickly find,
A Champion in Duke William.
Pray God preſerve great George our King
The Glory of our Nation,
Let every Popiſh Rebel Swing,
At TYBURN their old Station;
But Loyal Subjects ſoon will ſee,
The ſweet Effects of Liberty,
Preſerved from Popiſh Tyranny,
By GOD and brave Duke William.

Sheffield: Printed by Francis Liſter, near the Shambles, 1746.

45. 6. 28. 1367.

The KING and the HORNER



GU Monks of England, come liften a while,
Here is a new ditty will make you to smile,
Of a king and a horner alfo,
Who met in a forreft fome winters ago.

Early, O early, all in the morning,
King William roft early all in the morning,
And a gown of grey ruffet King William put on,
As tho' he had been fome filly poor man.

The hounds were ready prepar'd for game,
To nobles attended of honour and fame;
But like a mean fubject in homely array,
He to his forreft was taking his way.

Oh! then befpoke Mary, our moft royal queen,
My gracious lord, pray where are you going?
He anfwered, I count him to be no wife man,
That will his counsel tell unto a woman.

The queen, with a modeft behavious reply'd,
I wish that kind providence may be your guide,
To keep you from danger, my fovereign lord,
Which will the greateft of bleffings afford.

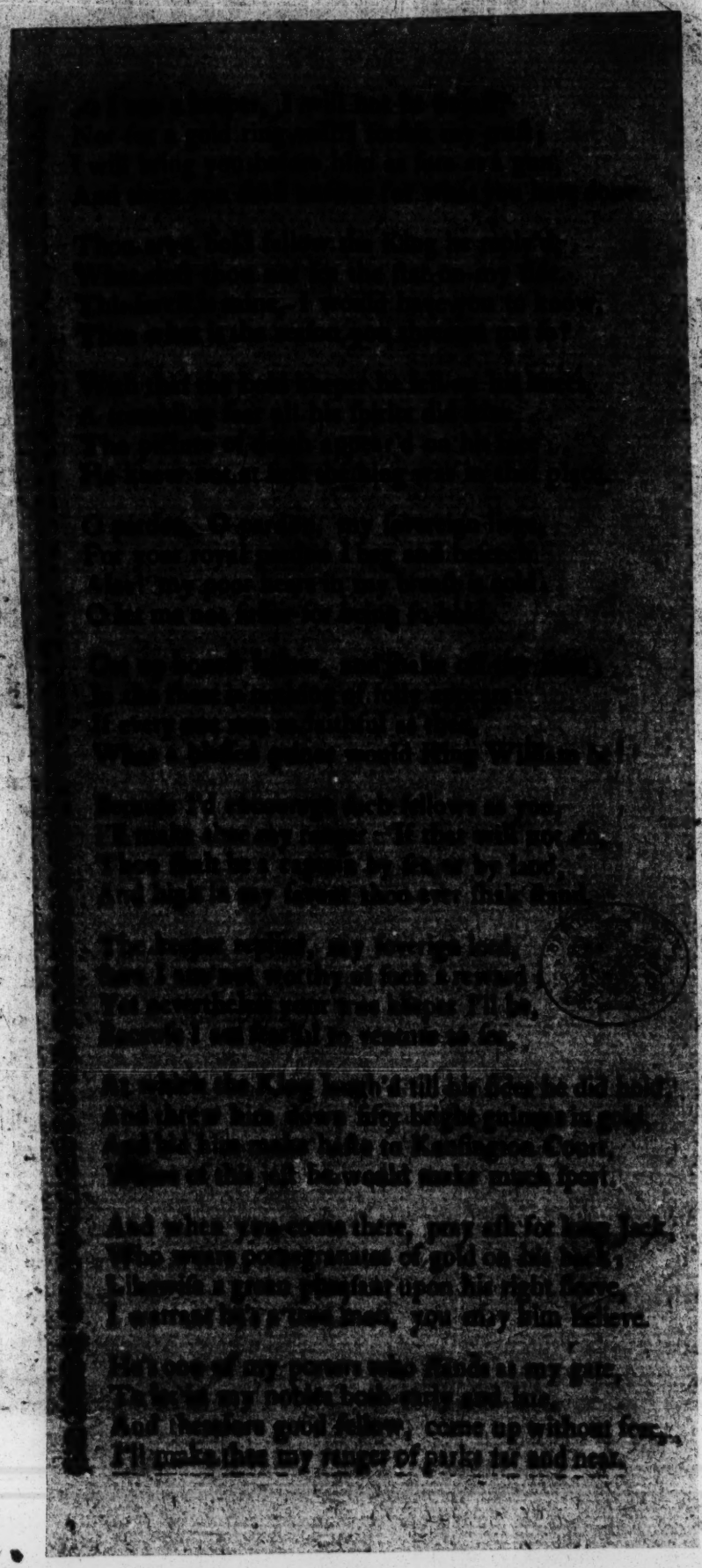
He went to the forreft fome hours before day,
Where the hounds was laid for to ftray,
How dare you, bold fellow, come here on my ground,
Without the king's leave, to chace the fame deer.

Here are my three hounds, I will give them to you
And likewife my hawk's, good as ever you view;
Befides I will give you full forty fhillings,
If thou will not betray me to William our King.

I am one of his fubjects, I matter of his laws,
And I am come here for to find a caufe,
For you gave, you bold fellow, your leave me to chace
Without the leave of King William forefter.

All that I have proffer'd, I'll give now thee,
And do thy endeavour my peace for to make,
Befides forty fhillings I will give thee a ring,
If thou will not betray me to William our King.

Your three hounds I tell you, I never will take,
Nor you your three hawks your peace for to make,
Nor will I be bribd by your forty fhillings,
But I will betray you to William our King.

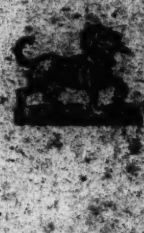


My DOG and I.

We write no Frights as Dutch or French,
No Conflict of a handsome Wench,
No Monstrous Wonders in the Air,
No Persons Dying in Despair,
Nor any Thing under the Sky,
But only my Dog and I.

Tune is, My DOG and I, *or* Bobbing JONE.







YOU that are of the merry Throng,
Give good Attention to my Song,
I'll give you weighty Reasons why
'Tis made upon my Dog and I;
My Dog and I, my Dog and I,
'Tis made upon my Dog and I.

I of no dogged Nature am,
But loving, gentle, kind, and tame,
And have no bigger Family,
But only Two, my Dog and I;
My Dog, &c.

I liv'd at Home, I liv'd at large,
A single Life, and had no Charge;
And if a Wench I chanc'd to spy,
To her went my Dog and I;
My Dog, &c.

I lov'd a Maid, her Name was Nell,
A bonny Lass I lov'd her well;
If you'd needs know the Reason why,
Because she lov'd my Dog and I;
My Dog and I, my Dog and I,
Because she lov'd my Dog and I.

My Dog and I have got a Trick,
To cure Maids when they are sick,
When they see Bucks, and like no Flesh,
Then straight goes my Dog and I;
My Dog and I, my Dog and I,
Then straight goes my Dog and I.

But if the Weather proves foul and wet,
My Dog he shall not wet his Feet;
But if the Weather proves fair and dry,
Then a Whistling goes my Dog and I.
My Dog, &c.

If any Maidens troubled be,
With overgrown Virginity,
Quickly can we help apply,
Assisted by my Dog and I:
My Dog, &c.

If the Green-sickness have possest,
Any dapper Damsel's Breast,
Immediately,
My Dog and I.
My Dog, &c.

If Women are in Distress,
For Want of Husbandliness,
My Dog and I.
My Dog, &c.

From Fifteen unto Fifty I,
Can prove a Woman's Remedy;
But if they up to Threescore fly,
There's no Game for my Dog and I:
My Dog, &c.

When *Mars* commanded, we did go
Unto the Wars in Forty Two;
We'll never fear in Field to die,
But out we'll go, my Dog and I.
My Dog, &c.

There was a Time when Reble
Did fear Prince *Rupert* and his Days,
'Tis dangerous when two Hearts comply,
Especially my Dog and I.
My Dog, &c.

We Night and Day do take no Rest,
If we can hear of any Feast,
And where good Fellows I espy,
There goes in my Dog and I;
My Dog, &c.

My Living lies in every Nook,
My Dog is Caterer and Cook,
For he at every Game can fly,
No Fellow to my Dog and I:
My Dog, &c.

By Day to play the Pime is taught,
I fear 'tis many Gallants Fate,
Near *Heaven*-Wall such Whores do lie,
Are fitter for my Dog then I.
My Dog, &c.

Thus have we liv'd, thus have we lov'd,
And faithful to each other prov'd,
Whilst many Thieves are hang'd on high,
No Law can touch my Dog and I:
My Dog, &c.

If Death do come as it may hap,
My Grave shall be under the Tap,
With folded Arms there we will lie,
Cheek by Jowl, my Dog and I:
My Dog and I, my Dog and I,
Cheek by Jowl my Dog and I.

Licensed according to Order.

FINIS.

Newcastle upon *Tyne*, Printed and Sold by *John White*.

Crafty KATE of Colchester;

OR, THE

False-hearted Clothier frighted into good Manners.

Tune of, *The Lancashire Lass.*

BRITISH MUSEUM



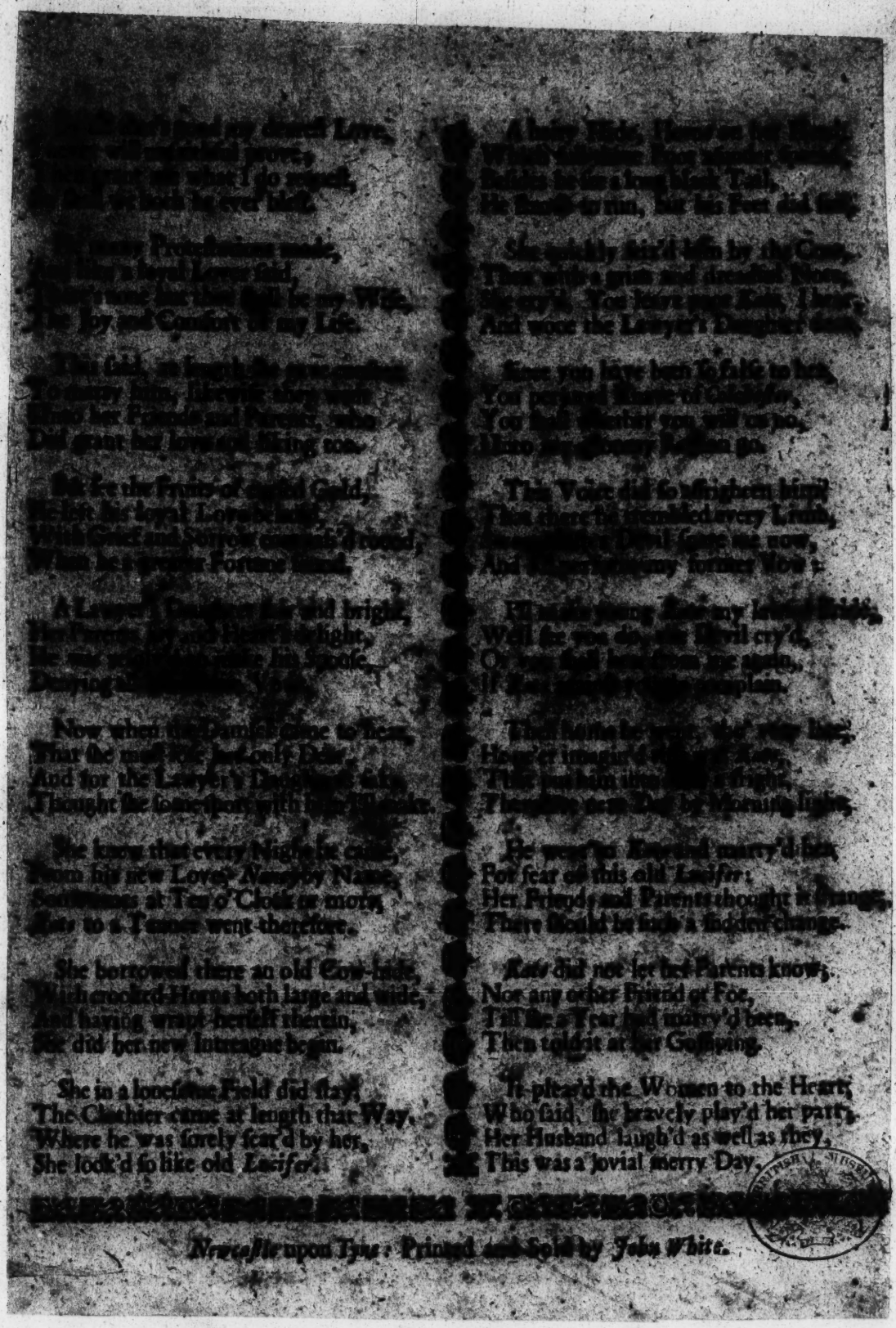


YOU that in Merriment delight,
Pray liften now to what I write,
Then will you Satisfaction find,
To cure a melancholly Mind.

A Damsel liv'd in *Colchester*,
And there a Clothier courted her,
For two Months space both Night and Day,
And yet the Damsel said him nay.

The Clothier, he then reply'd,
If you refuse to be my Bride,
It soon will prove my overthrow,
Then dearest do not answer no.

Said she, Were I to Love inclin'd,
Perhaps you soon wou'd change your Mind,
And prove some other Damsel fair,
For Men are false I do declare.



[illegible] dear Love,
[illegible]
[illegible] I do speak,
[illegible] ever like.

[illegible] Protestations made,
[illegible] a loyal Lover did,
[illegible] must for that fair be my Wife,
The Joy and Comfort of my Life.

This did so [illegible]
[illegible]
Her Friends and Parents, who
Did grant her Love and Liking too.

So for the Fame of English Gold,
He left his loyal Love behind,
With Grief and Sorrow compass'd round,
When he a private Fortune found.

A Lawyer's Daughter fair and bright,
[illegible]
He was [illegible] his Spouse,
Denying [illegible]

Now when the Damsel came to hear,
That the most fair and only Dear
And for the Lawyer's Daughter sake,
Thought he some sport with her to make.

She knew that every Night he came,
From his new Love, Nancy by Name,
Sometimes at Ten o' Clock or more,
Late to a Tenant went therefore.

She borrowed there an old Cow-hide,
With crooked Horns both large and wide,
And having wrapt herself therein,
She did her new Intreague begin.

She in a lonesome Field did stay,
The Clothier came at length that Way,
Where he was sorely fear'd by her,
She look'd so like old *Lucifer*.

A hairy Hide, Horns on his Head,
[illegible]
Besides he saw a long black Tail,
He ran'd to run, but his Feet did fail.

She quickly stir'd him by the Coat,
Then with a grim and dreadful Note,
She cry'd, Let have your Kate, I have,
And wore the Lawyer's Daughter's Cloth.

Since you have been so false to her,
[illegible]
You best [illegible] you will go,
Down [illegible] Asphalion go.

This Voice did so affrighten him,
That strait he trembled every Limb,
[illegible] Devil [illegible] now,
And [illegible] Vow;

He made young Nancy Lovell Bride,
Well for you she, the Devil cry'd,
Or you shall have from me again,
If [illegible]

Then home he went, tho' very late,
Hoping to [illegible]
This [illegible]
Thinking [illegible] Day by Morning light.

He wou'd not Married have her,
For fear of this old *Lucifer*;
Her Friends and Parents thought it strange,
There should be such a sudden change.

Kate did not let her Parents know,
Nor any other Friend or Foe,
Till the a Year had marry'd been,
Then told it at her Gossiping.

It pleas'd the Women to the Heart,
Who said, she bravely play'd her part,
Her Husband laugh'd as well as they,
This was a jovial merry Day.

Newcastle upon Tyne: Printed and Sold by *John White*.



A Terror for TRAITORS

Or, Treason Justly punished.

Being a Relation of a Damn'd Conspiracy against the life of the King, and the Subversion of the Government, lately Acted and Contrived by Persons, namely, Captain *Thomas Walcot*, *William Hone*, and *John Rouse*, who were drawn, hang'd and quarter'd on Friday the 20. of this instant July: As also, the Lord *Russel*, who was beheaded in *Lincolns-Inn-fields*, and other whose Fatal and deserved Punishments, may be a Warning for all others to avoid the like Crimes.

To the Tune of, *Digby's Fare-well*. Or, *On the bank of a River*, &c.

You Traytors of England *how dare you Conspire,*
Against such a Prince whose love we admire?
Your dear Brother that Royal brave Subject,
Next to the Crown, sweet James *Duke of* York.
You hope, that they'l ne'r have their will,
Your dear Princes who ne're thought them ill;
O Russel you plotted against a good King.
Whose fame through all Nations in *Æurope* doth Reign

Heavens will protect him and still be his guide,
Keep him from danger and be on his side;
Those that do plot against him or the Heir,
Into their Feet will be catcht in a snare:
Consider soon your Ruine you've caught,
Like a Hatchet your head you have brought:
O Russel you plotted, &c.

Twas but a matter a year in much Fame,
To add much Honour unto your good Name;
Now such a blot in your Scutcheon will be,
In being concerned with this gross Villany;
Your dear Parents in heart may lament,
Without all dispute they've but little content,
To think that you plotted, &c.

Each Lady may grieve, and lament for her loss,
Your Treason it proves a great cross,
Some more than what was your desert,
Your plotted, &c.

But Heaven I hope will all Plotting defeat,
And the Laws of the Nation shall prevail
Of our great Monarch, and
Whose Fame through all

When Persons have Honor and Pleasure great,
Yet still they are having and grasping for more,
Their hearts are deceitful and puffed with pride,
And Lucifer certainly stands by their side,
To things most unlawful he makes them aspire,
But he laughs at them all when they fall in the mire,
O Russel you plotted, &c.

True Subjects of England *are filled with fear,*
And for their great Sovereign they heed watch and ward,
To thwart this so cruel and Treacherous contrivance,
But
Those that would have been a Glory
They sought for our Princes ruin and
But Russel you plotted, &c.

There was Walcot *and* Rouse *were both in the Plot,*
And Hone I do reckon must not be forgot,
At Tyburn *for certain, each man took his Turn,*
And then in the fire their bowels did burn,
A death so deserving, none will deny:
For sure they plotted against a good
Whose Fame through all Nations

Let this be a warning to Rich

And we Loyal Subjects
There never were People more happy
If unto the Government all would agree.
Then hang up those Traitors who
Whose Fame through all Nations

FINIS.





Men and Maidens all, I pray you now attend,
well this Tragedy which you find here pen'd,
Castle Bridge End, an honest Man lives there,
grinding Corn, for which few can compare.

a fair dear, in whom he took Delight,
this Man woo'd her both Day and Night,
Proceſs of Time, he chain'd fall her Heart,
which prov'd her overthrow by Death's ſurprizing dart.

falſe hearted *Atkinſon*, with his deluding Tongue,
his fair Promiſes, he's this poor Maid undone;
for when he found he'd caught her faſt in *Cupid's* Snare,
Then made he all alike, *Betty's* no more his Dear.

Drinking was his Delight, his Senſes to Doze,
Keeping loud Company, when he ſhou'd Repoſe;
His Money being ſpent, and they wou'd tick no Score,
Then with a Face of Braſs, he ask'd poor *Betty* more.

He at length met with one, a ſerving Maid in Town,
Who for good Ale and Beer, often wou'd pawn her Gown
And at all Four's ſhe'd play, as many People know,
A fairer Gamſter, no Man could ever ſhow.

Tom Skelton, Oſtler, at the King's Arms does dwell,
Who this falſe *Atkinſon* did all his Secrets tell;
He let him underſtand of a new Love he'd got,
And with an Oath he ſwore, ſhe'd keep full the Pot.

Then for the Girl they ſent, *Betty Hardy* was her Name,
Who to her Miſtreſs ſoon an Excuſe did frame;
Miſtreſs I have a Friend at the King's Arms doth ſtay,
Which I deſire to ſee before he go away.

Then ſhe goes to her Friend, who ſhe finds ready there,
Who catch'd her in his Arms, how does my only Dear;
Sit ſye Boys drink about, and fear no Reckonings large,
For he had pawn'd her Smock to defray the Charge.

They did carrouſe it off, till they began to wax
Sa, *Skelton*, make a Match, I pray where's the Parſon
Then with a loving Kiſs they ſtraightway did agree,
But they no Money had to give the Prieſt a Fee.

Quoth *Skelton* ſeriouſly, the Prieſt's Fee is
I'le marry you my ſelf, and ſave you
Then they plight their Troth unto each
Went two Miles from the Town, and goes

Then when the Morning came by breaking of the
He had ſome Corn to grind, he could no longer
My Buſineſs is in haſte, which I to thee do tell
So took a Gentle Kiſs, and bid his Love Farewell.

Now when he was come home, and at his Buſineſs there
His Maſter's Siſter came, who was his former Dear,
Betty, he ſaid, I'm Wed, certainly I proteſt,
Then ſhe ſmil'd in his Face, ſurely you do but Jeſt.

Then within few Days Space, his Wife unto him went
And to the Sign o'th th' Laſt, there ſhe for him ſent,
The People of the Houſe, finding what was in Hand,
Stept out immediately, let *Betty* underſtand.

Now this ſurprizing News, caus'd her fall in a Trance
Like as if ſhe was dead, no Limbs ſhe could advance,
Then her dear Brother came, her from the ground he took
And ſhe ſpake up and ſaid, O my poor heart is broke.

Then with all ſpeed they went, for to undo her Lace,
Whilſt at her Noſe & Mouth her heart's blood ran a pace,
Some ſtood half dead by her, others for help Enquire,
But in a Moment's Time, her Life it did expire.

Falſe hearted Lovers all, let this a Warning be,
For it may well be call'd *Betty Hopſon's* Tragedy.

Printed for the Author, in the Year 1718.

The STRAND Garland.

In FOUR PARTS.

PART I.

YOU young men and maidens that to love belong,
Come draw near, and listen awhile to my song,
And I make no queſtion but this ditty
Muſt pleaſe many perſons both in town and city.
It is of a nobleman that I do write,
No leſs than a duke, at the play-houſe one night,
A charming fair creature he happen'd to ſpy.
Was much like an angel appear'd in his eye.
He went for diverſion to pleaſure his mind,
That he was ſo smitten, and Cupid we find
Was the chief actor, and ſuch anticks play'd,
That this noble perſon unto his man ſaid.
Follow this fair lady wherever ſhe doth go,
And where ſhe houſe comes and let me know;
And upon my honour to-morrow I'll ſee
Whose daughter ſhe is, and if my bride ſhe'll be.
The play being over, away went the man,
And found that this lady liv'd in the Strand;
Then ſtrait to his maſter he went, and did tell,
Where ſhe did live, which pleaſed him well.
With his coach and ſix, and attendants next day,
Unto this here houſe he ruſhed away;
And found 'twas a draper, there I proteſt,
Who gaz'd at the ſtar that appear'd on his breaſt.
The duke ſaid, Old father, tell unto me,
How many you have in your family;
The draper reply'd, a kind loving wife,
A maid, and a daughter I love as my life.
The duke ſaid, Laſt night I ſaw at the play,
A creature, whoſe beauty my eyes did betray;
I'm told 'tis your daughter, whoſe beauty ſo ſhin'd,
Now let me ſee her, ſir, pray be ſo kind.
She came to his preſence. When he ſaw her face,
With theſe kind words he did her embrace:
Fair lady, Your beauty ſo charmeth me,
Without your conſent unhappy I be.
Like a modeſt creature to bluſh ſhe was ſeen,
And made him this anſwer, My birth is too mean
For your noble perſon; I muſt be content
With ſome meaner fortune. Then away ſhe went.
He ſaid to her father, I am apt to think
Tradeſmen are ſo taxed that you may want chink;
I look for no fortune, if ſhe can love me,
A lady of honour ſhe quickly ſhall be.
Her father ſaid, Gain her love, as I live
Ten thouſand pounds with her I will give.
He ſaid, Never fear but her love I can gain,
Then adieu, my father, 'till I come again.

The duke being gone, his father did go,
To bring you to honour, dear, ſoon is the way;
This news is a pleaſure beyond all meaſure,
And if you refuſe him, you are beſide reaſon.
She ſaid, Loving father, I muſt tell you,
This is a hard thing you require me to do:
And as ſhe ſpoke, her eyes did overflow,
The cauſe of her weeping you ſoon ſhall know.
At laſt with much courting and perſons beſide,
Perſuading, ſhe yielded to be his bride,
And great preparations were made for the day,
But there was a ſtumbling block in the way.

PART II.

They went to the church the marriage to ſolemnize,
But as they were making their vows in her face
Flew in ſuch a manner, that ſtruck all the ground
This beautiful damſel drop'd down in a ſwound.
This cauſed confuſion, ſo laſt was heard,
She fetch'd a deep ſigh, and down ſhe did ſpread.
Then up ſhe was raiſed the ladies for ſhame,
But ſhe dropt again, and fell like a ſtone.
The miniſter look, ſtrait home to prepare things,
This maid hath aſked, her conſcience doth ſting;
Surely ſhe's engaged to ſome other man,
Or elſe for the honour of marriage ſhe'd ſtand.
She fetch'd a deep ſigh, ſaying, What ſhall I do?
The miniſter then took her unto a pew,
And then did ask her what made her grieve;
With tears in her eyes ſhe did anſwer him give.
Unto my father's 'prentice wedded I be,
And for that reaſon conſcience won't let me
Be wedded to another, ſince I am with-child,
In being ſo haſty my fortune is ſpoil'd.
The duke ſaid, By me you have done very ill,
To hold me ſo long. Thy huſband I'll kill.
He ſoon might have ended this terrible ſtrife,
By ſaying, Deliſt, ſhe is my wedded wife.
Then in a great paſſion away he did go,
Unto her father, with ſorrow and woe.
In tears ſhe returned, and when ſhe came in,
Her mother to cheek her thus did begin:
O fie on you daughter! why did you thus run
So into deſtruction, now you are undone;
In being ſo haſty for to be a wife,
You ſurely are ruin'd all the days of your life.
The father ſaid, Strumpet, pray hear what I ſay,
Had you been prudent this ſelf-ſame day
You had been a lady to a noble peer,
Now inſtead of honour poverty is here.

[illegible] hundred of pistoles, or I am a made
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
So to her grief he was gone out of sight.

PART II.

THUS inflicted at pleasure and mirth that day,
Venetian and dancers all the way;
The duke his wife wanted, and her parents dear,
Instead of good wine drank nasty small beer.

To making the daughter his wedded wife,
For her part the prentice don't feel a bit life;
He could not be as quiet, as for to have rest,
In the Royal Exchange he was not at the least.

She had a rare mask that night in Pall Mall,
Her grief and sorrow to him she did call;
Saying, Loving soul, do entertain me,
'Till my angry parents reconciled be.

He did. To entertain thee, that will not I;
As you have made your bed, so in it you may lie;
For those that slight parents with love are not blest,
So put the wife turn'd, then her sorrows encreas'd.

Her grief was fearching and inwardly great,
The child by panting and dully did beat;
When the time was expired, she had a young son,
And when deliver'd her sorrows begun.

In time of her weakness this woman indeed,
Hadn't one poor shilling, little more to feed,
A very rich harness, and a watch of gold,
Six rings, and some trinkets she had then sold.

Therefore and two guineas she had for the things,
'Tis an old saying that Riches have Wings.
Therefore as the gossips the nurse away took
And while she lay sleeping she her forsook.

Being now among strangers and friends she left,
She said, Of all sorrows and joy I'm bereft;
Never did young flower more with such a blast;
I'm crost in my bud and my pleasures are past.

In pleasing my fancy, when I chose to wed,
A world of sorrows I've brought upon my head,
Were my parents tender, and loving indeed,
They would have pity and ease me with speed.

I thought no offence, to my parents, or God,
When I chose my flower, but I find the rod
Of the Great Almighty is fore upon me;
Alas! my dear infant, we starved shall be.

As she sat lamenting; In the shape of a man
The Devil appear'd, as some witnels can,
And said, thy great sorrow we very well know,
'Tis thro' unkind parents that you suffer so.

I came from thy father, he sent me to thee,
I tell thee he never will reconcil'd be;
Thus instead of better the case must be worse,
And such unkind parents I'd have thee to curse.

A bloc in their 'scutcheons I'd have thee to make,
The trade of a town miss I'd have thee to take;
Your beauty is tempting, and if thou can'st crack,
Good fellows and guineas thou need'st not to lack.

There's need have a life like a cock of the game
Like some [illegible]
As the [illegible]
Which [illegible]
To lead such a life, and to [illegible]
It is grief of mankind; and as for the [illegible]
Which may hinder pleasure, the best part they fell
And then for ever shun those pleasures so vile.

To hear this sad counsel the parent did grieve,
She gave him no answer, and her head did leave;
She said, Thou deceiver, thy words I deny,
For I will part harder I'll inwardly die.

That's is my first lesson thou'st to be sure,
I'll not kill the child, nor will I turn whore;
'Tis best to be merry, the poor lovers smile,
Than wicked in place, and here after trouble.

Like a roaring lion you walk day and hour,
Mankind to hurry, and glean to devour;
There with the infant she fell down to pray,
Which made the devil to vanish away.

When he was gone, she said, Dear child's sin
And seeing my parents thus hard-hearted be,
Unto a foreign country away I will go,
As they of my lamentable end may not know.

PART IV.

SHE went to the change, and bartered her all,
Unto a captain who knew her father well;
And when he had bought her, the captain indeed
Did treat for her father, who came with speed.

And seeing his face she fell on his knees,
And said, Dear honoured sir, if you please
To give me your blessing, it is all I crave;
I'm sold to the captain, and am going his slave.

This made his old eyes with tears to flow,
He said unto her, I know it's not so:
It ne'er shall be said, Thy father's cruelty
Did prove his child's ruin, thou shalt go with me.

One night thy mother was haunted with dreams
And thought she saw thee floating on the streams;
And where to find thee none of us could tell:
Come hither to me, and all shall be well.

Being thus invited, she home did retire,
When her mother saw her, she said, my desire
I have obtained. Then with a smile
She did embrace her, and likewise the child.

The mother said, Daughter, you look most sad
Where is the locket and jewels you had?
A true account of her griefs they took,
And having heard at both their heads threw.

For saying away they both did her check,
And put a gold locket about her neck;
Rich rings on her fingers, and a watch by her side,
Now she that was banish'd dost with parents abide.

For her sake young people may well be content
In that thing call'd marriage, when friends consent
Such things done in private may great honour bring,
And instead of joy bring destruction at last.

The Unhappy Lady of Hackney.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To an Excellent New Tune.





YOU youthful charming ladies fair,
I pray now give attention,
Unto this dismal tragedy,
Of which I now shall mention;
At Hackney liv'd a gentleman,
Who had three comely daughters,
And one was marry'd to a 'Squire,
Who caus'd this sad disaster.

The youngest sister being fair,
And of a comely feature,
Her sister's husband night and day,
Did tempt this lovely creature.
Telling of her it was no sin,
If she let him embrace her;
Besides he'd take a special care,
It never should disgrace her.

This innocent unto his bow,
Indeed he quickly brought her,
Then took her from her father's house,
With many tears they sought her.
Crying, alas! where is she gone?
My youthful child so tender,
Thus in distraction night and day,
Her parents did lament her.

In all the news both far and near,
Her father advertis'd her,
Yet he no tidings of her heard,
So secret did he hide her.
At length she big with child did grow,
While this her amorous lover,
Did oft frequent her company,
None knew it was her brother.

At length in travail strong she fell,
So great it was her sorrow,
That she could not deliver'd be,
So sending for her brother;
With wringing hands and weeping eyes,
In dreadful lamentation,
O worst of men! she then did say,
You've wrought my desolation.

Your wife, my tender ſiſter dear,
Does little know my ſorrow,
My troubled ſoul will take its flight,
From hence before to-morrow;
O ſiſter dear, forgive the crime,
And Heaven their ſame pity,
For heinous was the fault of mine,
You wretch that did deceive me.

Before my ſoul forſakes this world,
And death's cold arms enfold me,
I'll write unto my Parents dear,
Who will never more behold me;
And you, vile traitor, while you live,
Seek no more Virgin's ruin,
Repent, repent, I ſay in time,
For Vengeance is purſuing.

See how the pains in ev'ry part,
Do rend my heart aſunder,
O Death! now ſend thy piercing dart,
I can't endure it longer:
Seize ye the Infants life alſo,
Whoſe name would be infamous,
Becauſe its parents wrong did do,
By acting things inceſtuous.

She being deliver'd of her child,
Her life did ſoon expire,
Likewiſe her tender infant dear,
Which thing ſhe did deſire.
In Covent-Garden-Church, indeed,
In private ſhe was bury'd,
But Heav'n did bring this thing to light,
The lines ſhe wrote were carry'd.

Unto her tender parents dear,
Theſe words were then expreſſed,
My loving friends all pity me,
Whoſe caſe is moſt diſtreſſed;

With floods of tears theſe lines I write,
It was my cruel brother,
My Siſter's loving huſband dear,
Whoſe fault I will not ſmother.

He overcome me once with wine,
And us'd me at his pleaſure,
Then took me from my Parent's houſe,
In ſorrow out of meaſure;
I lay ſurrounded night and day,
With child then by my brother;
Which druggling lay within my womb,
And I the unhappy mother.

At length in travail I did fall,
While many did lament me,
It was the cry of one and all,
That there was none could help me.
And I my precious life muſt looſe,
So before my life departed,
I wrote theſe lines to let you know,
The traitor proved falſe hearted.

When her dear parents read the ſame,
It ſcar'd their ſouls with terror,
Her father cry'd, my daughter dear,
Would I had known thy ſorrow.
Her corps they quickly had took up,
And ſurgeons for to view her,
For fear that ſhe had murder'd been,
By him that did undo her.

Her eldeſt brother a hopeful youth,
Grief burſt his heart aſunder,
And he this life did ſoon depart,
Her ſiſter raves like thunder.
To think her huſband was ſo baſe,
To prove her ſiſter's ruin,
Her parents ſaid, alas! my child,
Your death is our undoing.

London: Printed and Sold at Symſon's in Stonecutter-Street, Fleet Market.

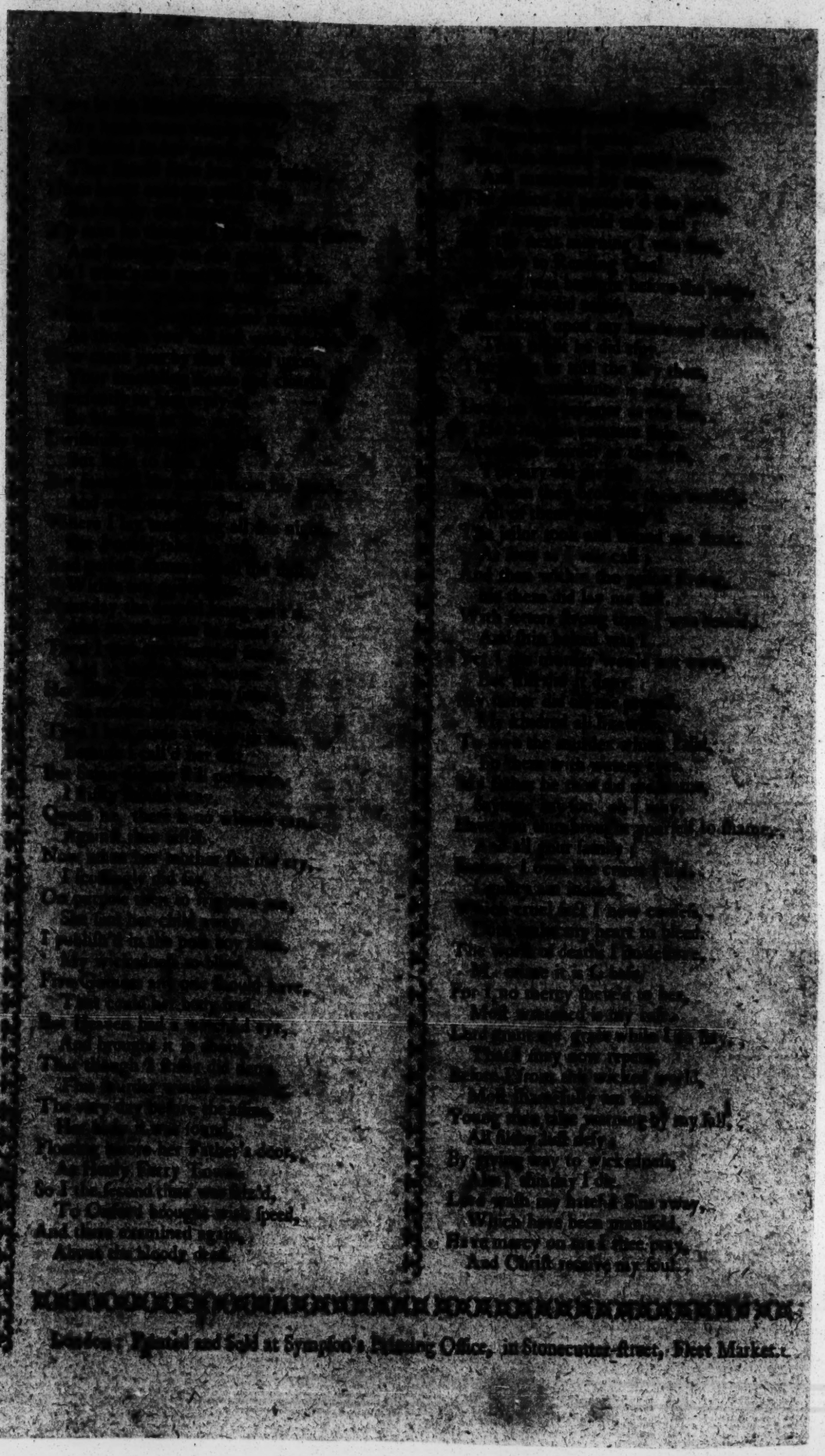
The BERKSHIRE Tragedy,

WITTAM MILLER,

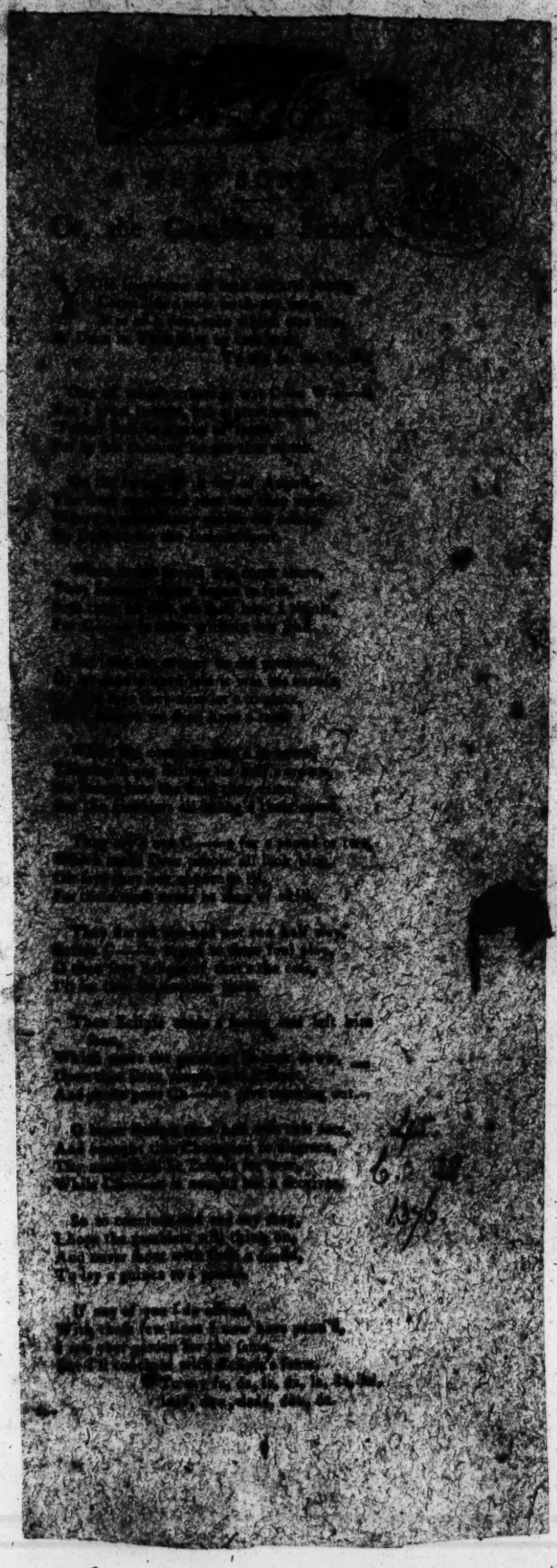


YOUNG
Until
O stack your wife, and your children,
Of my
Near unto
I left
Oh! then
In an
My tender
Provided for the same.
And in the town of West-ma-ston,
They plac'd me in a mill.
By chance upon an Oxford lass,
I cast a wanton eye.
And promis'd I would marry her,
If she would wed me to.
But to the world I do declare,
With sorrow, grief and woe,
This folly brought us in a snare,
And wrought our overthrow.
For she damsel came to me, and said,
By you I am with child.
I pray, dear John, you'll marry me,
For you have me betray'd.
Soon after that, her mother came,
As you shall understand,
And oftentimes did me persuade,
To wed her out of hand.
And thus perplex'd on every side,
I could no comfort find,
So for to make away with her,
A thought came in my mind.

About a month from Christmas then,
Or
The
To
Took
At night
Her
Lest
Intice me, if she'd walk with me,
A little
We both together would agree,
About our wedding day.
Thus I deluded her again,
Into a private place,
Then took a stick out of the hedge,
And struck her in the face.
But she fell on her bended knees,
And did for mercy cry,
For heaven's sake don't murder me,
I am not fit to die.
But I no pity took,
But wounded her full sore,
Until her life away I took,
Which I can ne'er restore.
With many grievous sighs and cries,
She did resign her breath,
And in inhuman barbarous sort,
I put my love to death.
And then I took her by the hair,
To cover this foul sin,
And drag'd her to the river side,
And threw her Body in.



London, Printed and Sold at Symptom's Printing Office, in Stonecutter-street, Fleet Market.



PRIDE's FALL: or, A Warning to all *English* Women, by the Example of a strange Monster born by a Merchant's proud Wife at *Vienna* in Germany.

To the Tune of *All you that love Mirth*



45
b. 11.
1377

England's fair dainty Dames,
See here the fall of Pride,
Leave Wantonels in Time,
That God may be your Guide,
I was a *Dutchland* Frow,
Shining in Beauty bright,
And a brave Merchants Wife,
In whom he took Delight.
All things I had at Will,
My Heart could wish or crave,
My Diet, dainty fair,
My Garments rich and brave.
No Wife in *Germany*,
Where I in Pleasure dwell,
For Golden bravery,
My Person could excell.
My Coaches richly wrought,
And deck'd with Pearl and Gold,
Carried me up and down,
Whereto my Fancy would.
The Earth I deem'd too base,
My Feet to tread upon;

My blooming Crimson Cheeks,
Felt neither Wind nor Sun,
My Beauty made me think,
Myself an Angel bright,
Framed of heavenly Mould,
And not an earthly Wight,
For my Soul's Happiness,
God's Holy Bible Book;
I had my Looking-glass
Where I most pleasure took,
There was no Fashion found,
That might advance my Pride;
But in my Looking-Glass
My Fancy soon espy'd,
Every vain foolish Toy,
Changing my wanton Mind,
And they best pleased me
That could new Fashions find.
Yet all these earthly Joys,
Yielded me small content,
In that Dame Nature had,
Ne'er a Child to me sent.

That makes my Heart to bleed,
For which Offence to God,
He therefore grievously
Scourged me with a Rod.
And in my tender Womb,
Of so pure Flesh and Blood,
Created he, strange to see,
A most deformed Brood.
That Woman's wanton Pride,
May take Example by,
How they in Fashion fond,
Offend the Lord on high.
When the Babe came to light,
And I brought to my Bed;
No cost was spar'd that Night
To serve me in my Need.
My Nurse both youth and fair,
Fit for a Royal Queen,
Gave all Attendance here,
As it was daily seen.
Never had Merchant's Wife,
Of Ladies such a Train.

Every Part, every Limb,
Hath not your Maker's Frame,
Been fashion'd for the Worse?
For any part needful Deem
From the Head to the Foot,
Mouth, Eye, Ear, Heart,
Or Members else,
Or Vitalls daily worn.
Our Feet, wanted Shoes,
Our Hose had Roles red,
Our Head in Silk now hid,
So vainly are we led,
Thus hath my Flesh and Blood,
Nourish'd more near my Heart,
Pride in Mind of Sin,
And like me now convert.
Oh Let all Women then,
Take heed of wanton Pride,
Angels have fallen from Heaven,
And for that Sin have dy'd.
Sooner known to Light
Was this Fruit of my Youth,
But in the Counter-house
I was brought for a Truth;
Where to the Magistrates
And most learned Sort,
Began standing to speak,
And their Words did report:

Prince of Princes High,
Whose Eye doth pierce the Sky:
Mankind rejoice with Speed,
Before his Lord doth judge,
Repent his foul transgressions
And 16 the Mouse dy'd.
Great was the Fear of those
That these same Speeches heard,
God grant all Christians may
Have their Mind well prepared,
With a true Repentance,
God's Mercy to implore,
That never Woman-kind
May bring such Fruit forth more.
And ye fair *English* Dames,
That in Pride do excell,
This woful Misery
In your Heart print full well:
Let not Pride be your Guide,
For Pride will have a Fall;
Maid and Wife, for my Life
Be a Warning to you all.

With a much sharper Knife.
About his Neck a Ruff,
It had now gallantly,
Starched with white and blue
Seeming unto their View,
With Laces long and broad,
As now are Women's Heads;
Thus you have Women's Pride,
First in Gods Anger stands,
The Breasts were pinned ther,
As still the Mercenary's be,
Now as lewd Women wear,
To hide Adultery,

A NEW SONG

To the tune of [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

B

K. Berkeley.

IUDGE BARKELY

HIS

PENITENTIALL COMPLAINT:

Wherein he laments the Condition of his preſent Impriſonment, and the late Corruptions of violated and inforced IUSTICE.

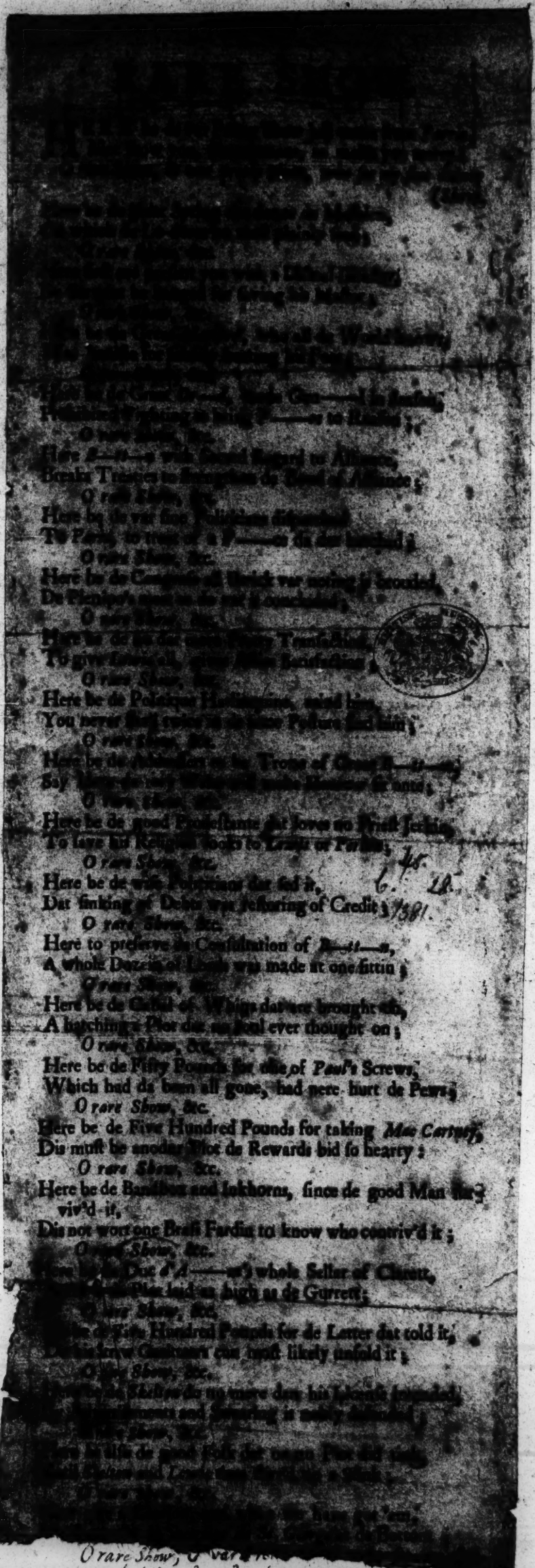
BRITISH MUSEUM

WHat wonder's this, to heare a Terme ſhould be
Gone off, and yet Vacation ſtill with me?
That I ſhould owne the leaſure to rehearſe
My Cauſe to'th Stones, and plead my Griefes in Verſe:
That I who ballanc'd *Right*, and in her Scale
Did taiſe or ſinke her to make *Wrong* prevaile,
Should now lye loſt to Juſtice, and inferre
My ſelfe an Exile to her Hall and her;
Should never [illegible], and ſhould hide my face
(Where once I ſate) from her Tribunall place,
Judgement proves then moſt happy, when the Law
Of Truth and Goodneſſe doth the Conſcience awe.
Nor can he quickly into danger fall,
Who to himſelfe lives a law rationall.
But when the ſhowes of Honour or of Gaine
Grow on the heart, and doe corrupt the braine,
Reaſon doth ſtartle, and th'affections ſtraight
Prove conquer'd Captives to that golden bait.
Why ſhould thoſe thicke and glittering ſpangles, that
Doe dance in glory on the robes of State,
Trouble the knowing minde to gaze upon
Their flattering ſplendors, or to put them on?
But that's not all; for when that fatall Vice
(That Turke 'mongſt Chriſtians) ſordid Avarice,
Leads her blacke Army up, and doth begin
To make the heart an Uſurer to Sin;
Then Peace, Religion, Safety, Juſtice, all
Who owne to Grace or Honour, humbled fall
Before that tyrant Fiend, whoſe irefull doome
Breathes nought but ruine, rage, and martyrdome,
Who bribes the Law, and what was made ſo ſtrong
To ſpeake our *Right*, makes Law to ſpeake it *Wrong*.

45.
6. 28.
1380.

Theſe were my faults, made happy did they gueſt
But in one Inne, or lodg'd but in my Breſt:
But when that Juſtice on her knees ſhall fall
To beg the Judge to doe her right, and call
Her ſpotleſſe Ermines to his eye, and wrong'd,
Deſire that grace to have her Cauſe prolong'd
Untill ſome happy Parliament ſhould raiſe
New ſtrength to her unnerved hand, and praiſe
Her faint and labouring pulſes, make her know
[illegible] the Ballance in her hand, or no,
Unbind her eyes, and from their gracious tongues
Inſpire new breath to her deſpairing lungs,
When Life and Honour lay upon the ſtake,
And Juſtice dumbe, while Falſhoods tongue did ake,
My ſadded bloud ſickens to whay, and while
That *Right* now laughes, I gratulate her ſmile.
That Hand of Juſtice which I downe did beare,
Strikes now repentance through me, which no eare
Can heare and ſpare no griefes, nor paſſing by
Can any ſee but with a bleeding eye.
Let all my Lawes be broken, let the wheele
Of Fortune ſplit, and her Attorneyes reele.
It is a glad and happy ſinne would prove
It ſelfe reform'd to every good mans love:
Thus much my penitence can doe, but this
Is good begotten from too much amiſſe.
Though cold my hopes, and my more ſad affaires
Doe pull more winter on my ſnow-touch'd haires,
I now learne Juſtice, patient I learne more
Then ere her Agent I perform'd before:
And ſhall decree what ever way ſhe's bent,
Juſt is my fate, as juſt the Parliament.

Printed in the yeare 1641.



O rare Show, O rare Show, &c.
Here be de Parliament Soldiers dat fought,
Dat made de Mayor stare, and de Aldermen stare,
O rare Show, &c.
Here be de Lawyers, dat Counsel to Subsidy
Preferred before de King's Business to Hunting &c.
O rare Show, &c.
Here be Lords with Sword Regent to Attorney,
Breaks Treaties to Instruction de Good of Alliance;
O rare Show, &c.
Here be de vat fine Politicians disputed
To Parry to Point de Fancies de Inquisitive;
O rare Show, &c.
Here be de Company all Watch war acting & bounded,
De Plaintiff's cost no suit & concluded;
O rare Show, &c.
Here we de go de [illegible] Tumultuous,
To give Losing all [illegible] Restitution;
O rare Show, &c.
Here be de Politique Headpiece, mind him,
You never find rules to de knave Policy find him;
O rare Show, &c.
Here be de Parliament at de Throne of Great B——n,
Say [illegible] de way [illegible] Monarch de hand;
O rare Show, &c.
Here be de good Protestants dat loves no Priest Jerkin,
To save his Religion looks to Crops or Purses,
O rare Show, &c.
Here be de wise Politicians dat bid it,
Dat sinking of Debt was lessening of Credit;
O rare Show, &c.
Here to preserve de Constitution of B——n,
A whole Dozen of Lords was made at one sitting;
O rare Show, &c.
Here be de Cabal of Wings dat were brought in,
A hatching a Plot dat no Soul ever thought on;
O rare Show, &c.
Here be de Fifty Pounds for dis of *Paul's* Screws,
Which had de been all gone, had nere hurt de Pews;
O rare Show, &c.
Here be de Five Hundred Pounds for taking *Mac Cartney*,
Dis must be another Plot de Rewards bid so hearty:
O rare Show, &c.
Here be de Bandbox and Inkhorns, since de good Man de
vivid it,
Dis not wort one Brass Farding to know who contriv'd it;
O rare Show, &c.
Here be de Dust d'A——n's whole Seller of Claret,
[illegible] Plot laid as high as de Garret;
O rare Show, &c.
[illegible] de Five Hundred Pounds for de Letter dat told it,
[illegible] Gentlemen can most likely unfold it;
O rare Show, &c.
[illegible] de Shillings de no more dem his Agents founded,
[illegible] and swearing is nasty damned;
O rare Show, &c.
[illegible] de good Folk dat vanqu'ish Plot did undo,
[illegible] Lords, some Dignity a piece;
O rare Show, &c.
[illegible] have got 'em,

O rare Show, O rare [illegible]
dainty Show?
Dare is all, Shentlemans; what say you now?
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!
Shentlemans I tank you: God bless you all, from de Pope,
de Devil, and de Pretender, and all de great Rogues in England.

A Very Heroical EPISTLE
FROM MY
Lord ALL-PRIDE to DOL-COMMON.

The ARGUMENT.

Dol-Common *being forsaken by my Lord* **All-pride**, *and having written him a most lamentable Letter, his Lordship sends her the following answer.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

IF you're deceived, it is not by my cheat,
For all disguises are below the great.
What Man or Woman upon earth can say
I ever us'd 'em well above a day?
How is it then that I inconstant am?
He changes not, who alwayes is the same.
In my dear self, I center every thing,
My Servants, Friends, my Mistress, and my King,
Nay Heaven and earth to that one point I bring.
Well-manner'd, honest, generous and stout,
(Names by dull Fools to plague mankind found out)
Should I regard, I must my self constrain,
And 'tis my maxim to avoid all pain.
You fondly look for what none e're could find
Deceive your self, and then call me unkind;
And by false reasons would my falshood prove,
For 'tis as natural to change as Love.
You may as justly at the Sun repine
Because alike it does not alwayes shine.
No glorious thing was ever made to stay,
My Blazing Star but visits and away;
As Fatal too, it shines as those i'th' skies,
'Tis never seen but some great Lady dies.
The boasted favour you so precious hold
To me's no more than changing of my gold.
What e're you gave, I paid you back in bliss,
Then where's the obligation, pray, of this?
If heretofore you found grace in my eyes,
Be thankful for it, and let that suffice.
But Women Beggarlike, still haunt the door
Where they've receiv'd a Charity before.
O happy Sultan! whom we barbarous call,
How much refin'd art thou above us all!
Who envies not the joys of thy Serrail!
Thee, like some God, the trembling crowd adore,
Each man's thy slave, and Woman-kind thy Whore.
Methinks I see thee underneath the shade
Of golden Canopies supinely laid;
Thy crowching slaves all silent as the night,
But at thy nod all active as the light.
Secure in solid Sloath thou there dost raign,
And feel'st the joys of love without thy pain.
Each Female courts thee with a wishing eye,
While thou with awful pride walk'st careless by.
Till thy kind pledge at last mark's out the Dame
Thou fancies't most to quench thy present flame.
Then from thy bed submissive she retires,
And thankful for thy grace no more requires.
No loud reproach, nor fond unwelcome sound
Of Womens tongues thy sacred ear dares wound.
If any do, a nimble Mute straight tye's
The true love knot, and stops her foolish cries.
Thou fear'st no injur'd Kinsman's threatning blade,
Nor Midnight ambushes by Rivals laid.
While here with aking hearts our joys we taste
Disturb'd by Swords like *Damocles* his feast,

Epigram upon my Lord All-pride.

Bursting with pride the loath'd Imposture swel's,
Prick him he shed's his venom straight and smel's,
But is so lewd, a Scribler that he writes
With as much force to nature as he fights.
Harden'd in shame, 'tis such a baffled Fop
That every School-boy whips him like a Top.
And with his arm and heart his brain's so weak,
That his starv'd fancy is compell'd to rake
Among the excrements of others wit
To make a stinking meal of what they shit.
So Swine for nasty meat to dunghills run,
And toss their grunting Snouts up when they've done.
Against his stars the Coxcomb ever strives,
And to be something they forbid contrives.
With a red Nose, splay-foot, and goggle eye,
A plowman's looby meen, face all awry,
A filthy breath, and every loathsome mark
The *Punchinello* set's up for a Spark.
With equal self-conceit he takes up arms,
But with such vile successe his part perform's,
That he burlesque's the trade, and what is best
In others, turn's like *Harlequin* to jest.
So have I seen at *Smithfield*'s wondrous fair
(When all his Brother Monsters flourish there)
A lubbard *Elephant* divert the Town
With making legs and shooting off a gun.
Go where he will he never find's a Friend,
Shame and derision all his steps attend,
Alike abroad, at home, i'th Camp and Court
This Knight o'th' burning pestle makes us sport.

Printed in the Year, 1679.

THE TRUE
Proteſtant Lettany.

Hos fuge: Peſtis enim nulla hâc immanior: Hi ſunt Fæx hominum, fons nequitiæ, Sentina Malorum.

FROM ſuch as the *honeſt Intentions* oppoſe
Of our true hearted *Friends*, and are led by the Noſe,
By the ſpecious Pretences and Wiles of our *Foes:*

Libera Nos Domine.

From ſuch as the *Proteſtant Cauſe* would betray,
And give up their Lives to the *Pope* for a prey;
If they will not ſell Heaven as freely as they:

Libera Nos.

From *Judges* oppreſt with ſuch *dimneſs* of ſight,
That they cannot diſcern what is *wrong* or what's *right*;
If a Spiders *Gold*-Web do but hang in their light:

Libera Nos.

From thoſe, who to finiſh their *Treaſons* begun,
When they fear'd that their Work would be left but half done;
Did conſult by the *ſtars* how to darken our *Sun*:

Libera Nos.

From Perſons, who under a handſome Diſguiſe,
Would perſwade us the only way to be wiſe,
Is to forfeit our *Reaſon* and put out our *Eyes*:

Libera Nos.

From thoſe who would Learnedly make it appear,
That 'tis *Factious* either to *ſhun* or to *fear*
The moſt *eminent Dangers*, though never ſo near:

Libera Nos.

From *Infallible Fopps*, who would make us believe
We muſt pin our Faith to their *Catholick* Slieve,
Till we ſuffer a *Bondage* beyond a *Reprieve*:

45. b. 28. 1383. *Libera Nos.*

From the *Factors* of *Rome*, who hither are ſent,
To raiſe cauſleſs diſlikes of the Kings Government;
And to ſeperate him and his *Parliament*:

Libera Nos.

From ſuch as will whiſper the *Traytors* Defence,
And do own they believe their avouch'd Innocence,
Thereby to diſparage the *Kings Evidence*:

Libera Nos.

From *Powis* and *Peters*, and all the whole Crew,
And from all that would have them come ſhort of their due;
From *Friers* and *Prieſts*, and from *Jeſuits* too:

Libera Nos.

And laſtly from all that wiſh ill to the King,
Or Popery into this Nation would bring;
Who merit no leſs than a *Paddington* Swing.

Libera Nos.

A PANEGYRICK UPON OATES

SILVESTREM TENUI *Musam* MEDITEMUR AVENA.

OF all the *Grain* our Nation yields
In Orchards, Gardens, or in Fields,
There is a *Grain*, (which tho 'tis common)
Its *Worth* till now, was known to no man
Not *Ceres* Sicle 'ere did *Crop*,
A *Grain* with *Ears* of greater hope;
For why? ſome ſay, the Earth n'ere bore
In any Clime, ſuch *Seed* before.
Yet this *Grain* has (as all muſt own)
To *Grooms* and *Oſtlers* well bin *known*;
And often has, without diſdain,
In *Muſty Barn* and *Manger layn*;
As if it had bin only good
To be for *Birds* and *Beaſts* the Food:
But now by new inſpired force
It keeps alive both *Man* and *Horſe*
Speak then, my Muſe, for now we gueſs,
What *Grain* it is, thou wouldſt expreſs.
It is not Barley, Rye, or Wheat,
That can pretend to ſuch a Feat;
'Tis *Oates*, *bare Oates*, which is become
The *Health* of *England*, *Bane* of *Rome*,
And *Wonder* of all *Chriſtendom*.

And therefore *Oates* has well deſerv'd,
From *Muſty Barn* to be *prefer'd*,
And now in *Royal Court preſerv'd*;
That, like *Heſperian Fruit*, *Oates* may
Be *watch'd* and *Garded* night and Day;
Which is but juſt Retaliation
For having *Guarded* a whole Nation.
Hence every lofty Plant which ſtands
'Twixt *Barwick Wals* and *Dover Sands*,
The *Oake* it ſelf, which well we ſtile
The Pride and ſafe-guard of our Iſle,
Muſt *Wave* and *Strike* its lofty Head,
And now Salute an *Oaten Reed*:
For ſurely *Oates* deſerves to be
Exalted far 'bove any *Tree*.
Th' *Egyptians* once (tho' it ſeems odd)
Did worſhip *Onyons* for a *God*;
And poor *peel'd Garlick* was with them
Eſteem'd beyond the greateſt *Gemm*. (ye
What would they 'done, had they, think
Had ſuch a *Blade* of *Oates* as we?
Oates of ſuch known *Divinity*!
Since then by *Oates* ſuch *good* we find,

Let

Let *Oates* at leaſt now be *enſhrin'd*,
Or in ſome ſacred *Preſs* enclos'd
Be only kept to be *expos'd*;
And all fond *Reliques* elſe, ſhall be
Deem'd *Objects* of *Idolatry*.
Popelings may tell us, how they ſaw
Their *Garnet's Picture* on a *Straw*;
'Twas a *Great* miracle we know
To ſee him *drawn* in *little* ſo,
But on an *Oaten Stalk*, there is
A greater *miracle* than this,
A *Viſage*, which with *lively Grace*
Does Twenty *Garnets* now *Out-face*,
And like *Twig* of *Dodona's Grove*
Ev'en *ſpeak's* as if *inſpir'd* by *Jove*.
Nay, to add to the Wonder more,
Declares *unheard-of* Things before,
And Thouſand *myſteries* does unfold,
As *plain* as *Oracles* of old;
By which we *ſteer* affaires of State,
And *ſtave* off *Britain's* ſullen Fate.

Let's then, in honour of the name
Of *Oates enact* ſome *Solemn Game*,
Where *Oaten Pipe* ſhall us inſpire
Beyond the *Charms* of *Orpheus Lyre*;
Stones, *Stocks* and every *Senceleſs thin*
To *Oates* ſhall *dance*, to *Oates* ſhall *ſin*
Whilſt *Woods amaz'd* to th' Ecchos rin
And as (that Hero's names may not
When they are rotten; be forgot)
We *hang Atchievements* o'e their Duſt;
(A debt to their great merits juſt:)
So if *Deſerts* of *Oates* we prize,
Let *Oates* ſtill *hang* before our eyes;
Thereby to raiſe our Contemplation,
Oates being to this *Happy* Nation
The *Myſtic Emblem* of *Salvation*.

FINIS.

THE

Unjuſt Judge's CREED,

REPLIED

To Mr. *EZEKIEL EDGWORTH*,

Arch-Deacon of *Newgate*.

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina Mævi.

YOu rambled once, and ſeem'd to ſay,
That Judges muſt be judg'd one day;
T'would fix on us ſuch foul Diſgraces,
To th' mighty leſſning of our Places.
Is't fit for Us to be control'd
By ſlaviſh Fear, ſo want bright Gold
From dangers diſtant, but how far
Could ne'er be prov'd yet by you Sir?
What! ſhall not we Men hang, or quit,
Or Witneſs *foam*, as we think fit?
I tell thee, Prieſt, I've Authors read,
And know as much as can be ſaid;
Nought's after Death, Death's but a Puff,
A Groan, when Nature plays us off.
Let's all lay by both Hope and Fear,
Of future State let's take no Care,
For we ſhall be but as we were.
Time ſtill devours us, ſpite of Art,
And Death deſtroys our thinking part.
So th' tale of Hell and th' old grim Sir,
'Bout which you Black-Coats keep ſuch ſtir,
Are but vain, empty, idle Dreams,
Ariſing from diſtemper'd Brains.

45. b. 28. 1385.

The

The Arch-Deacons ANSWER.

IF that be true your Lordſhip ſays,
You may, like Bulls, live joyful Days:
Bulls only have the better on't,
You ſometimes fear, which they do not.
Their Fronts are curl'd, though not with Care
Nor Choice, yet they've their entire ſhare.
They court their Miſs, their Meat, their Drink;
Thrice happy Brutes, they never think
Of Peace, or War, or, *Dutch*, or *French*,
Or new Intrigue of Madam-Wench.
They careleſs are, how bought, how ſold;
Or whether *Tagus* ſands be Gold.
Hereafter (altho) Death ſhould be
An Inlet to Eternity,
Then your Lordſhip pays t'a farthing,
Both for Juſtice and your——
Howe're, if't be as you divine,
The Hermit's as well's the *Libertine*.
For it's Futurity of State,
Diſtinguiſhing our unknown Fate,
That good from bad doth ſeparate.
Live then, My Lord, that you may've room
To hope, not fear, a State to Come.

FINIS.

K.

Maitland (John)
Duke of Lauderdale.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Duke LAUDERDALE,

AND THE

LORD DANBY.

D. GLad Sir, I cannot but congratulate
The late Submission of your stubborn Fate;
Which to your Honour hath at length been
But now the sees her Folly and her Sin.
Still may she prove most constant unto you,
And always pay what to your Grace is due.

L. Dear Sir, for nought can I commend my Fate,
But that she'th made me happy in a Mate;
And such I'll prove, even in Extremity,
Since we are Brothers in Iniquity.

D. My Lord, you very much mistake the Word.
We were so once; to that I do accord,
But now our Pardons for our Sins are Seal'd,
I think the Guilt is justly then Repeal'd.
Though we were cover'd o'er with Clouds of Sin,
They're vanish'd now, and all our tears therein
Now dare we our Protection claim as Right
Of *Charles* our King; who surely will, in spite
Of all our Foes, resolve to let us free;
Nor will he lose that Right of Majesty
His Royal Word is past, we need not doubt,
His Honour will take care to make it out.

L. Right Tom; and, by my Soul, I'll never fear
Before th'insulting Commons to appear,
And let them but affront me if they dare,
For all their humming noise, I'll make them know,
I'll sit above when they shall sit below.
There will I shall with Courage vindicate
Thy Honour, and subvert the impost Hate
Of all thy Foes; nor shall they dare pretend
To say thou art not King and Country's Friend.

D. Pox on them; Let them go for a dam'd Crew,
Whilst we with Craft their Ruine do pursue.
Let them vote on, and we will still devise
To make them all a burning Sacrifice
To him, 'gainst whom they've made so many Lyes.
My drooping Soul tranported is to think,
When he doth rise, how all these Rogues will sink.
With Vengeance we'll pursue them in Retreat:
We'll hash them quick, and let our Dogs them eat.

For

For Hereticks we'll damn them whilst alive;
And then to Hell in Flocks we will them drive.

L. Thy Courage bold I cannot but commend,
For sure he's both our worthy Duke and Friend.
Let's not despair, but briskly carry on
The Glorious Work we have so well begun.
Let's then once more our Treasons all repeat,
And leave the Lovely Dutchess then to treat
For new Pardons, to whom we need not fear,
The King will lend a gracious heart and ear.
Thou know'st how much she is oblig'd to thee,
Nor do I doubt but she our Friend will be.

D. Thy Counsel bravely elevates my Soul:
We'll practice Treason still without Controul,
But that His Majesty shall ne'er believe;
Or if he do, he quickly shall forgive:
My Dutchess shall to all his Senses charm,
He never shall believe we'll do him harm.

L. By my Soul, Man, she's a most powerful Spell;
Were't not for her, we'd surely been in Hell.
She is the strongest Pillar of our Hope;
The surest Friend to our brave Plot and Pope.
She is all Power, she is all Command:
By her Assistance we'll betray this Land.

D. Much Honour to her Goddesship is due:
But I'd sav'd her the labour, Sir, and you,
Had my Army, fill'd with lusty Fellows,
Not yet been disbanded by the jealous
And mistrustful Parliament, Pox on 'em:
Presumptious Fops, to take that Act upon 'em.
But let that pass; e'er long they'll surely find,
They'd better been more Loyal and more Kind.

L. Sav'd me the Labour, Sir? What do you mean?
I never grutch'd my Labour or my Pain.
You know I had ten thousand Men at Call,
To joyn with you to work these Nations Fall.
If you compare our Actions in this Plot,
You'll find I come not short of you one Jot.
What's all the noise the Rebels made of late
In *Scotland*? Did not I it all create?
Was it not on my Counsel first resolved,
The Old New Parliament should be dissolved:
Or we had both in Ruine been involved?

D. My Lord, all this and more I do allow,
And do my Faith to my Experience owe.
I ne'er meant to detract from your Just Fame;
But to my death I'll still maintain the same,
You are a drudging Rebel; and, by *Jove*,
I'll ne'er forsake you while I stand or move.
But now, My Lord, I feel my self not well;
I therefore kiss your hand, and bid farewell.

FINIS.

Good Deeds ill Requited.

OR

AN ANSWER

TO

INNOCENCE UNVEILD.

BEING

A POEM

In Vindication of Dr. *Oates* and Mr. *Bedloe*.

WIſe *Solomon* has ſaid, 'Tis ſometimes fit
To anſwer one, that has nor *Senſe*, nor *Wit*,
Leſt the vain *Fop* grow wiſe, in's own Conceit.
A *Poem!* Bleſs us, *Muſes!* railing Rhimes,
Where Diſcord only, and no Muſick chimes;
Where *Malice*, and no *Wit* or *Sence* is ſhown,
And Puddle-dirt at worthy men is thrown.
That mortal man in paltry *Rhime* ſhould prate,
Like a ſhe-*Orator* of *Billingsgate*;
Who, if ſhe ever did at *Crambo* play,
Might rail in *Rhime*, and better things would ſay.
Poor quibling Fool did lack ſome *Oaten* drink,
To help inſpire his wooden Wit, I think,
Who his fine *Poem* uſher'd (out upon't!)
With a moſt ſilly *Quibble* in the Front.
Thoſe very Men his Worſhip termeth Fools
Handle edge, better than he rhiming, tools:
And tho theſe men he *Saviours* calls in ſcorn,
And doth with *Coxcombs*, *Fools*, and *Knaves*, adorn
His railing Verſe; they ſhall in Story dwell
In Heav'nly Fame, like Angels that ne'er fell,
Whilſt ſuch as he lie in Oblivions Hell.
What Stuff he's made of, all the world may ſee;
But *Jeſuit*'s Heart won't with *Fool*'s Brain agree.

We can his Spleen however well detect;
Their Evidence he'd make of no effect.
At that alone his ſquinting Verſes look,
A ſafer way indeed than *Reading* took:
But 'twill not do; his *Rhymes* do *Reaſon* lack,
For all the *Law*, of which you ſo much crack:
The Foil'd may riſe, and lay him on his back.
Touch the gall'd back of any furious Beaſt,
He'll bite and kick, or wince and fling at leaſt;
And he that meddles, when the Beaſt does feel,
Had need be guarded well, 'gainſt iron heel.
I am no *Surgeon*, and ſhan't rake in Sore;
The World have Eyes, and I ſhall ſay no more.
If ſome by Black & White, I am content,
Or call a *running Sore* an *Ornament*.
The *Romans* did not cackling *Geeſe* deſpiſe,
Who kept their *Capitol* from a Surpriſe:
But we fling Dirt at men, like unwiſe Sots,
Who have the *Nation* ſav'd from *Jeſuits* Plots.
Since *Jeſuits* can't the Nation now trepan,
They'll do it all the Miſchief that they can,
And with foul *Mouths*, worſe *Pens*, and lying *Notes*,
Rail with full Cry, at *Bedloe*, and at *Oates*.
Who will hereafter *Traytors* Plots make known,
If no Encouragement to theſe are ſhown?
When ſcurrilous *Pamphleteers* ſhall dayly try
To make their Evidence to ſeem a Lye;
To make them *Juglers*, wicked, perjur'd *Knaves*,
Inventors of ſtrange Plots, the worſt of *Slaves*;
Men who of right by us ſhould honour'd be,
Their Names made great to all Poſteritie;
And for Encouragement, and greater Grace,
Their *Statues* ſet up in ſome publick place.
Whate'er that ſcribling *Poetaſter* writes,
Thoſe very *Commons* which his Worſhip ſlights,
May in good time make *Truth* and *Juſtice* known;
And who the *Knaves* are then, will beſt be ſhown.
Then *Oates* and *Bedloe*'s Story will be told,
And 'twill appear they have not been too bold,
But that both *Truth* and *Juſtice* once was ſold.

FINIS.

A SATYR AGAINST COFFEE.

AVoid, *Satanick Tipple*! hence
Thou Murtherer of Farthings, and of *Pence*;
And Midwife to all *falſe Intelligence*!

BRITISH MUSEUM

Avoid, I ſay, of Hell thou art,
For God no liquor doth to man impart,
But that which quenches *Thirſt*, or chears the *Heart*.

Bak'd in a pan, *Brew'd* in a pot,
The third device of him who firſt begot
The Printing Libels, and the Powder-plot.

A *Swill* that needs muſt be accurſt,
And of all ſorts of Drink the very worſt,
By which the *Devils Children* (*Lies*) are nurſt.

Now if I fancy not amiſſe,
Veſpatian, who impos'd Exciſe on Piſs,
Would for no *ſmell of Lucre* ſuffer this.

The Siſter of the common Sewer,
That paſſes through the Reins with Streams impure;
That Robs the Vintner and undoes the Brewer.

For by this poor *Arabian* Berry,
Comes the Neglect of *Malago* and *Sherry*,
And *ſooty Surges* riſe to *Charon's* Ferry.

The Sweat of *Negroes*, Blood of *Moores*,
The Blot of *Sign-poſt*, and the Stain of *doors*,
And *the laſt Shift of Publicans and Whores*.

Give o're you *Whifflers* then! enough;
Convert your *Powder* into Iriſh *Snuff*,
And lay your *Lace* upon ſome richer *Stuff*.

Finis

The Sheeps Skin pull'd off from the Wolfs back:

OR,

The Uncasing of the KNIGHT.

BEING

A Satyrical Copy of Verses

ON

The abominable and treasonable Practices of a Pagan Knight with a Christian Name, now in the *TOWER*.

OF all the Plots we ever yet have read,
That Jesuites hatch'd, or Hell it self has bred,
No one like this did ever yet appear,
Tho this, of Plots, has been a fruitful year.
The *Pagan* Knight, with *Presbyterian* Face,
Shall 'mongst the Chief of Plotters have the place;
And in Hells deep Consults, there's none shall dare,
If he be by, to step into the Chair.
The King of *Spain*, and his proud vaunting Elves,
Plotted our Ruine, but 'twas like themselves;
They came with Arms, with Halters, and with Knives,
To kill the Men; with Lust, t' abuse their Wives.
The Pope, good man, plotted with bloudy Knife,
To take *Elizabeth*'s Renowned Life;
With Curses, Dagger, Pistol, Poyson too,
He honestly did his Designes pursue.
The Jesuits, of Hells Privy-Council sworn,
And all the bald-pate Priests that e'er were shorn,
Plotted at once to blow into the Air
The King, his Issue, Commons, every Peer;
And (like the Tyrant, who but wish'd it) so
To cut a Kingdoms Head off at one Blow.
Those Holy Fathers, with their Secretary,
Who with their Plots, at *Tyburn* did miscarry,
Plotted to take our Soveraigns sacred Life
By Pistol, or by Poyson, Sword, or Knife;
Then to enslave the free Necks of a Nation,
And to bring in a Popish Reformation:

Yet theſe come ſhort of what this Knight would do,
Who did more deviliſh Plots than theſe purſue;
For all their Plots this Knight had made his own,
And them upon the *Proteſtants* had thrown.
Thus, like a Wolf cloath'd in a white Sheeps Caſe,
The Knight appears with Presbyterian Face;
With them he clubs, and hears them preach and pray,
The better onely that he might betray:
For every night the Knight is brought to bed,
Of all the Treacherous Iſſue of his head,
By Mother Midnight, who the impious Brood
Did into nurſing Jeſuits hands intrude.
Hell ſuch a pile of Villany ne'er rear'd,
And ſuch a Plot as this was never heard,
To clear the Guilty (which the Devil ne'er meant)
And to accuſe and damn the Innocent;
To hang up *Dugdale*, *Bedloe*, *Smith*, and *Oates*,
And to make Proteſtants cut Proteſtants Throats;
To ſwear good Patriots honeſt Lives away,
A Liſt of which hidden in Meal-tub lay:
To bring Fire, Sword, War, Dread, and Devaſtation,
And to defile, with innocent bloud, a Nation;
And then to ſet up th' Image of the Beaſt,
To which all men muſt bow, or b'hang'd at leaſt.
But now the Wolf has loſt his outward Caſe,
And he appears with his own wolfiſh Face;
His Popiſh Claws and bloudy Fangs are ſhown,
The counterfeit Sheep for a meer Wolf is known;
And in the *Tower* ſecur'd; he now between
The Lions, Monſters, and worſe Beaſts is ſeen.
Tho with a learn'd Aſtrologer, the Fate
Of Kings and Kingdoms he did oft debate;
And tho the Stars had others Fates made known,
He never in thoſe Books could read his own.
But ſometimes Poets, who are *Vates* too,
Can tell as much as *Gadbury* can do;
And they declare, the wolfiſh Knight will be,
With ſeveral other Traytors, ſuch as he,
Who for ſuch Practices in Holds are pent,
Like wicked Vermine hang'd, next Parliament.

FINIS.

(835)

AN EPITHALAMIUM UPON THE MARRIAGE OF Capt. William Bedloe.

Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus Avena,
Arma virumque Cano.

I, he, who Sung of Humble Oates before,
Now sing a Captain and a Man of WAR.

GOddesses of Rhime, that did inspire
The *Captain* with Poetick fire,
Adding fresh Lawrells to that brow
Where those of Victory did grow,
And statelyer ornaments may flourish now.
If thou art well recover'd since
The *Excommunicated Prince*:
For that Important Tragedy,
Would have kill'd any Muse but Thee;
Hither with speed, oh! hither move,
Pull buskins off, and since to love
The ground is holy that you tread in,
Dance bare-foot at the *Captains* Wedding.
See where he comes, and by his side
His Charming fair Angelick Bride:
Such, or less lovely was the Dame
So much Renown'd, *Fulvia* by name,
With whom of old *Tully* did joyn,
Then when his Art did undermine,
The *Horrid Popish Plot* of *Cateline*.

Oh fairest Nymph of all great *Britain*!
(Though thee my Eyes I never set on)
Blush not on thy great Lord to smile,
The second Saviour of our Isle;
What nobler Captain could have led,
Thee to thy long'd-for marriage bed:
For know that thy all-daring *Will* is
As stout a *Hero* as *Achilles*;
And as great things for thee has done,
As *Palmerin* or th' *Knight of th' Sun*,
And is himself a whole Romance alone.
Let conscious *Flanders* speak, and be,
The Witness of his Chivalry.
Yet that's not all, his very word
Has slain as many as his sword:
Though common Bulleys with their Oaths
Hurt little till they come to blows,
Yet all his *Mouth-Granadoes* kill
And save the pains of drawing steel.

This

This *Hero* thy resistless charms
Have won to fly into thy arms,
For think not any mean design
Or treelingorious ith of thine,
Could ever have his breast contrould,
Or make him be a slave to Gold;
His Love's as freely given to Thee
As to the King his Loyalty.
Then oh receive thy mighty prize
With open arms and wishing eyes,
Kisse that dear face where may be seen
His worth and parts that sculk within,
That face that justly stil'd may be
As true a Discoverer as He.
Think not he ever false will prove,
His well known truth secures his love;
Do you awhile divert his cares
From his important grand affairs;
Let him have respite now a while
From kindling the mad rabbles zeal.
Zeal that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind
Shews plainly where its birth-place we may finde,
In hell, where tho' dire flames for ever glow
Yet 'tis the place of utter darkness too.

But to his bed be sure be true
As he to all the World and you,
He all your wiles will sure betray
That your fine *Machiavills* can lay.
He all designs you know has found,
Tho hatch'd in Hell, or under ground;
Did oft to us such secrets shew
As scarce the Plotters themselves knew,
Yet if by chance you hap to sin (
And love while Honour's napping
Yet be discreet and do not boast
Oth' treason by the common post.
So shalt thou still make him love on
All virtues in Discretion.
So shalt thou him still tame, and be
As great a Patriot as He;
And when, (as now in *Christmass* all
For a new pack of Cards do call,)
Another Popish Pack comes out
To please the Cits, and charm the rout;

Thou mighty Queen shalt whole Sui
Command,
A Crown upon thy Head, and Sceptre
thy Hand.

FINIS.

ON MAN.

A SATYR.

BRITISH MUSEUM

By a Perſon of Honour.

TO what Intent and Purpoſe was Man made,
Who is by Birth to Miſery betray'd!
That in this ſlender Courſe of Life runs thrô
More Plagues than all the Land of *Egypt* knew.
Doctors, Divines, great Diſpenſations, Punns,
Ill-lookt Citizens, and ſcurvy Dunns;
Conceited Laureats, dull, long Opera's,
And thoſe that ne'er were Poets, yet write Plays;
Inſipid Squires, fat Biſhops, Deans and Chapters,
Enthuſiaſts, Prophecies, new Rants and Raptures;
Pox, Gouts, Catarrhs, old Sores, Cramps, Rheums, and Aches,
Half-witted Lords, double-chinn'd Bawds with Patches;
Illiterate Courtiers, Chancery-ſuits for Life,
A tracing Whore, and a moſt tedious Wife;
Raw Innes-of-Court-men, empty Fops, Buffoons,
Bullies Robuſt, raw Aldermen, and Clowns.
Gown-men that argue about, diſcuſs, and prate,
And vent dull Notions of a future State;
Sure of another World, and do not know
Whether they ſhall be ſav'd, or damn'd, or how.
'Twere better therefore that Men had ne'er been,
Than thus Unfortunate. *God ſave the Queen.*

45. b. 28. 131.

FINIS.



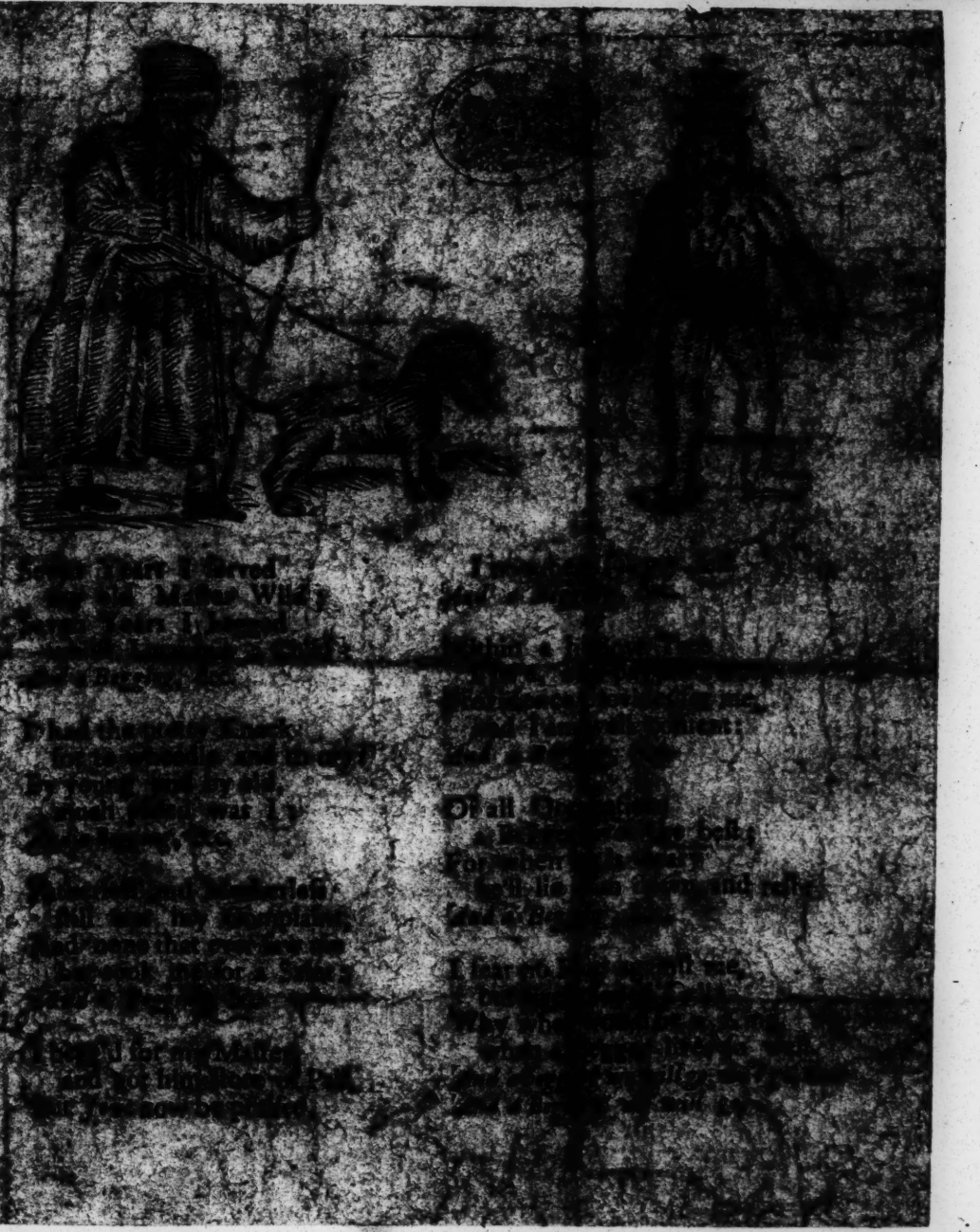
IN the days of old
when Fair *France* did Flourish,
Stories plainly told
Lovers felt annoy:
The King a Daughter had
beauteous, fair, and lovely
Which made her Father glad,
she was his only Joy.
A Prince of *England* came
Whose Deeds did merit Fame
he woo'd her long and long as last
Look what he did require.
She granted his desire
their hearts in one was linked fast
VVhich when her Father proved
Lord how he was moved,
and tormented in his mind
He fought for to prevent them
And to discontentment
Fortune crossed lovers kind.
VVhen these Princes twain,
were thus barr'd of pleasure,
Through the King's Disdain,
which their Joys withstood.
The Lady took up Shipping,
her Jewels and her Treasure
Having no remorse
of State and Royal Blood:
with her only poor Array,
she went from Court away.

So to meet her Love and Friends where
VVho in a Forest near,
Had taken up his seat,
O wait her coming in the Night.
But for to what sudden Danger,
To this Princely Stranger,
changed all be far alone.
By Outlaws he was robbed,
And with a Poniard stabbed
uttering many a dying groan
The Princes armed by him,
and by true Desire
VVanting all that Night,
without dread at all.
Still unknown the pelf,
in her strange Attire,

Coming at the lab
within Eccho's call
You fair wood, quick he
Honoured may you be,
harbouring my Delight,
VVhich doth me comfort
My joy, and only Dear
my trusty Friend and
Sweet I come unto thee
he long and long as last
that thou may'st not angry be,
For my long delaying,
And thy courteous slaying
amends for all I'll make to thee,
Passing thus alone,
through the silent Forest,
Many a grievous groan,
sounded in her ear,
Where she heard a Man
to lament the hard
Chants that ever came,
to her sad thoughts,
Farewel my Dear, quoth he,
VVhom I shall never see,
for why my life is at an end
For thy sweet sake I dye,
Through VVishes cruelly.
to show I am a Faithful Friend
Thus like a bleeding

Then

The Beggers CHORUS IN The Jovial Crew.



An Excellent BALLAD OF THE Noble Marquis and Patient Grissel.

To the Tune of *The Brides Good-morrow.*



A Noble Marquis,
As he did ride a hunting,
Hard by a Forrest side
A fair and comely Maiden:
As she did sit a spinning,
his gentle Eye espied
Most fair and lovely,
And of comely Grace was she,
although in simple attire,
She sung full sweetly
With pleasant voice and melodiously
which set the Lord's heart on Fire.
The more he look'd the more he might.
Beauty bred his Hearts Delight.
And to this Damsel
then he went with speed,
God speed, quoth he, *thou famous Flower,*
Fair Mistress of this homely Bower
where Love and Virtue
dwell with sweet Content.
With comely Gesture
And modest mild behavior
She bids him welcom
She entertained h
In faithful fa
and
Th

Grant me thy Love,
and I will ask no more,
At length she consented,
And being both contented,
they married were with speed.
Her Country Russet
Was changed into Silk and Velvet,
as to her state agreed,
And when that she
Was trimly attired in the same,
her Beauty shined most bright,
Far out-shining every other
Fair and Princely Dame
that did appear in sight.
Many envied her therefore,
Because she was of Parents Poor,
and 'twixt her Lord and she
Great strife did raise.
Some said this, and some said that,
and some did call her *Beggars Brat,*
And to her Lord
They would her oft dispraise.
O Noble Marqis,
Quoth they, *why do you wrong us,*
thus basely her to wed?
Who might have gotten
An honourable Lady
into your Princely Bed;
Who will not now
Your Noble Issue soon deride,
which hereafter shall be born,
of blood so base,
Mothers side,
se which shall bring them in scorn,
her therefore quite away,
d take to you a Lady gay
reby your Lineage
renowned be.
every day they seem'd to prate,
alie'd *Grissels* good Estate,
this while
most patiently.
that the Marquis
that they were thus
ft his faithful wife,
he most courtly,
and indeed

thereby her Foes for to disgrace,
Thinking to shame her
A hard discourteous Part,
that men might pity her Case;
Great with Child this Lady was,
And at the last it came to pass,
Two goodly Children
at one Birth she had,
A Son and Daughter God had sent,
which did their Mother well content,
And which did make
their Father's Heart full glad;
Great Royal Feasting
Was at the Childrens Christning,
and Princely Triumph made
Six weeks together.
All Nobles that came thither
were entertained and staid.
And when that all the pleasant
Sporting quite was done,
The Marquis a messenger sent
For his young Daughter
And his pretty smiling Son,
declaring his full intent,
How that the Babes must murdered be,
For so the Marquis did decree.
Come let me have
Your Children t[o] he said.
With that Fair *Grissel* wept full sore,
She wrung her hands and said no more
My gracious Lord
must have his Will obeyed.
She took the babes,
Even from the Nursing Ladies,
between her tender arms,
She often wishes
with many sorrowful kisses,
that she might ease their harms,
Farewel, Farewel
A thousand times my children dear,
never shall I see you again
Tis long of me
Your sad and woful Mother here
for whose sake both must be slain.
Had I been born of Royal Race,
You might have liv'd in happy case,
But you must die
for my unworthiness.
Come messenger of Death quoth she,
Take my dearest babes to thee,
and to their Father
[illegible]
He [illegible]
T[illegible]

Unto a noble Lady,
to be brought up indeed.
Then to Fair *Grissel*
With a heavy heart he goes,
Where she sat mildly all alone,
A pleasant Gesture
and lovely look she shows
as if no Grief she'd known.
Quoth he, *My Children now are slain,*
What thinks Fair Grissel of the same?
Sweet Grissel now
declare thy mind to me,
Sith you, *my Lord*, are pleas'd with it,
Poor *Grissel* thinks the action fit.
Both I and mine
at your Command will be.
My Nobles murmur
Fair Grissel and at thy Honour;
and I no Joy can have
Till thou be banished
Both from my Court and Presence,
as they unjustly crave,
Thou must be stript
Out of thy stately Garments all,
and as thou cam'st to me.
In homely Grey,
Instead of Silks and purest Pall,
now all thy Cloathing must be,
My Lady thou must be no more,
Nor I thy Lord, which grieveth me,
The poorest Life
must now content thy mind,
A Groat to th e I dare not give,
Thee to maintain while I do live,
against my Grissel
such great Foes I find.
When gentle *Grissel*
Did hear these woful Tidings,
the Tears flood in her Eyes,
Nothing she answered.
No words of Discontentment
did from her Lips arise.
Her Velvet Gown
Most patiently she stripped off,
her Girdle of Silk with the same;
Her Russet Gown (Scoff,
was brought again with many a bitter
to bear them her self she did frame,
when she was dress't in this array,
God send long life
unto thy Lord, quoth she.
Let no Offence be found in this,
[illegible] my Lord

poor *Grissel* she is gone,
Full fifteen Winters
She lived there contented,
no wrong she thought upon,
And at this time through
All the land the Peoples want,
the Marquis should married be
Unto a Noble Lady
Of high Descent,
and to the same all parties did agree.
The Marquis sent for *Grissel*
The Brides Bed-chamber to prepare,
That nothing therein
might be found awry.
The Bride was with her Brother come,
Which was great joy to all and some,
But *Grissel* took all this
most patiently,
And in the Morning
When as they should be wedded,
Her patience there was try'd,
Grissel was charged
Her self in friendly manner
for to attire the Bride,
Most willingly
She gave consent to do the same,
The bride in Bravery was dress'd
And presently
The Noble Marquis thither came,
With all his Lords at his request,
O Grissel, I will ask of thee,
If to this match thou will agree,
Methinks thy Looks
are waxen wondrous coy,
With that they all began to smile,
And *Grissel* she replied the while,
God send Lord Marquis
many years of joy.
The Marquis was moved
To see his best beloved,
thus patient in Distress,
He stept unto her,
And by the Hand he took her,
these words he did express,
Thou art my Bride,
And all the Babes I mean to have,
these two are thine own Children be,
The youthful Lady
On her Knees fell pardon to crave,
Her own Brother as well as she,
And you that envy her Estate,
Whom I have made my chiefest Mate,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Robin Hood's Progress TO Nottingham.





RObin Hood he was a tall Young man,
derry derry down,
And fifteen winters old,
And Robin Hood he was a proper young man
Of courage stout and bold:
hey down derry derry down,

Robin Hood he would unto Nottingham,
derry, derry down,
With the General for to Dine,
There was he aware of fifteen Forresters
And a drinking beer ale ale, and wine,
hey down derry derry down.

What news, what news, said bold Robin Hood
derry, derry down.
What news fain would thou know?
Our King hath provided a shooting match,
And I'm ready with my bow,
hey down derry derry down.

We hold it in scorn said the fifteen Forresters
derry, derry down,
That ever a boy so young,
Should bear a bow before our King,
That's not able to draw one string:
hey down derry derry down.

I'll hold you twenty marks, said bold Robin Hood
derry, derry down,
By the leave of our Lady;
That I'll hit the mark an hundred rod,
And I'll cause one hart to dye:
hey down derry derry down.

We'll hold you twenty marks, then said the Forresters
derry, derry down.
By the leave of our Lady,
Thou hast not the mark of an hundred rod,
Nor causest one hart to dye,
hey down derry derry down.

Robin Hood he bent his noble bow,
derry, derry down.
And a broad arrow he let fly:
He hit the mark an hundred rod,
And he caused one hart to dye,
hey down derry derry down.

Some said he broke ribs one or two,
derry, derry down,
And some said he broke three;
The arrow in the hart would not abide,
But it glanced in two or three:
hey down derry derry down.

The hart did skip and the hart did leap,
derry, derry down,
And the hart lay on the ground,
The wager is mine said bold Robin Hood,
derry, derry down,
Though thou be'st in haste?
Take up thy bow and get thee hence,
Least we thy fides do baste:
hey down derry derry down.

Robin Hood he took up his noble bow,
derry, derry down,
And his broad arrows again,
And Robin he laugh'd and began to smile,
As he went ore the plain:
hey down derry derry down.

Then Robin Hood he bent up his noble bow,
derry, derry down,
And his broad arrows he let fly,
Till fourteen of these fifteen Forresters,
Upon the ground did lye:
hey down derry derry down.

He that this Quarrel first began,
derry, derry down,
Went tripping over the plain,
But Robin Hood he being nimble footed,
And he fetch'd him back again,
hey down derry derry down.

You told me I was an Archer, said bold Robin Hood
derry, derry down,
But fay to my marks,
With these two broad arrows,
Which I have by me,
hey down derry derry down.

You have found me an Archer, said bold Robin Hood
derry, derry down,
Which will make your wives to weep,
And with their tender babes to cry,
That I am not able one string:
hey down derry derry down.

The People that lived in fair Nottingham,
derry, derry down,
Came running out amain,
Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,
With the fifteen Forresters that were slain,
hey down derry derry down.

Some left their wives and some left their maids,
hey down derry derry down.
And some their dear children,
But Robin Hood he took up his noble bow,
And is gone to the merry green wood,
hey down derry derry down.

They carry'd these Forresters to fair Nottingham,
derry derry down.
As many there did know,
hey down derry derry down.
They dig'd them graves in stead of beds,
And laid them there in a row,
hey down derry derry down.

(845)

The two Constant LOVERS:
OR, A
PATTERN of true LOVE,
EXPREST
In this Dialogue between Samuel and Sarah, &c.

To a pleasant new Tune, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Licensed and Enter'd according to Order.





AS I by chance was walking,
on a Summer's day,
I heard two Lovers talking,
and thus they did say,
With a mournful ditty,
she began her tale,
Which mov'd my heart with pity
her sorto bevail:

Sarah] My Love I have desired
for to speak with you,
My heart within was fired,
until that I knew,
Whether you were living,
in good health or no,
My heart it was grieved,
until I did know.

Samuel] Why Sweet-heart, what ails thee,
thus for to complain?
Let not ill befal thee,
thou shalt me obtain:
Though I were absented
from thee for a space,
I'll not be prevented
of thy comly face.

Sar.] *Samuel* my own Sweeting,
I to thee must tell,
In a heavy greeting,
what hath us befel:
My friends do grudge and murmur,
and to me did say,
That we must part asunder,
or else they'll thee destroy.



Sam.] My Love be not grieved,
though thy friends do frown,
Thou shalt be relieved,
none shall put thee down:
I for thy sweet favour
will adventure much,
Though thy friends and brother
do against me grutch.

Sar.] O my own dear Sweeting,
I am griev'd in heart,
That I give thee such greeting,
for to breed thy smart;
Barnwel my own brother,
Captain being he,
Swears that of all other,
killed thou shalt be.

Sam.] *Sarah* be not fearful,
though thy Brother swear,
Of thy life be careful,
I no Man do fear:
What care I for *Barnwel*,
though he a Captain be,
He shall find that *Samuel*
is as good as he.

Sar.] O my loving *Samuel*,
look where he doth go,
'Tis my brother *Barnwel*,
now begins our woe:
Would that we together
had not met this day,
O my *Judas* brother
will thy life betray.

Now comes Captain *Barnwel*
to these Lovers twain,
And made account that *Samuel*
he should soon have slain;
But it prov'd contrary
to his bloody mind,
In the sight of *Sarah*
conquest he resign'd.

Then said he to *Samuel*,
What do you do here?
I'm with my Sweet-heart *Sarah*
put her not in fear:
Barnwel in a fury,
swore he would prevent
His own sister *Sarah*
of her heart's content.

Sar.] O my brother *Barnwel*,
let me you intreat,
Not to wrong my *Samuel*
in your bloody heat:
He hath ne'r offended
you at any time,
Let him not be condemned,
save his life take mine.

Ay, says Captain *Barnwel*,
Sarah thou shalt see;
Then he call'd to *Samuel*,
Come and answer me?
I thy death have vowed
e're I further go.
Then sweet *Sarah* bowed,
saying, Do not so,
Samuel being fearful
of his tyranny,
Says, *Sarah* be not fearful,
thou anon shalt see,
Though thy brother *Barnwel*,
vow my life to spill,
Thou shalt see that *Samuel*,
hath both strength and skill.

Now these words being spoken,
they to weapons go,
Samuel gave him a token
with a dreadful blow;
And withal he closed
with his enemy;
Then *Barnwel* he supposed,
that himself should dye:

Then says loving *Samuel*,
Are you now content?
Ay, says Captain *Barnwel*,
and withal consent,
That my sister *Sarah*
shall be made thy wife,
So thou wilt but spare me,
and not take my life.

Thus in peace they ceased
for the present time,
Sarah much was eased
of her troubled mind;
And enjoy'd her *Samuel*
to her hearts content;
And her brother *Barnwel*
gave his free consent.

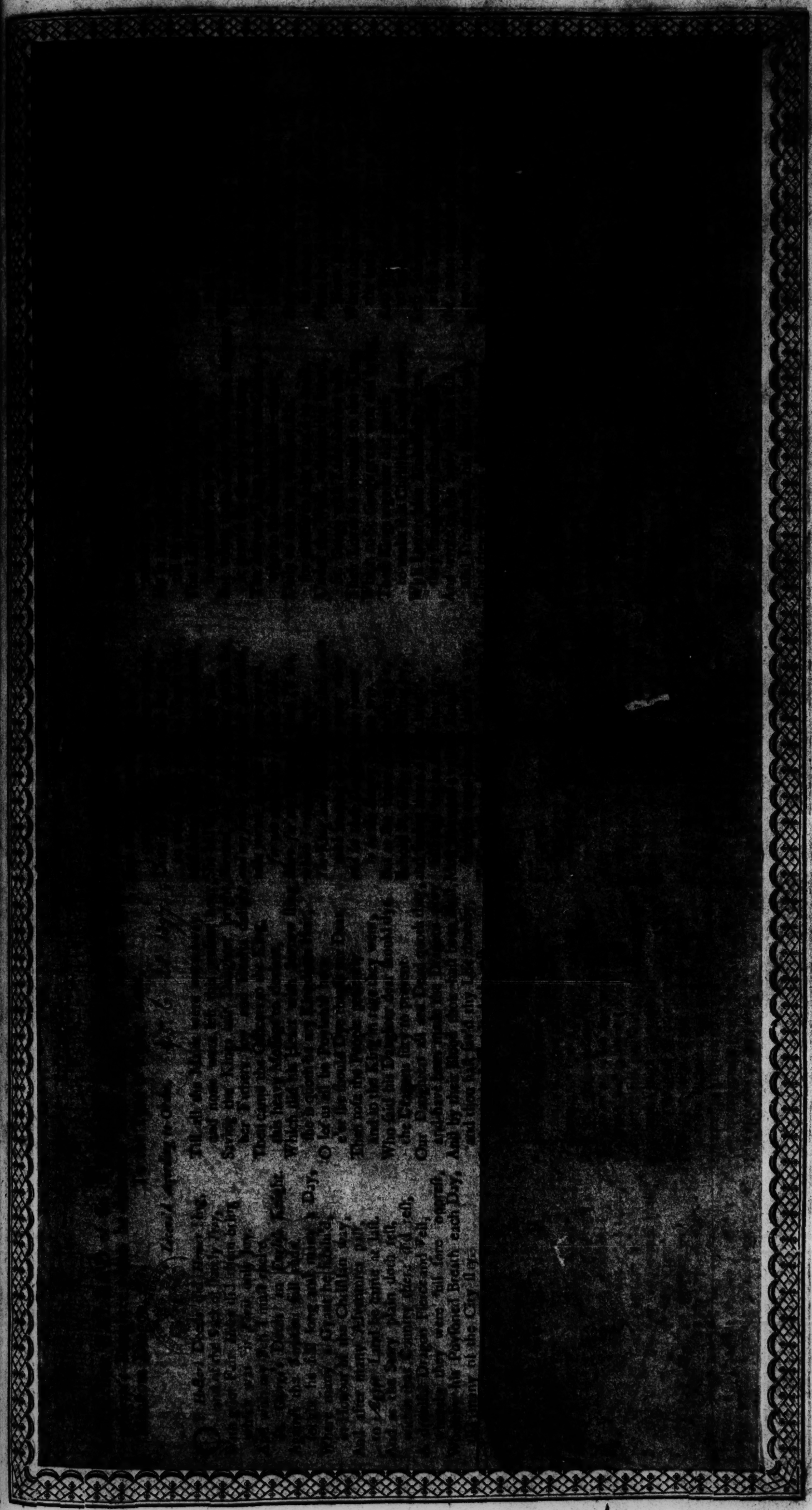
Now these Lovers twain,
live in joy and peace,
Pray Heaven upon them rain
plenty and increase:
And all true Lovers,
wheresoe'er they be,
Aid them with thy favour,
that have such constancy.

Printed by and for W. O. and sold by the Booksellers.

45. L. 28 1396.

(84)

(1849)



An Excellent BALLAD of St. GEORGE for England and the King of Egypt's Daughter whom he delivered from Death, and how he slew a Monstous Dragon, &c.

To the Tune of *Flying Fame.*

Licens'd according to Order. 45. 6. 28. 1697.

OF *Hectors* Deeds did *Homer* Sing,
and of the Sack of stately *Troy*,
With grief Fair *Helen* did them bring
which was Sir *Paris* only Joy.
And with my Pen I must recite,
St. George's Deeds an *English* Knight.
Against the *Saracens* full rude,
fought he full long and many a Day,
Where many a Gyant he subdu'd,
in Honour of the Christian way,
And after many Adventures past,
to *Ægypt* Land he came at last.
And as the Story plain doth tell,
within that Country there did rest,
A dreadful Dragon Fierce and Fell,
whereby they were full sore oppress,
Whereby his Poysoned Breath each Day,
did many of the City slay.
The grief whereof did grow so great,
throughout the Limits of the Land
That they their Wise-men did increat,
to shew their cunning Art out of hand,
Which way they might this Dragon destroy
that did their Country sore annoy.
The Wise-men all stood before the King,
and fram'd the Matter Incontinent,
The Dragon none to Death might bring,
by any means they could invent.
His Skin more hard then Brass was found,
that Sword or Spear cou'd pierce or wound
When the People understood,
they Cryed out most piteously,
The Dragons Breath infects their Blood,
that they each Day in heaps did Dye,
Amongst them such a Plague it bred,
the Living scarce could bury the Dead.
No means there was that they could find,
for to appease the Dragons rage,
But by a Virgin pure and kind,
whereby he might his Fury swage.
Each day he should a Maiden eat,
for to slay his Hunger great,
This thing by Art the Wise-men found
which truly must observed be,
Wherefore throughout the City round,
a Virgin pure of good degree,
Was by the Kings Commission still
took up to serve the Dragons will.
Thus did the Dragon every Days
a Maiden of the Town destroy.
Till all the Maids were worn away.
and none were left this present hour,
Saving the Kings fair Daughter bright,
her Fathers Joy and Hearts delight,
Then came the Officers to the King,
this heavy Message to declare,
Which did his Heart with Sorrow sting,
she is quoth he my Kingdoms Heir,
O let us all be Poyson'd here
e'er she should Dye that is my Dear,
Then rose the People presently
and to the King in rage they went,
Who said his Daughter dear should dye
the Dragons fury to prevent.
Our Daughters all are Dead quoth they,
and have been made the Dragons prey
And by their Blood thou hast been Blest,
and thou hast sav'd thy Life thereby,
And now in Justice it doth rest
for us thy Daughter to should Die.
O save my Daughter said the King
and let me feel the Dragons sting
Then fell fair *Sabrine* on her Knee,
and to her Father then did say,
O Father strive not thus for me
but let me be the Dragons prey
It may be for my sake alone
this Plague upon the Land is flown.
Tis better I should Die the said,
then all your Subjects perish quite,
Perhaps the Dragon here is laid,
for my Offence to work his spight,
and after he has suckt my Gore,
Your land shall know the grief no more.
what hast thou done, my Daughter dear,
for to deserve this heavy scourge?
It is my fault it shall appear,
which makes the Gods the state to grudge
then ought I die to stint the Strife,
and to preserve thy happy life.
Like Mad-men all the people cry'd,
thy Death to us can do no good,
Our Safety only doth abide
to make thy Daughter Dragons Food.
Loe here I am, O then, (quoth she)
therefore do what you will with me.
Nay stay dear daughter quoth the *Queen,*
and as thou art a Virgin bright,
that hath for virtue famous been,
so let me cloath thee all in white,
and crown thy head with Flowers sweet,
an ornament for Virgins meet,
and when she was attired so,
according to her Mothers mind,
Unto the Stake then did she go,
to which they did this Virgin bind,
and being bound to stake and thrall,
She bid farewel unto them all.
Farewel, dear Father, then quoth she,
and my sweet Mother meek and mild,
take you no thought for me,
for you may have another Child.
Here for my Country's Good I'll die,
which I receive most willingly.
The King and Queen with all their train,
with weeping eyes they went away
and let their Daughter there remain,
to be the hungry Dragons prey.
But as she there did weeping lie,
Behold *St. George* came riding by,
and seeing there a Lady bright,
fast tied to the stake that day,
Most like unto a valiant Knight
straight unto her did take his way.
Tell me sweet Maiden, then quoth he
What Person thus abused thee,
And lo by Christ his Cross I vow,
which here is Figured on my Breast
I will revenge it on his brow,
and break my Lance upon his crest.
And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The Dragon issued out of the Wood.
The Lady that did first espy,
the dreadful Dragon coming so,
Unto *St. George* aloud did cry
and willed him away to go,
Here comes that ugly Fiend quoth she,
that soon will make an end of me.
St. George then looking round about,
the fiery Dragon soon espy'd,
And like a Knight of Courage stout
against him he did fiercly Ride:
And with such Blows he did him greet
That he fell under the Horses Feet.
For with a Launce that was so strong,
as he came gaping in his Face,
In at his Mouth he thrust it along,
the which could pierce no other place,
And there within this Ladies view,
This dreadful Dragon there he slew.
The savour of his poysoned Breath,
could do this Christian Knight no harm,
Thus did he save the Lady from Death,
and home he led her by the Arm:
Which when *Ptolomy* did see,
There was great Joy and Melody.
When as the Knight had slain the Dragon in the Field.
And brought the Lady to the Court,
whose sight with Joy their Hearts fill'd.
He in the *Egyptian* Court then staid,
till he most falsly was betray'd.
The Lady *Sabrine* lov'd him well,
he counted her his only Joy,
But when their Loves was open known,
It prov'd *St. George's* great anoy
The *Morocco* King was in the Court,
who to the Orchard did resort,
Daily to take the pleasant Air.
for pleasures sake he us'd to walk,
Under the Wall, whereas he heard,
St. George with Lady *Sabrine* talk.
Their Loves he revealed to the King,
Which to *St. George* great woe did bring.
These Kings together did devise,
to make this Christian Knight away.
With Letters him Ambassador sent,
they straightway sent to *Persia,*
And wrote to the *Sophy* him to Kill,
and Treachously his Blood to Spill,
Thus they for good did him reward
with Evil and most subtilty
By such vile means they did devise
to work his Death most cruely
While he in *Persia* did abode,
He straight destroy'd each Idol God,
Which being done he straight was flung,
into a Dungeon dark and deep
But when he thought upon his Wrong,
he bitterly did wail and weep,
Yet like a Knight of Courage stout,
Forth of the Dungeon he got out,
And in the Night three Horse-keepers,
this valiant Knight by power slew
Although he lasted many a Day,
and then away from thence he flew,
On the best Steed the *Sophy* had,
Which when he knew he was full glad
Then into Christendom he came
and met a Giant by the way.
With him in Combat he did fight,
most valiandy a Summers day
Who yet for all his bars of Steel
was forc'd the sting of death to feel
From Christendom the valiant knight.
then with war like Shoulders past,
Vowing upon that heathen Land.
to work revenge which at the last,
E'er thrice three years was gone and spent.
He did unto his great content,
Save only Egypt land be spared,
for Sabrine bright her only sake.
[illegible] (1699)
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

THE

Coy COOK-MAID

Who was Courted importunately by *Irish*, *English*, *French* and *Dutch*, but at last was Conquered by an *English* Taylor.

Tune of, *There was a Brisk Lass, &c.* Licens'd according to Order.



45. L. 28 18 f.

One scrub'd up her Rooms, made all things clean,
The Tables, the Chairs, and the edge of the Skreen,
She scour'd each Piss-pot and Pewter-dish,
Made every thing clean as Heart could wish;
Her Pewter and Brass was so very clear,
Representing a Glass she oft drew near
To dress up her Head, and curle her Hair;
None amongst twenty with her could compare.

She made her Plumb-pottage and sweet Minced pies,
The Roast-beef was laid down when she did rise,
Dinner was ready, and dress'd so well,
Not one amongst twenty could them excel;
They prais'd her so much that I am given to know,
And then she began to weare cloud,
I will have a Husband, she hee'rd,
A pretty young Man to lye by my side.

(837)

The GOOD CHRISTIANS Complaint;

OR,

Poor CHARITY's *Languishing Lamentation in a late long and tedious*

Seeing *Pride*, *Envy*, *Hatred*, *Malice*, with many other Vices, Nourish'd like Darlings in the Bosome of Mankind whilst *Love* and *Mercy*, *Truth* and *Charity*, did unregarded Wander like strange Pilgrims.

Concluding with a Seasonable Exhortation to a Christian Life.

Licensed according to Order.







AS *Truth* was passing through the open Street,
It was his chance poor *Charity* to meet,
Distressed in the bitter Frost and Snow,
And for Relief the knew not where to go.

If *Charity* amongst the Son[illegible]men,
Was freely entertain'd, ho[illegible]ppy then
Would Christians be, they [illegible]dily forgive
All Wrongs, and herein L[illegible]Friendship live.

Then what becomes [illegible]
And all the Glo[illegible]
They lye within the [illegible]
Then why should M[illegible]

[illegible]

A BALLAD of King HENRY II. and the Miller

and how he was entertained and Lodged at the Millers House, and of their pleasant Conversation. *To the Tune of* The French Levalto, &c.

HEre's our Royal King would ride a hunting,
To the green Forest so pleasant and fair,
Where the Hart chased, & dainty Does tripping,
unto merry *Sherwood*, his Nobles repair:
Hawk and Hound was unbound, all things prepar'd,
For the Game, to the Game, with good regard,
All a long Summers day rode the King pleasantly,
with all his Princes and Nobles each one,
Chasing the hart and hind, and buck gallantly,
till the dark evening forced him to turn home:
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite,
All his Lords in the Wood, late in dark Night;
Wandring thus warily all alone up and down,
with a rude Miller he met at the last:
Asking the ready way unto fair *Nottingham*,
Sir, quoth the Miller, *your way you have lost*:
I't I think what I think, truth for to say,
You do not likely ride out of your way.
Why what dost think of me, quoth our King merrily,
passing thy judgment upon me so brief?
Good faith, said the Miller, *I mean not to flatter thee,*
I guess thee to be but some Gentleman Thief;
Stand thee back in the dark, light thee not down,
Lest that I presently crack thy Knaves Crown.
Thou hast abus'd me much, qd. the King saying thus,
I am a Gentleman and Lodging do lack.
Thou hast not, qd. the Miller, *one Groat in thy Purse,*
all thy Inheritance hangs on thy back. 145.
I have Gold to discharge all that I call, 6 / 28.
If it be Forty Pence, I will pay all.
If thou beest a True Man, then quoth the Miller, *I dare*
I sware by my Tole-Dish I'll lodge thee all Night.
Here's my hand, quoth the King, that was I ever,
Nay soft, quoth the Miller, *thou may'st be a Spright,*
Better I'll know thee e'er hands I will take,
With none but honest men hands will I shake.
Thus they went all along unto the Millers house,
where they were seething of Puddings & Souse;
The Miller first entred in, then after him the King,
never came he in so smoaky a House;
Now (quoth he) *let me see here what you are.*
Quoth our King, look your fill, and do not spair.
I like thy Countenance, thou hast an honest Face,
with my Son Richard *this Night thou shalt lie.*
Quoth his Wife, *By my troth it is a handsome Youth,*
yet it is best Husband for to deal warily:
Art thou not a Run-away, prithee Youth tell?
Shew me thy Pass-port and all shall be well.
Then our King presently, making low Courtesy,
with his Hat in his Hand thus he did say,
I have no Pasport, nor ever was Servitor,
but a poor Courtier rode out of my way:
And for your Kindess here offered me,
I will requite it in every Degree.
Then to the Miller his Wife whispered secretly,
saying, *It seems this Youth's of good Kin,*
both by his Apparel, and eke by his Manners,
to turn him out, certainly it were a great sin.
Yea, quoth he, *you may see he hath some Grace*
Well, quoth the Millers wife, *since Man welcome here,*
and though I say it, well Lodg'd thou shalt be,
Fresh Straw thou shalt have, let me thy Bed so prepare,
good Sheets likewise, quoth she.
Ay, quoth the good Man, *and when that is done,*
You shall lie with no worse than our own Son.
Nay soft, quoth Richard, *Good fellow tell me true,*
hast thou no Creepers within thy Gay Hose?
Or art thou not troubled with the Scabbado?
I pray, quoth our King, what things are those?
Art thou not Lousy nor Scabby? quoth he,
If thou beest, surely thou liest not with me.
This caus'd the King suddenly to laugh most heartily,
till the Tears trickled down from his Eyes;
Then to their Supper were they set orderly,
with a hot Bag-pudding and good Apple pies;
Nappy Ale good and stale, in a brown Bowl,
Which did about the Board merrily troul.
Here, quoth the Miller, *Good fellow I'll drink to thee,*
and to all Courtnals wheresoever they be.
I'll pledge you (quoth our King) and thank you heartily,
for your good welcome in every degree.;
And here in like manner I'le drink to your Son.
Do so (quoth Richard) *but quick let it come.*
Wife (quoth the Miller) *fetch me forth Light-foot,*
that we of his sweetness a little may taste.
A fair Venison Pasty then brought she forth presently,
Eat (quoth the Miller) *but Sir make no waste.*
Here's dainty Light-foot in faith (said our King)
I never before did eat so dainty a thing.
I wis (laid Richard) *no dainty at all it is,*
for we do eat of it every day.
In what place (said our K) may be bought like to this?
We never pay Penny for it by fay:
From merry Sherwood *we fetch it home here,*
Now and then we make bold with our Kings Deer.
Then I think (said our King) that it is Venison.
Each Fool (quoth Richard) *full well may see that;*
Never are we without two or three under the Roof,
very well fleshed and exellent fat:
But prithee say nothing where-ever thou go,
We would not for Two-pence the King should it know.
Doubt not (then said the King) my promised secrecy,
the King shall never know more on't for me.
A Cup of Lambs-wool they drank to him then,
and to their beds they past presently.
The Nobles next morning went all up and down,
For to seek out the King in every Town,
At last at the Millers house soon they espy'd him plain,
as he was mounting on his fair Steed,
To whom they came presently falling upon their knee,
which made the Millers heart wofully bleed;
Shaking and quaking before them he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd by the Road.
The King perceiving him fearful and trembling,
drew forth his Sword and nothing he said,
The Miller down did fall, crying before them all,
doubting the King would have cut off his head:
But his kind Courtesy for to requite,
Gave him a Living, and made him a Knight.

A pleasant Talk of the King and Miller, shewing how he came to dine with his Wife and Son, and what merry Conceits passed between the King and them.

WHen as our Royal King came home from *Nottingham*
And with his Nobles at *Westminster* lay,
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had tane,
In their late Progress along by the way:
Of the Archery great and small he did protest,
But the Miller of *Mansfield*'s sport liked him best.
Quoth he my Lords, qd. the King I am determined
Against St. *George*'s next a sumptuous feast,
That the old Miller our last confirmed Knight,
With his Son *Richard* shall both be my Guest,
For in this merriment it is my desire
To talk with the jolly Knight and the young Squire.
When as the Lords saw the Kings pleasantness,
They were right joyful and glad in their Hearts.
A Purse vant there was sent straight on the business,
The which had oftentimes been in those Parts.
When he came to the place where he did dwell,
His message orderly then he did tell.
God save your Worship, then said the messengers
and grant your Lady her hearts desire;
And to your Son *Richard* good fortune and happiness,
that sweet young Gentleman & gallant young Squire
Our King greets you all, and thus doth say,
You must come to the Court on St. *George*'s Day,
Therefore in any case fail not to be in place.
I wis (quoth the Miller) *this is an odd Jest*;
What should we do there? be said, faith I am half afraid.
I doubt (quoth Richard) *he hang'd me the least.*
Nay (quoth the Messenger) you do mistake,
Our King has provided a great Feast for your sake.
Then (said the Miller) *now by my troth messenger,*
thou hast contented my Worship full well;
Hold, here's three farthings to quit thy great Gentleness
for these happy tidings which thou dost me tell;
Let me see, here's to thee, tell to our King,
We'll wait on his Mastership in every thing.
The Purse vant smiled at their simplicity,
and making many Legs took their Reward:
And taking then his leave with great humility,
to the King's Court again he repair'd:
Shewing unto his Grace in each Degree,
The Knights most liberal Gift and Bounty.
When he was gone away, thus did the *Miller* say,
Here comes expinces and charges indeed,
Now we must needs be brave, though we spend all we have,
for of new Garments we have great need:
Of Horses and Serving-men we must have store,
With Bridles and Saddles and twenty things more.
Tush, *Sir John*, quoth his wife, never fret nor frown,
you shall be at no more Charges for me,
For I will turn and trim up my old Russet Gown,
with every thing as fine as may be;
And on our Mill-Horses full swift we will ride,
With Pillows and Pannels as we shall provide.
In this most stately sort rode they unto the Court,
Their jolly Son *Richard* formost of all,
Who set up by good hap, a Cocks feather in his Cap,
and so they jetted down towards the King's Hall.
The merry old Miller with his hand on his mare,
The which he Maid made a courtesie at that tide,
The King and his Nobles that heard of his coming
meeting that gallant Knight with his brave train,
Welcome Sir Knt. quoth he, with this your gay Lady,
good Sir *John Cockle* once welcome again;
And so this Squire of Courage so free.
Quoth Dick, *whoop, sir you, do you know me?*
Quoth our King gently, how should I forget thee?
thou wast my own Bed-fellow well that I wot:
But I think of a trick, tell me that pridue Dick,
how thou with farting didst make the Bed hot?
Thou Whoreson happy Knave, then quoth the Knight,
Speak cleanly to our King, or else go fute.
The King and his Courtiers heartily laught at this,
while the King took them both by the hand;
With Ladies and their Maids, like to the Queen of
the Millers wife did so orderly stand; [Spades,
A Milk-maid's Courtesy at every word,
And down the Folks were set at the Side-board:
Where the King royally in Princely Majesty
sat at his Dinner with joy and delight;
When they had eaten well, to jesting then they fell,
taking a bowl of Wine drank to the Knight:
Here's to you both, he said, in Wine, Ale and Beer,
Thanking you all for your Country Cheer.
Quoth Sir John Cockle, *I'le pledge you a Pottle,*
were it the best Ale in Nottinghamshire.
But then said our King, I do think of a thing,
some of your Light-foot I would we had here,
Ho, he, quoth Richard, *full well may I say it,*
'Tis Knowery to eat, and therto hungry it.
Why art thou angry? quoth our King merrily,
in faith I take it very unkind; [heartily,
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in Ale and Wine
You're like to stay, quoth Dick, *till I have din'd,*
You feed us with wrestling Dishes so small,
Zounds a Black pudding is better than all.
Ay marry, quoth our King, that were a dainty thing,
if a man could get one here for to eat:
With that *Dick* arose, and pluckt one out of his hose,
which with heat of his Arse began for to sweat;
The King made a profer to snatch it away,
'Tis meat for your Master, good Sir you must stay.
Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent,
and then the Ladies prepared to dance,
Old Sir *John Cockle* and *Richard* incontinent
unto this practice the King did advance;
Here with the Ladies such sport they did make,
The Nobles with laughing did make their hearts ake.
Many thanks for their pains did the King give them,
asking young *Richard* if he would be wed,
Among these Ladies free, tell me which liketh thee;
Quoth he, Jugg Grumbol *with the red Head,*
She's my love, she's my life, she will I wed,
She hath sworn I shall have her Maiden-head.
Then Sir *John Cockle* the King call'd unto him,
and of merry *Sherwood* made him Overseer,
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearly
And may'st the head you stand, be Master of my Deer,
And once a Quarter let them have your Keeper,
And then Sir John Cockle

BRITISH MUSEUM

ROGER's Delight;

OR,

The *West* Country Christning and Gossiping.



WHen Sol had left his weary Teams,
and turn'd his Steeds a Grazing,
Ten Fathom deep in Neptune's Streams,
he his Thetis lay Embracing;

The Stars tript in the Firmament,
like School-Boys on a Play-day;
The Country Lasses a Mumming went,
like Milk maids on a May-day.

Then apace grew on the Grey-ey'd Morn,
when the herds-man's Flocks were Low-
[ing,
And among the Poultry in the Barn,
the Plow-Man's Cocks were Crowing:
Whilst Roger he Dreamt of Golden Joys,
was wak'd by a Revel-Rout, Sir,
But Cicely she tells him he needs must
[rise,
for his Juggy was crying out Sir.

Not half so merry the Cup went round,
at the Tapping of good Ale Firkin,
Then Roger his Hose and Shoes had found
and button'd his Leather Jerkin,
Grey Mare was Sadd'd with wondrous
[speed,
with Pillion and Buttock'd aright, Sir,
And for an old Midwife away he rode,
to bring the poor Kid to light, Sir,

Oh! good Mother I pray get up,
for the Fruits of my Labour it's now
[come,
And there it lyes struggling in Juggy's
[Womb,
But it cannot get out till you come,
I'll help her quoth she, tho' Hag peevish
thy Juggy shall be well again Boy,
And I'se warrant that I'se get the Kid out,
as well as ever a Midwife in Devon.

Grey Mare they mount, and away they
[ride,
no whip nor Spur was wanting;
As soon as the old Hag enter'd the Room,
then Hoop cry'd out the Banbing:
A Female Chit, so small it was born,
you might put it into a Flaggon,
And it must be Christen'd that very Morn
for fear it should die a Pagan.

Then Robin and Doll, with constant Kate
were Gossips for this great Christning,
And the good Wives did merrily prate,
Whilst Juggy in bed lay listning:
They talk'd of this, and they talk'd of that
Of Chatting they were not sparing,
Some said it was so small a Brat,
'Twas hardly worth the rearing.

Then Roger he strutted about the Hall,
As great as the Prince of Conde,
What if her Brats they are but small
They will be bigger one Day!

What if her Legs and Thighs lie close,
As little as any Spider,
You need not fear, e'er Seventeen Years,
She'll fill them a little wider:

For then she'll be a Woman grown,
Will lay Five Pounds in Money,
And have a little one of her own,
As well as Jug my Honey:
There will be joyful Days to see,
I'll study for to advance her,
That Juggy may a Granny be,
Then I shall be a Grandsire.

Then Nappy Ale went fairly round,
as brown as any Berry,
With which the good wives being crown'd
they all were Brisk and Merry,
Then Roger he turn'd Cups over his
[Thumb,
to every honest Neighbour,
Saying, A Twelve Month hence pray
[come,
once more to my Juggy's Labour.

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The Bubblers Bubbled, or the Devil take the Hindmost.



The *Glouceſter-ſhire* TRAGEDY:

The LOVERS Down-Fall.

For ſome time this paſt on,
And a young Gentleman,
That lived near at hand,
a wooing came.
One thouſand Pounds a Year,
His Father had we hear,
And he his only Heir
unto the ſame.
When to her Father come,
His Buſineſs he made known,
For whoſe dear Sake alone,
he him addreſt.
Sir, if you'll give, he cry'd,
Your Daughter for my Bride,
Sure no Man e'er beſide,
can be more bleſt.
Her Father cunningly,
Did make him this Reply,
Your Suit I'll not deny,
keep in Mind:
[illegible] they'd fix their Love
[illegible] Powers above,
[illegible] did prove,
[illegible] with him.

Then in great Diſcontent,
He to his Lady went,
And ſadly did lament
this his hard Caſe.
Saying, *Dear Lady bright,*
'm ruin'd, ruin'd quite,
Your Father does me ſlight,
and proves moſt baſe.
He'll not conſent, he cry'd,
That you ſhou'd be my Bride,
Oh! What will me betide?
I am undone.
Now I have fix'd my Love,
He moſt unkind does prove,
Pity, ye Powers above,
a poor young Man.
Then did he ſadly weep,
Grieving and ſighing deep,
And at his Lady's Feet,
fell in a Swoond.
This griev'd her to the Heart,
Of Love ſhe felt the Smart,
As in the enſuing part,
will ſoon be found.

[illegible] Sir, to you.
I will moſt conſtant prove,
No other will I love;
Witneſs ye Gods above
to what is ſaid.
But ceaſe for to lament,
And ſtrive to be Content;
For without his Conſent
I will not wed.
When ſhe theſe Words had ſpeak
He ſigh'd as Heart would break
Saying, Love, for your ſake,
ruin'd am I.
I'll ſay no more than this
Give me one parting Kiſs:
Now farewel Earthly Bliſs
Eternally.
Then from her he did go,
With a Heart fill'd with Woe,
To work his Overthrow
reſolvedly.
Some Poiſon ſtrong he took,
Which quickly did his Work,
Ah he this world forſook!
moſt wretchedly.

At which the Curtain ſhe
Put back immediatly,
And the pale Ghoſt did ſee
At her Bed's ſide.
It cloth'd was in White,
Holding a Torch ſo Bright,
At this moſt diſmal Sight
ſhe ſhriek'd and cry'd.
The Ghoſt then thus did ſpeak,
I died for your ſake,
'Twas love my Heart did break
moſt certainly:
The Morning Cock I fear,
Won't let me long ſtay here,
Then if you love me, Dear,
ſtill follow me.
The Ghoſt a Dead-mans Skull
Did hold, with Poiſon full,
Saying, come drink your fill,
of this black Cup;
[illegible] Fate,
[illegible] before,
[illegible] hundreds paſt,
[illegible] me.

The Poiſon wrack'd her Heart
Working in every part,
Death with his fatal Dart
the Wound had gave,
In woeful Miſery,
ſhe did expecting lie,
Each Minute for die,
upon his Grave.
All in this ſtate ſhe lay,
Until the ſilent Day,
Young-man paſt that way
A and her did view.
Fair Lady to me tell,
What chance has you held,
I fear all is not well,
that you die ſo.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
And both in
in a Lane
which
Heaven
That
to Love
Both
They
Above
in
Many
Some
Of
Many
Some
Many

The *Glouceſter-ſhire* TRAGEDY: Or, The LOVERS Down-Fall.

Shewing how an Old Miſer, of a vaſt Eſtate, would have married his Daughter to a Covetous, Rich Knight, whom ſhe could not Love; And how he confented to a young Gentleman to Court her; but aſſoon as they were Engaged to each other, he kept her from him, whereupon ſhe denied him Marriage Conſent: How he Poiſoned himſelf, and afterwards his Ghoſt appear'd to her with a burning Torch: How ſhe was poiſon'd, which cauſed her Father [illegible]

To the Tune of, The *Palatine* Lovers.







45. b. 28. 401.

NEar *Golford* Town, we hear,
Of late in *Glouceſter-ſhire*,
There liv'd a Lady fair,
of Beauty bright;
Her Father vaſtly great,
Money and Eſtate,
Buck moſt unfortunate,
this'd her quite.
[illegible] pounds a Year,
[illegible]

[illegible] Old Knight
[illegible] the ſame did ſlight
[illegible]ainfully.
Father ſhe often cry'd,
O that I ſhould be ty'd
To be an Old Man's Bride,
How would this prove?
If in Marriage Band
Muſt obey your Command,
Let me, Sir, have a Man,
that I can love,
Her Father angry grew,
ſaying, Daughter, if you
Will my Commands not do,
to pleaſure me,
Aſſured be of this,
If that you wed amiſs
Unto my Mind, I'll diſ-
inherit thee.
For ſome time this paſt on,
And a young Gentleman,
That lived near at hand,
a wooing came.
One thouſand Pounds a Year,
His Father had we hear,
And he his only Heir
unto the ſame.
When to her Father come,
His Buſineſs he made known,
For whoſe dear Sake alone,
he him addreſt.
Sir, if you'll give, he cry'd,
Your Daughter for my Bride,
Sure no Man e'er beſide,
can be more bleſt.
Her Father cunningly,
Did make him this Reply,
Your Suit I'll not deny,
give her in Mind:
[illegible] when they'd ſi their Love
[illegible] the Powers above,
[illegible] falſe did prove,
as you will find.

When ſome few Months, alas;
In Courtſhip they had paſt,
Their Hearts were linked faſt,
in laſting Love.
Cupid had plaid his Part,
And ſent a flaming Dart,
To wound each others Heart
which none could move,
But ſee the wretched Fate
Of cruel Father's Hate:

And would not yield, he ſaid,
Though he had promiſed
this Gentleman ſhould wed
his Daughter fair.
Pray Sir, he often cry'd,
Why muſt I be deny'd,
Of this my charming Bride,
I ſo much love?
If that unkind you are,
To part us loving Pair,
We're ruin'd I declare;
then kinder prove.
Her Father did ſay,
Think you young Man I pray,
That I will throw away
my Daughter ſo?
Her Fortune is too great,
For one of your Eſtate,
Therefore ſtand not to prate.
my Mind you know.
Then in great Diſcontent,
He to his Lady went,
And ſadly did lament
this his hard Caſe.
Saying, *Dear Lady bright,*
I'm ruin'd, ruin'd quite,
Your Father does me ſlight,
and proves moſt baſe.
He'll not conſent, he cry'd,
That you ſhould be my Bride,
Oh! What will me betide?
I am undone.
Now I have fix'd my Love,
He moſt unkind does prove;
Pity, ye Powers above,
a poor young Man.
Then did he ſadly weep,
Grieving and ſighing deep,
And at his Lady's Feet,
fellain a Swoond.
This griev'd her to the Heart,
Of Love ſhe felt the Smart,
As in the enſuing part,
will ſoon be found.

When thus, this *Lady* fair
Behold her Lover dear,
She us'd her utmoſt Care
him to revive.
And often, often cry'd,
If I am you deny'd,
I'll have no One beſide,
as I'm alive.
Then did the Tears apace,
Run trickling down her Face,
And thus ſhe did expreſs
[illegible]

Wretched Father, ſhe ſaid,
Is this your Love to me?
I ſhall now ruin'd be
for evermore.
As from his Swoon he came,
With a deep Sigh and Groan,
He cry'd, Undone, Undone,
my Dear, am I.
My Love is juſt and true,
And if I have not you,
I'll bid the World adieu
Eternally.
Theſe Words ſhe did expreſs,
My Love is nothing leſs,
I freely muſt confeſs,
it is moſt true.
But if my Father, he,
Will not to it agree,
I cannot marry'd be,
dear Sir, to you.
I will moſt conſtant prove,
No other will I love;
Witneſs ye Gods above
to what is ſaid.
But ceaſe for to lament,
And ſtrive to be Content;
For without his Conſent
I will not wed.
When ſhe theſe Words did ſpeak
He ſigh'd as Heart would break
Saying, Love, for your ſake,
ruin'd am I.
I'll ſay no more than this
Give me one parting Kiſs:
Now farewel Earthly Bliſs
Eternally.
Then from her he did go,
With a Heart fill'd with Woe,
To work his Overthrow
reſolvedly.
Some Poiſon ſtrong he took,
Which quickly did its Work;
So he this world forſook
moſt wretchedly.

When this News to her came,
She griev'd much for the ſame.
And ſaid he was to blame
himſelf to kill.
She to her Father ran,
And cry'd, O cruel Man,
See, ſee what you have done,
by your ill will.
Like one Diſtracted, ſhe
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
Lamented by your Fall;
I lov'd you more than all
the World beſide.
Thus Day and Night ſhe cry,
My Love, why did you die,
And leave me wretchedly
behind you here;
O! come dear Ghoſt to me,
And let me once more ſee,
That comely Face, ſaid ſhe,
I love'd ſo dear.
As ſhe one Night did lie,
Weeping moſt bitterly,
She heard a Voice to cry,
my Dear, my Dear,
For your ſweet ſake I dy'd,
Who ſhould have been my Bride
Behold at your Bed's ſide;
I'm here, I'm here.
At which the Curtain ſhe
Put back immediatly,
And the pale Ghoſt did ſee
At her Bed's ſide.
It cloathed was in White,
Holding a Torch ſo Bright,
At this moſt diſmal Sight
ſhe ſhrick'd and cry'd.
The Ghoſt then thus did ſpeak,
I died for your ſake,
'Twas love my Heart did break
moſt certainly:
The Morning Cock I fear,
Won't let me long ſtay here,
Then if you love me; Deareſt follow me.
The Ghoſt a Dead-mans Skull
Did hold, with Poiſon full,
ſaying come drink your fill,
of this black Cup;
[illegible]
I've drank the ſame before,
And ſo has Hundreds more,
then take it up.

She took it, ſaying Lo
By all the Gods above,
this ſhall my Witneſs prove
I love you well;
Now will I go ſhe ſaid,
And in your grave be laid;
In ſweet Elizian Shades,
our Souls ſhall dwell.
She inſtantly drank

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
With many a ſorrowful Groan,
With torches in their Hand
that there did wait.
Being put in the Couch,
With her beloved Ghoſt,
Moſt ſwiftly they did poſt,
unto his Grave:
and ſaid, Love here I lie,
then quickly, quickly die,
to which he ſtraight did hie,
'tis that I'd have.
Vaniſhing all away,
they left her there to ſtay,
till the approaching Day,
among the tombs;
She ſadly did Lament,
Her Cryes to Heaven ſent,
And ſaid, Ghoſt be content,
I'll come, ill come.
The Poyſon wrack'd her Heart
Working in every part,
Death with his fatal Dart
the Wound had gave,
in woeful Miſery,
ſhe did expecting lie,
Each Minute for die,
upon his Grave.
As in this ſtate ſhe lay,
Until the ſilent Day,
Young-man paſt that way
And her did know;
Fair Lady to me tell,
What chance has you befel,
I fear all is not well,
that you lie ſo.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
and run with ſpeed
Unto my Father's Door,
who have [illegible]
O bid him quick come here
[illegible]

Her Father came and found
Her lying on the ground
And really was [illegible]
at this ſad ſight.
She cry'd dear Father I,
For Love dear [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
Her Father [illegible]
Hugging her [illegible]
Ye Heavens [illegible]
Let me too die,
then with a Dagger
He ſtruck him to the
His Life did [illegible]
immediately.
O cruel Death ſevere
what diſmal ſight was
Father and Daughter
thus for to die.
their ſad and diſmal Fall
Lamented was by all
And did for Pity call
from every
then home they
with ſpeed, as it
And both in ſtate
in a Large Hall.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The Bristol Bridegroom;

OR THE

Ship-Carpenter's Love to the Merchant's Daughter.

BRITISH MUSEUM





Ps. 6. 28. 1802.

YOU loyal lovers all draw near,
A true relation you shall hear,
Of a young couple who prov'd to be
A pattern of true loyalty.

A merchant did in Briſtol dwell,
As many people know full well;
He had a daughter of beauty bright,
In whom he plac'd his heart's delight.

He had no child but only ſhe,
Her father lov'd her tenderly
Many to court her thither came,
Gallants of worth, birth, and fame.

Yet notwithſtanding all their love,
A young ſhip-carpenter did prove
To be the maſter of her heart,
She often ſaid, We'll never part.

As long as life and breath remain,
Your company I'll not refrain;
No curſed gold or ſilver bright
Shall make me wrong my heart's delight.

Now when her father came to know,
His daughter lov'd this young man ſo,
He caus'd her to be ſent to ſea,
To keep her from his company.

Which when his daughter came to hear,
Without the thought of dread or fear,
She dreſt himſelf in ſeaman's hue,
And after him ſhe did purſue.

Unto the Captain ſhe did go,
And ſaid, Right worthy ſir, 'tis ſo,
You do want men, I underſtand,
I'm free to fight with heart and hand.

The Captain ſtraitway did reply,
Young man you're welcome heartily;
One guinea in her hand he gave,
She paſſed for a ſeaman brave.

Soon after this the ſhip did ſail,
And with a fair and pleaſant gale;
But the ſhip-carpenter her dear,
Did little think his love ſo near.

She then appeared for to be
A perſon of no mean degree;
With pretty fingers long and ſtrait,
She ſoon became the ſurgeon's mate.

A morning of the town of Dieppe,
She lay at anchor fomething nigh,
Where the cannon balls did fly.
Then the firft man that wounded were,
Was this young bold fhip carpenter:
When drums beat and trumpets found,
He in his breaft receiv'd a wound.
Then to the furgeon's cure was he
Brought down with fpeed immediately,
Whereat the pretty furgeon's mate
Did courteoufly upon him wait.
She dreft the wounded difmal part,
Although the fight did pierce her heart;
Yet fhe did ufe her utmoft fkill
To cure him with a right good will.
She cur'd him in a little fpace,
He often gaz'd upon her face;
Surgeon, faid he, fuch eyes as thine
Did formerly my heart entwine:
If ever I live to go on fhore,
And fhe be dead whom I adore,
I will thy true companion be,
And ne'er forfake thy company.
If fhe be dead this will I do,
To the female fex I'll bid adieu,
And ne'er will marry for her fake,
But to the fea myfelf betake.

PART III.

THE merchant's daughter of Briftol who
To her love prov'd juft and true,
When many forms were overblown
She to her love herfelf made known.
The feafon of the year being paft,
The fhip was homewards bound at laft,
When into harbour fhe did get,
The feamen all on fhore were fet;
But yet of all the whole fhips crew,
There's not a foul among them knew
That they a woman had fo near,
Until fhe told it to her dear.
To whom thefe words fhe did unfold,
Not long ago, cries fhe, you told
Me plainly that fuch eyes as mine,
Did formerly your heart entwine.
Then without any more ado,
Unto his arms fhe ran for true,
And cries, My love, now all my own,
This have I done for thee alone.
His heart was touch'd with her likewife,
[illegible]

[illegible]
He dreft her like a lady gay,
So when they marry'd were with fpeed,
As formerly they had agreed.

PART III.

THEN to her father's houfe he went,
And found him in much difcontent;
He afked for his daughter dear,
Which pierc'd her father's heart to hear.
He with a mournful figh reply'd,
I wifh fhe had in her cradle dy'd,
Then I fhould have been my dear joy's death
When fhe had yielded up her breath.
But now I ne'er fhall fee her more,
My jewel whom I ftill adore,
O moft unhappy man was I,
To part her from your company.
Had I a kingdom more to fpare,
Nay, had I that and ten times more,
I'd part with all but fhe to me,
Daughter, would I had dy'd for thee.
The young man hearing what he faid,
Reply'd, Your daughter is not dead,
For you within an hour's fpace,
Shall furely fee your daughter's face.
He rode as faft as he could ride,
And fetch'd her home immediately,
He let her in her father's view,
Whereon her knees the ftreet did bow.
The old man was with joy poffeft,
His daughter then he kift and blefs'd,
Thefe welcome home art thou to me,
Once more my child fhall have the fee.
To him fhe prefh fhe did relate,
And how fhe had been furgeon's mate;
Then did he fmile and was well glad,
And gave them all what he had.
She that was formerly a furgeon's mate,
Referved by the hand of fate,
Is now become a lawful wife,
And lives here ftill a happy life.
Young lovers all a pattern take,
Where you a conftant courfe may make,
Prove to the laft where you begin,
[illegible]

[illegible]

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office, in
[illegible]

A Famous SEA-FIGHT,

BETWEEN

Captain Ward and the Rainbow.



STRIKE up ye lusty gallants,
With musicks sound of drum,
For there is such a Rover,
Upon the sea is come:
His name is Captain Ward,
Full well it doth appear,
There has not been such a Rover
Found out these thousand years.

He hath sent unto the King,
the sixth of January,
Desiring that he might come in
With all his company:
And if the King will let me come,
Till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransom,
Full thirty ton of Gold.

O nay, O nay, then said the King,
O nay, that must not be,
To yield to such a Rover,
Myself will not agree.

He hath deceiv'd the Frenchmen,
Likewise the King of Spain,
Then how can he be true to me,
Who has been false to twain.
With that the King provided
A ship of worthy fame,
The Rainbow she is call'd:
If you would know her name.

And now the gallant Rainbow
She rolls upon the sea,
Five hundred gallent seamen
To keep her company:
The Dutchmen and the Spaniards,
She made them for to flee,
Alas the bonny Frenchmen,
As she met on the seas.

When as the gallant Rainbow,
Did come where she did lie
Where is the Captain of that ship,
The Rainbow she did cry:
O that I am, said Captain Ward,
There's no one bids me lie,
And if thou art the King's fair ship,
Thou'rt welcome unto me.

I'll tell thee what, said the Rainbow,
Our King is in great grief,
That thou shouldst lie upon the seas,
And play the errant thief:
You will not let your merchantmen
Pass as they did before;
Such tidings to our King is come,
Which grieves his heart full sore.
With that this gallant Rainbow,
She shot out of her pride,

Full fifty good brass pieces
Charged on every side,
And yet these gallant shooters
Could not a pin,
Though they were loads on this outside,

Shoot on, shoot on, said Captain Ward,
Your sport well pleaseth me,
And he that first gives over,
Shall yield unto the sea.

I never wrong'd an English ship,
But Turk and King of Spain,
Likewise the blackguard Frenchmen,
Which I met on the main:
If I had known your King,
But two or three days before,
I would have sav'd Lord Essex's life,
Whose death doth grieve me sore.

Go tell the King of England,
Go tell him this from me,
If he reigns King of all the land
I will reign King of sea:
With that the gallant Rainbow
She shot and fled to win,
Then left the Rover company,
And [illegible] again.

Our royal King of England,
[illegible]
For Captain Ward he is so strong,
He never will be won:
O everlasting God this King,
I have lost jewels three,
Which would have gone with the King,
And brought proud Ward to me.

The first was Lord Clifford,
Great Earl of Cumberland,
The second was Lord Mountjoy,
As you shall understand,
The third was brave Lord Essex,
From field would never flee,
Who would have sent Ward home this day,
And brought proud Ward to me.

[illegible]

The *BRISTOL* Garland.

In FOUR PARTS,





PART I.

A Merchant's ſon of worthy fame.
From the town of BRISTOL came,
Unto a ſweet and pleaſant green,
Where little girls are to be ſeen.
Who uſher'd in the month of May,
With flow'ry garlands freſh and gay,
With muſic for to entertain
The youthful charming rural plain.
Amongſt theſe youthful laidies bright,
None did exceed for red or white
Lucy, a ſhepherd's daughter fair,
She like an angel did appear.
The Merchant's ſon, who never knew
Before that time what love could do,
Began to feel an inward flame
So with theſe words to her he came:
Thou charming beauty of the day,
Who far exceeds the month of M
And all the beauties of the plain,
Do not my humble ſuit diſdain.
She anſwer'd with a modeſt voice.
Sir, you're miſtaken in your choice,
Don't ſet your heart and love on me,
Who am one of a mean degree.
But a poor ſhepherd's daughter, Sir.
With that he ſtrait ſaluted her.
He did theſe words to her expreſs,
My dear, I love you ne'ertheleſs.
How many men of worthy fame,
n former days, that I could name,
Who made it their employ to keep
Their mighty flock of lambs and ſheep.
Then let us to thy father go;
And if he's willing to beſtow
His daughter to me I'll rejoice,
And be well pleaſed with the choice.

Accordingly ſhe gave conſent,
And to her father ſtraitway he went;
Here he then treated long of love,
And that he would right conſtant prove.
The ſhepherd made him this reply,
Your ſuit I cannot well deny.
But let me tell you, worthy ſir,
I nothing have to give with her.
But if you love for loves deſert,
Then take her with all my heart:
All parties then were ſoon agreed,
So that they married were with ſpeed.

PART II.

NOW the wedding rites being done?
Beloved the wealthy merchant's ſon
To his dear parents brought his bride,
Who were it ſeems diſſatisfy'd.
Becauſe they underſtood that ſhe
Deſcended from a mean degree,
And was not worthy to be made
His bride, ſo they did her degrade.
Then to their ſon in wrath they ſpoke,
Saying How dar'd you thus provoke
Your loving friend and parents dear?
Oh! it will break our hearts we fear,
He to his parents thus did ſay,
Hear me a word or two I pray,
She is my bride, my joy, and dear,
Oh! do not break her heart with grief,
Dear friends I cannot bear to hear.
My wife, my love, my joy, my dear,
Revil'd at ſuch a rate as this,
Alas! ſhe has not done amiſs.
His parents ſaid, ſince it muſt be ſo,
Pray take your jewel now and go
Out of doors, our hands we'll clear,
You ſhall not think to harbour here.

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Be gone, I ſay, depart the houſe,
I'll give you not one ſingle ſouce
Not any thing alive or dead.
Altho' you ſtarve for want of bread,
Said he, 'Tis very hard indeed,
That in the greateſt time and need,
You'll not relieve nor help your ſon,
So now farewell, you will be done.
Returning back with weeping eyes,
With bitter ſobs and mournful cries
I'm grieved at the heart, ſaid ſhe,
That I was born to ruin thee
Let not ſuch thoughts diſturb thy mind
Not ſigh nor ſobs, for thou ſhalt find
I'll get my bread with paine and care,
And my croſſes with patience bear
Be thou content, and all is well,
We'll with thy loving parents dwell,
And in regard we have no land,
I'd freely earn with my own hand.
I'll freely go to plow and cart
Ill freely earn with my whole heart
As thy poor father he has done,
Farewell the name of Merchant's ſon.
He did not only ſay, but behold,
In ſummer hot, and winter cold.
He'd reap and mow and till the earth,
As if he came to it by his birth.

PART III.

BUT here's a wonder now at laſt,
When eight years were gone & paſt,
He did to mighty riches riſe,
And how it came none could deviſe.
But thus it was we underſtand,
He bought a little piece of land,
On which their was ſome ſtump of trees
The which he dug up by degrees.
Upon a day by chance he found,
When digging deep within the ground,
A luſty pot with antient gold.
As full as ever it con'd hold.
Tho' he was luſty, ſtout and ſtrong,
He ſcarce could lug the ſame along
For there was many a thouſand pound,
Which he by mighty fortune found,
He purchaſed a vaſt eſtate,
And in thoſe parts appeared great,
As any Knight of worthy fame,
None knew as yet from whence it came
While he grew rich, his parents they
Reduced were to ſad decay,
By loſſes which they did ſubſtain,
By land as well as ocean maiu.
They ow'd a thouſand pound and more,
The cruel creditors therefore
On all that e'er they had then ſeiz'd
Yet ne'ertheleſs they were not pleas'd.
But would have his body too.
So that for fear, alas, he flew
And forced was to hide his head,
While he and ſhe wanted bread.

PART IV.

NOW while they wept in this diſtreſs,
And nothing had wherewith to bleſs
Themſelves withal, glad tidings came
Of their ſon's eſtate and wealthy fame,
The woman to her husband cry'd
Let's to our ſon, he will provide
A place for us, we need not fear,
Why ſhould we die and languiſh here.
If he ſhould do ſo good a deed,
Now in our want and time of need,
'Tis more then we may expect,
Remember how we did neglect
On him and his beloved wife.
And ſaid in wrath, that during life
By me they never ſhould be fed
Altho' they ſtarv'd for want of bread.
This was my fault this was my ſin.
How can I think he'll take us in.
Who did him throw quite out of door,
And bid him ſee my face no more.
But loving husband, you ſhall find
He's of a courteous heart and mind,
And ſhall receive us both in love.
Juſt as ſhe ſaid, ſo it did prove,
For coming to his manſion place,
The ſon he thought it no diſgrace
To fall upon their bended knee,
So did his wife as well as he.
As from their knees they did ariſe;
His parents dear with weeping eyes,
Their grief and ſorrow did relate,
Who had been moſt unfortunate,
Said he, moſt welcome parents dear,
Unto my habitation here.
Let not theſe tears or ſorrow fall,
I have enough to ſerve us all.
Father, your debts I'll freely pay
The world ſhall never have to ſay,
That e'er they loſt a groat by you,
So bid their ſorrows quite adieu.
Then did he feaſt and cloath them both
And ſaid, My parents, pray henceforth,
In plenty live and take ſome eaſe,
At home with me, or where you pleaſe.
If here you are not free to live.
One hundred pounds a year I'll give,
If that don't ſerve you ſhall have two,
God gave it me thus to ſerve you.
Thus was he dutiful and kind,
Now ſons and daughter's bear in mind
How tender he was to his friends,
And thus my mournful ditty ends.

Countryman's GARLAND;

In Two PARTS.

To a Merry New TUNE.

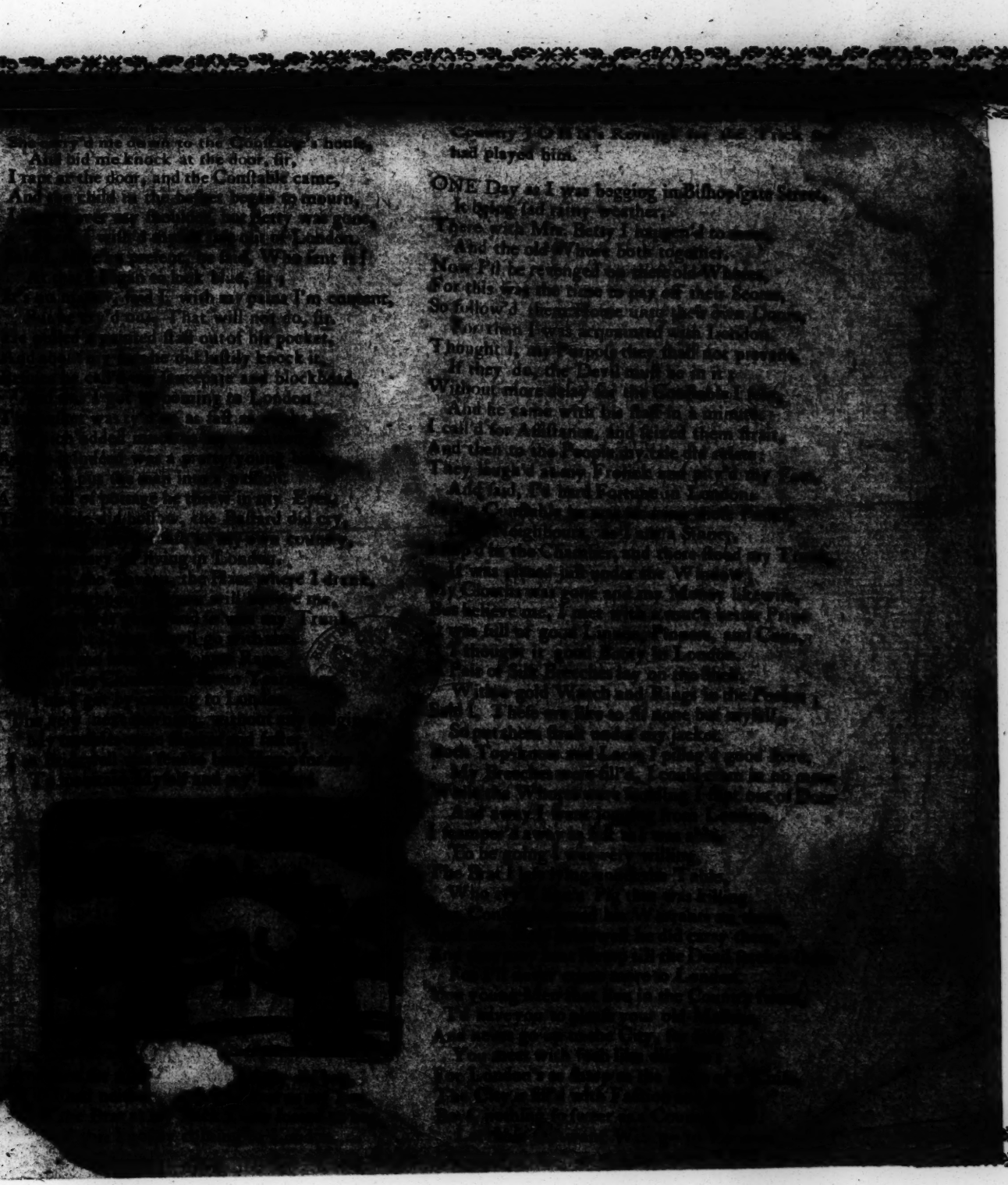




PART I. Country JOHN's unfortunate Ramble to London; Or, The Tricks of a Town Jilt.

YOU young men that down in the country dwell,
Come listen a while to my song, sir,
While my sad misfortunes to you I do tell,
Pray do not think the time long, sir.
I liv'd in the country as sweet as a rose,
You say in a hurry I pack'd up my cloaths,
My best fine doublet, my hat and my hose,
And away came trudging to London.
When I came to London, that famous fine place,
I view'd the steeple so high, sir,
Such I never saw before in all my days,
Lord how they did hallow and cry, sir
Here are fine snuff-boxes fit for your nose,
Some cry fine knick-knacks, others old cloaths,
I thought they had been calling their cows,
They made such a racket in London.
But as I was walking with the trunk at my back,
Being [illegible] and weary,
[illegible]

She [illegible] as fine as a lady,
I [illegible] and took'd her in the face,
Dear [illegible] said I, I do want a place,
She [illegible] such a tempting grace,
And bid me right welcome to London.
She said, [illegible] country I have a good friend,
That [illegible] one to wait at the table,
If you'll stay awhile I for him will send,
[illegible] for you what I am able.
Went into a tavern away she did pack,
I follow'd her close with my trunk at my back,
She call'd her maid Betty, likewise her man Jack,
They both bid me welcome to London.
Miss Betty cry'd Madam, you know your fortune,
Therefore, if John a hat will [illegible]
To carry this basket, he'll [illegible]
For his pains I will give him
My brains being drow[illegible]
She hoisted the [illegible]



The Politic Wife;

OR

The Devil outwitted by a Woman





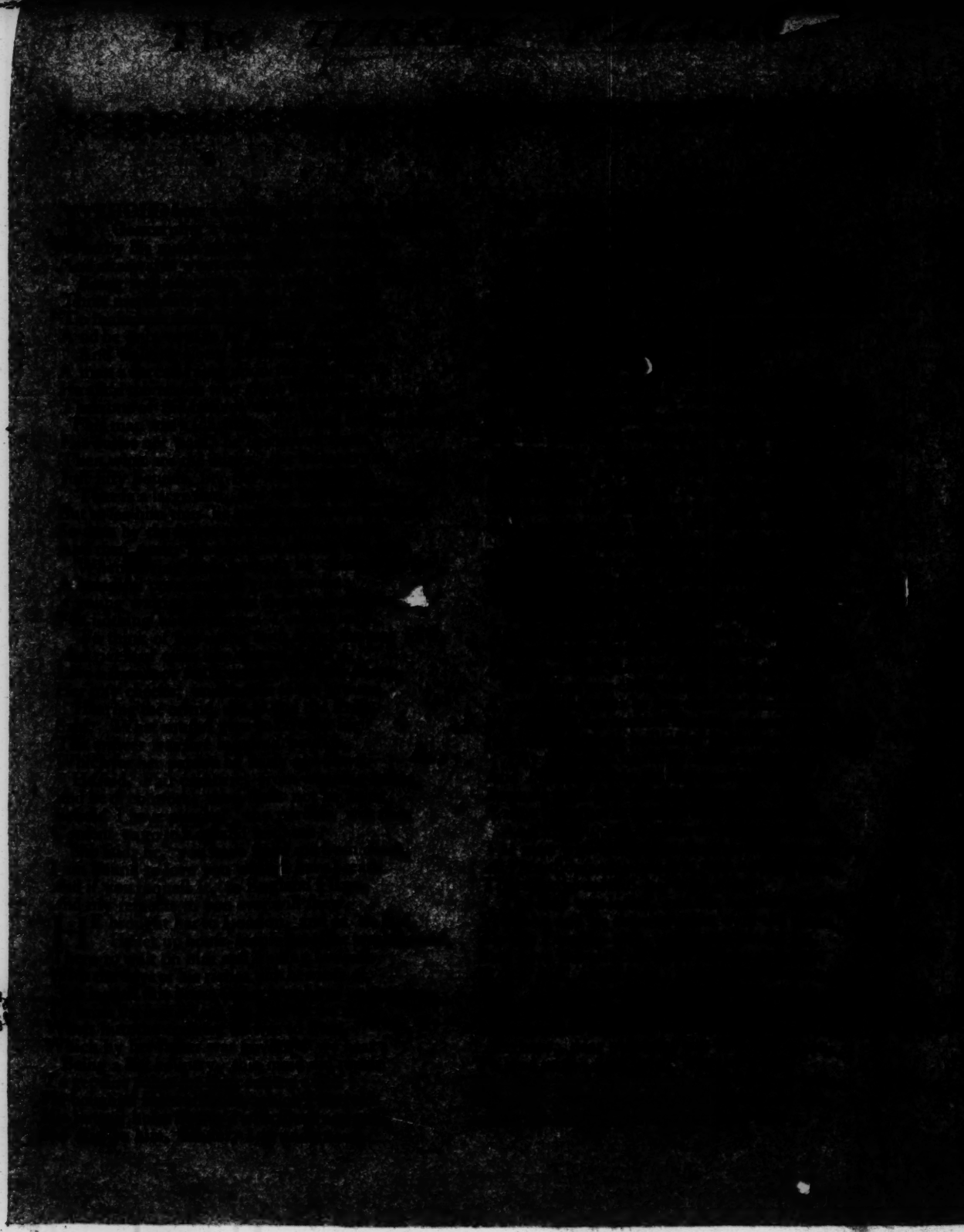
OF all the plagues were starved,
That ever poor man held,
It's hunger and a scolding wife,
Those are the worst of all.

There was a poor man in my country,
Of a poor and low degree,
And with him three plagues he was troubled,
And the worst of them had he.

He had seven children by one wife,
And the times were poor and hard,
And the poor man was grieved to see,
The scarce could get his bread.

Being discontented in his mind,
One day he went his way,
And wandered down by a marsh side,
Of his weary grave to make.

As he was wandering up and down,
Between hope and despair,
The Devil started out of a bush,
And appeared there him before.





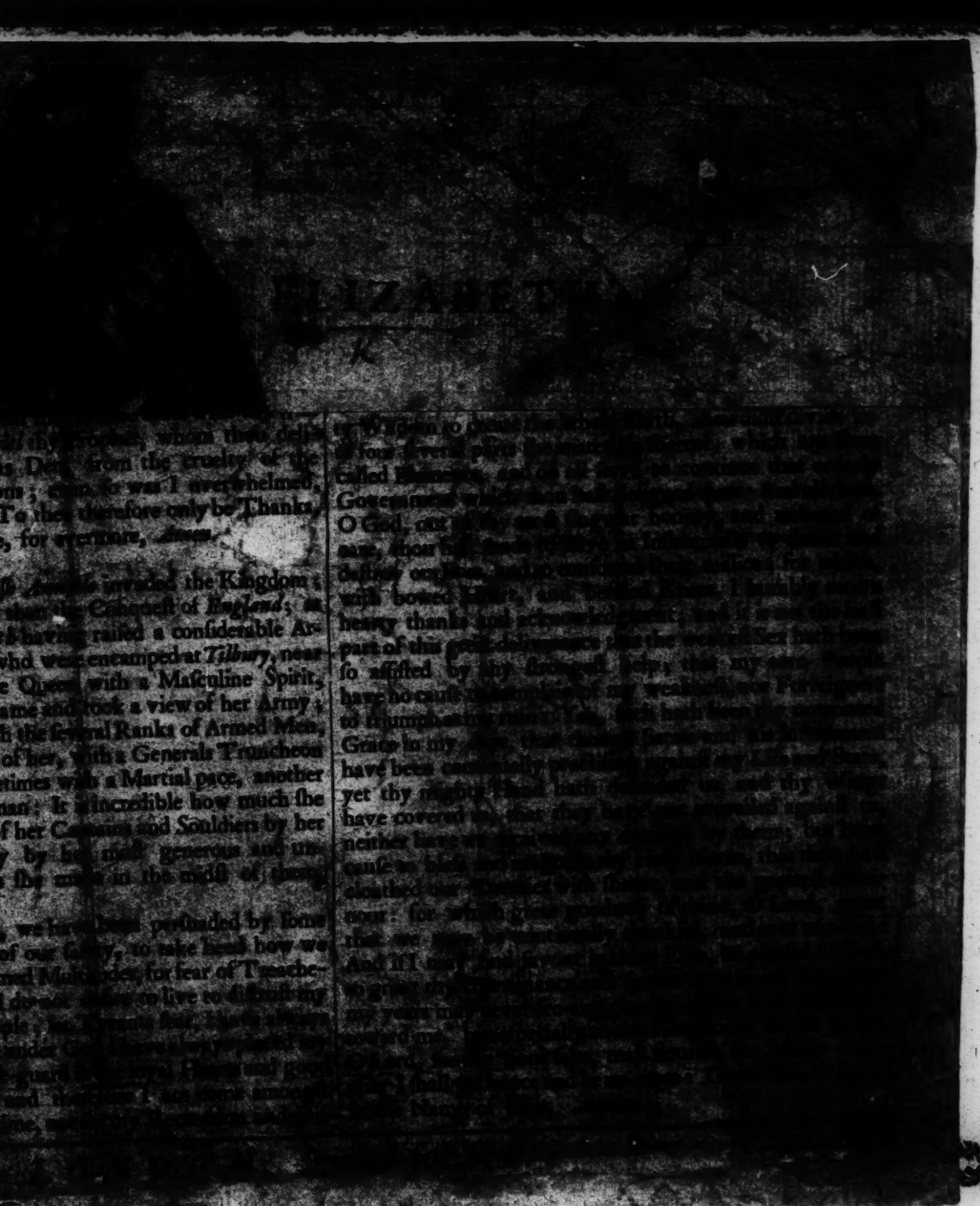
We on his Merits must depend alone,
Sufficient 'tis that Merit we have none:
Nor can there any other Name be given
To save us, but by him who sits in Heaven.
His Body here on Earth need not appear,
When Angels to the Women say, *He is not here*;
He's not i'th' *Pyx* or *Cup-board*, as some fay,
For then the Mice might carry him away.
The Primitive Christians never were so blind,
To think he could be blown away with wind,
Or that some Thieves or Rubbers might devour,
Him who created Heaven by his Power.
We are not sav'd by Sense, but by our Faith,
And ought to credit what our Master saith.
He call'd himself a *Vine*, and yet we see,
He was a perfect Man, and not a *Tree*.
He call'd himself a *Door*; 'tis understood,
We enter Heaven through Him, and not thro *Wood*.
He call'd himself a *Way*, the which doth lead
Our Steps to Heaven, yet none doth on him *tread*.
His blessed Words were oft-times Mystical,
And are not rightly understood by all:
Save such on whom he doth that Gift bestow,
Who to the Ignorant the Truth may show.
His Blessed Body Heaven must contain,
Where He a King eternally doth Reign,
Until the Restitution of all;
Then we with him and Angels ever shall
Sing Allelujahs in their Hierarchie;
For where He is, there must his Servants be.

[illegible] and [illegible]
and faithful Servants, [illegible]
vered out of the Lions D[illegible]
greedy and raging Lions; [illegible]
and by thee delivered: To th[illegible]
and Honour, and Praise, for

In 1588, The Spanish [illegible]
the Design being no less than [illegible]
which time Q. *Elizabeth* [illegible]
my of Horse and Foot, who w[illegible]
the *Thames* mouth, the Qu[illegible]
like another *Deborah*, came [illegible]
and going about through the [illegible]
drawn up on both sides of her [illegible]
in her hand, walk[illegible] sometimes
while gently like a Woman; [illegible]
encouraged the Hearts of her [illegible]
presence, but especially by [illegible]
daunted Speech, which [illegible]
to this effect:

MY Loving People, we h[illegible]
that are careful of our [illegible]
commit our selves to armed M[illegible]
ry; but I assure you, I do n[illegible]
faithful and loving People; [illegible]
so behaved my self, that under [illegible]
chiefest strength and safe guar[illegible]
Will of my Subjects: and [illegible]
yet, as you see at this time, [illegible]

Licensed, [illegible]



QUEEN ELIZABETH's



Opinion concerning TRANSUBSTANTIATION, *Or the Real Presence of* Christ, *in the Blessed* Sacrament; *with some Prayers and Thanksgivings composed by Her in Imminent Danger.*

DURING the Reign of Q. *Mary*, the Lady *Elizabeth* being a Prisoner at *Woodstock*, a Popish Priest came to visit her, and after some Discourse, prest hard upon her to declare her Opinion of the Real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament, to whom she truly and warily answered in these following verses:

'Twas God the Word that spake it,
He took the Bread and brake it:
And what that Word did make it,
That I believe and take it.

The sense of which is more fully explained in the following POEM.

A MEDITATION *how to discern the Lords Body in the Blessed Sacrament.*

AND if Mens Fingers cannot make the Wheat,
Which makes the Sacramental Bread we eat;
What Art of Transubstantiation can
Make God of Wafers, who of Dust made Man?
When we are by th' Apostle truly told,
The God-head is not like Silver or Gold;
Or any thing Corruptions Power can waste,
For he to all Eternity must last:
And if the Art of Man can make his Maker,
The Smith may do as well as do's the Baker;
Bread was the substance which our Saviour gave,
And Bread it was th' Apostles did receive;
His Real Body was but in the sign,
He gave his Flesh, and Blood in Bread and Wine:
For if his Body he did then divide,
He must have eat himself before he dy'd.
His human Body which for us was given,
Is given to us of Bread which came from Heaven;
The which if we unworthily Receive,
We eat our Judgments, and our selves deceive.
In not discerning what his Body is,
Our Souls are rob'd of everlasting Bliss.
We must believe the Words of him, who said,
This is my Body, when he gave the Bread:
And sure that Blood which curdl'd in each Vein,
Did in his Sacred Body still remain,
Till he was Crucify'd and Slain.
However, there's great Influence therein,
Which expiates and cleanseth us from Sin:
We are made One with him in Holy Union,
When we in Faith receive the Blest Communion.
In Commemoration of his bitter Passion,
Who shed his Blood to purchase our Salvation;
We on his Merits must depend alone,
Sufficient 'tis that Merit we have none:
Nor can there any other Name be given
To save us, but by him who sits in Heaven.
His Body here on Earth need not appear,
When Angels to the Women say, *He is not here*;
He's not i'th' *Press* or *Cup-board*, as some say;
For then the Mice might carry him away.
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To think he could be blown away with wind.
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Him who created Heaven by his Power.
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And ought to credit what our Master saith.
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Who to the Ignorant the Truth may show.
His Blessed Body Heaven must contain,
Where He a King eternally doth Reign,
Until the Restitution of all;
Then we with him and Angels ever shall
Sing Allelujahs in their Hierarchie;
For where He is, there must his Servants be.

A PRAYER *of Queen* Elizabeth *upon her escape from being burnt in her Bed, by a Fire flaming through the Boards of her Chamber, during her Imprisonment at* Woodstock *in* Oxfordshire.

O Gracious Lord God, I humbly prostrate my self upon the bended Knees of my Heart before thee, intreating thee for thy Sons sake, Save now and ever merciful unto me: I am thy work, the work of thine own Hands, even of those Hands which were nailed to the Cross for my Sins. Look upon the Wounds of thy Hands, and despise not the work of thy hands. Thou hast written me down in thy Book of Preservation, read thine own hand-writing and save me: Spare me that speak unto thee, pardon me that pray unto thee. The Griefs I endure enforce me to speak, the Calamities I suffer compel me to complain: If my hopes were in this life only then were I of all People most miserable. It must needs be that there is another life; for here those live many times longest, who are not worthy to live at all. Here the *Israelites* make Bricks, and the *Egyptians* dwell in the Houses: *David* is in want, and *Nabal* abounds: *Sion is Babylons* Captive. Hast thou nothing in store for *Joseph* but the stocks, for *Esay* but a Saw? Will not *Elias* adorn the Chariot as well as the Juniper Tree? Will not *John Baptists* Head become a Crown as well as a Platter? Surely there is great Retribution for the Just, there is Fruit for the Righteous: Thou hast Palms for their Hands, white Robes for their Bodies. Thou wilt wipe away all Tears from their Eyes, and shew thy goodness in the Land of the Living. O how sweet and desirable is the shadow of thy wings? Oh Lord Jesu! Thou is a safe Sanctuary to fly unto, a comfortable refreshing for all the sorrow: Whatsoever [illegible] me drink of, it is yet nothing to those bitter Draughts that thou hast already drank for me: Help me, Oh thou my strength, and thereby I shall be raised up: Come thou my Light, and thereby I shall be illuminated; appear thou Glory to which I shall be exalted: Hasten thou Life by which I shall be hereafter glorified. *Amen, Amen.*

When Q. *Mary* was dead, and the News thereof came to Q. *Elizabeth*, she removed from *Hatfield* to the *Charter-house*, from whence she was Royally Attended to the Tower of *London*, and *Nov.* 24. 1558. She set forward from the Tower to pass through the City to *Westminster*. But the Queen considering that she was now exalted from Misery to Majesty, from a Prisoner to a Princess: She very devoutly and religiously lifted up her Hands to Heaven before she would suffer her self to be mounted in her Chariot, and made the following Prayer.

O Lord, Almighty and everliving God, I give thee most humble and hearty thanks, that thou hast been so merciful unto me as to spare me to see this joyful and blessed day; and I acknowledge thou hast dealt as graciously and wonderfully with me, as thou didst with thy true and faithful Servant *Daniel* thy Prophet, whom thou deliveredst out of the Lions Den, from the cruelty of the greedy and raging Lions; even so was I overwhelmed, and by thee delivered: To thee therefore only be Thanks, and Honour, and Praise, for evermore, *Amen.*

In 1588, The *Spanish Armado* invaded the Kingdom; the Design being no less than the Conquest of *England*; at which time Q. *Elizabeth* having raised a considerable Army of Horse and Foot, who were encamped at *Tilbury*, near the *Thames* mouth; the Queen with a Masculine Spirit, like another *Deborah*, came and took a view of her Army; and going about through the several Ranks of Armed Men, drawn up on both sides of her, with a Generals Truncheon in her hand, walkt sometimes with a Martial pace, another while gently like a Woman: It is incredible how much she encouraged the Hearts of her Captains and Souldiers by her presence, but especially by her most generous and undaunted Speech, which she made in the midst of them, to this effect:

MY Loving People, we have been perswaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit our selves to armed Multitudes, for fear of Treachery; but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving People; let Tyrants fear, I have always so behaved my self, that under God I have always placed my chiefest strength and safe-guard in the loyal Hearts and good Will of my Subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see at this time, not for my Recreation and Disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the Battel, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God and for my Kingdom and for my People, my Honour, and my Blood, even in the dust. I know I have the Body but of a weak and feeble Woman, but I have the Heart and Courage of a King, and of a King of *England* too; and think scorn that Parma or Spain, or any Prince of Europe, should dare to invade the Borders of my Realm; to which rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I my self will take up Arms, I my self will be your General, Judge, and Rewarder of every one of your Vertues in the Field. I know that already for your forwardness you have deserved Rewards and Crowns, and [illegible] assure you in the word of a Prince, they shall [illegible] you; in the mean time my Lieutenant General [illegible] shall be in my stead, unto whom, never Prince commanded a more noble and worthy Subject; not doubting, but by your Obedience to your General, by your Concord in the Camp, and your Valour in the Field, we shall shortly obtain a famous Victory over the Enemies of my God, of my Kingdom, and of my People.

The Queen prepared a very good Fleet at Plimouth, consisting of 140 Ships, divided into 3 Squadrons, commanded by the L. *Howard* Admiral, Sir *Fr. Drake* Vice Admiral, and the L. [illegible] Rear Admiral; which being ready to sail, this Religious Princess composed this Prayer for their good Success.

MOst Omnipotent Creator and Governor of all the World, that only searchest and knowest the hearts of all hearts and thoughts, and the intention of all our Actions: [illegible] the occasion of raising and setting forth this Navy, but only that necessary care and wary watchfulness, that neither the malice of our Enemies, nor our own over-security may bring danger to us, or triumph to them: These being the true grounds and reasons of our attempt, as thou, O Lord, knowest, I humbly beseech thee with bended Knees to prosper the undertaking; command the Winds to assist us, and grant us Victory and Deliverance from this imminent danger; that so all may end in the advancement of thy Glory and Honour, the exalting of thy Name, and the safety of this Realm, with the least loss of the *English* Blood that may be: To these my devout Petitions, Lord give thy blessed Assent. *Amen.*

After the Defeat of the *Spanish* Invincible *Armada*, as they called it, the gracious and godly Queen, who ever held Ingratitude a capital sin, especially toward her Almighty Protector, as she had begun with Prayer, so she concluded with Praises, and Thanksgivings; commanding a solemn Thanksgiving to be celebrated to the Lord of Hosts, and composed herself a Prayer of Thankfulness to this effect:

MOst Omnipotent Creator, Redeemer and Preserver of all Mankind; when it seemed good to thy Almighty Wisdom to create the whole Earth, thou didst divide into four several parts the materials thereof, which are since called Elements, and do all serve to continue that orderly Government which thou hast designed them: And all these, O God, out of thy most singular bounty, and unheard of care, thou hast made to serve as Instruments to daunt and destroy our Foes, and to confound their malice; for which, with bowed Heart, and bended Knees, I humbly return hearty thanks and acknowledgment; and it is not the least part of this great deliverance that the weakest Sex hath been so assisted by thy strongest help; that my own People have no cause to complain of my weakness, nor Forreigners to triumph at my ruin: Yea, such hath been thy unwonted Grace in my days, that though Satan and his Instruments have been continually practising against my Life and State, yet thy mighty Hand hath defended us, and thy Wings have covered us, that they have not prevailed against us, neither have we received any damage by them; but have cause to bless and magnifie thy Holy Name, that thou hast cloathed our Enemies with shame, and the greatest dishonour: for which great goodness of thine, O Lord, grant that we may be continually thankful, and ever mindful: And if I may find favour in thine Eyes, be pleased, O God, to grant thy countenance and favour to us in my days, that my years may never see any change of thy love and grace toward me, but especially to this Kingdom: which grant, O Lord, for thy Sons sake, may flourish, for Many Ages after I shall go hence and be no more: Grant this, O Lord, in the Name of Jesus, *Amen.*

Licensed, *Aug.* 27th, 1688. LONDON: Printed for F. E.

VERNON's Glory: Or, The *Spaniards* Defeat.

Being an Account of the Taking of Carthagena, by Admiral Vernon, Rear Admiral Ogle, and Commodore Lestock, on the 29th of April last, to the great Terror of the Spanish Nation.

(Tune of, Brave Vernon's Triumph.)





ONCE more brave Boys let us proclaim
Brave Noble Admiral *Vernon's* Fame,
With Sir *Chaloner Ogle* too;
they now have made the *Spaniards* rue:
[illegible] they now have ta'en,
and laid it level with the Ground,
strong Castles so brave their Town could not save,
for *Vernon* and *Ogle* have beat them down.

Last March we did from Jamaica sail,
with a fair and gentle Gale,
Our Admiral Vernon of the Blue,
Sir Chaloner Ogle Rear-admiral too,
With Lestock Commodore, we made our Cannons roar,
and two and twenty Frigates beside,
Thirty Ships of the Line, a Sight very fine,
before Carthagenes at anchor to ride.

Boccachier Castle first we took,
which made the Spaniards blue to look;
That being of the largest Force,
the other six did fall of course: (Guns,
With our Cannons and Bombs we dismounted their
and out Colours did on their Castles raise:
Then toss off a Glass, and about let it pass,
to Admiral Vernon's and Ogle's Praise.

For twelve Hours space we bombarded the Town,
Before we brought their proud Spirits down,
We fir'd so smart, that they thought we were mad,
at length to surrender they were glad:
We did so cannonade, and such Breaches we made
and many of their Houses set in a Flame,
They did submit to Fate, and the Town surrender
to Admiral Vernon, the Scourge of Spain.

The Shrewsbury she did suffer most,
and many of her Sailors lost,
Her Cable broke, on the Castles she drove,
and there expected she would have stove;
But kind Providence stood in her Defence:
much shatter'd, at last she clear'd her Way,
her jolly Sailors bold, those noble Hearts of Gold,
all the time shew'd the Spaniards gallant Play.

Don Blas with six Ships in the Harbour lay,
and soon we shew'd him British Play;
We made that proud and hectoring Don
Coward-like from his Ship to run:
Tho' his Ship he forsook, two Captains we took,
and unto England brought them home:
Let th' insulting Foe, and proud Don know,
Vernon can conquer wherever he comes.

Six Gallions did there remain,
which by our Fleet were burnt or ta'en,
and tho' their Treasure was on Shore,
yet we found a sufficient Store;
For Plunder, my Boys, did crown our Joys,
after that strong Place we had won:
We did revel and roar, and booze it on Shore,
and forgot all the Dangers we had run.

In the King's Store-houses we found
the Value of several Thousand Pounds,
Which with great joy we brought away,
and did on board our Ships convey:
Our Success was crown'd with Plunder we found,
while the cowardly Spaniards from us fled,
So great was their fear, they would not appear
for Vernon had fill'd them all with Dread.

When we had all their Treasure seiz'd,
and freely plunder'd where we pleas'd,
and none but Rubbish did remain,
their Store-houses we set on Flames;
Thus we burnt them down quite into the Ground,
a Heap of Ashes for to view:
Let the Cowards know, tho' they did insult us so,
what Noble Admiral Vernon can do.

Our jolly Tars, brave noble Hearts,
and the brave Marines did play their Parts:
The Officers their Orders gave,
which the Men perform'd as brave;
They never did flinch, nor gave back an Inch,
but sweet Revenge was all their Cry,
They scorn'd for to run from the Mouth of a Gun,
but with Vernon and Ogle would conquer or die

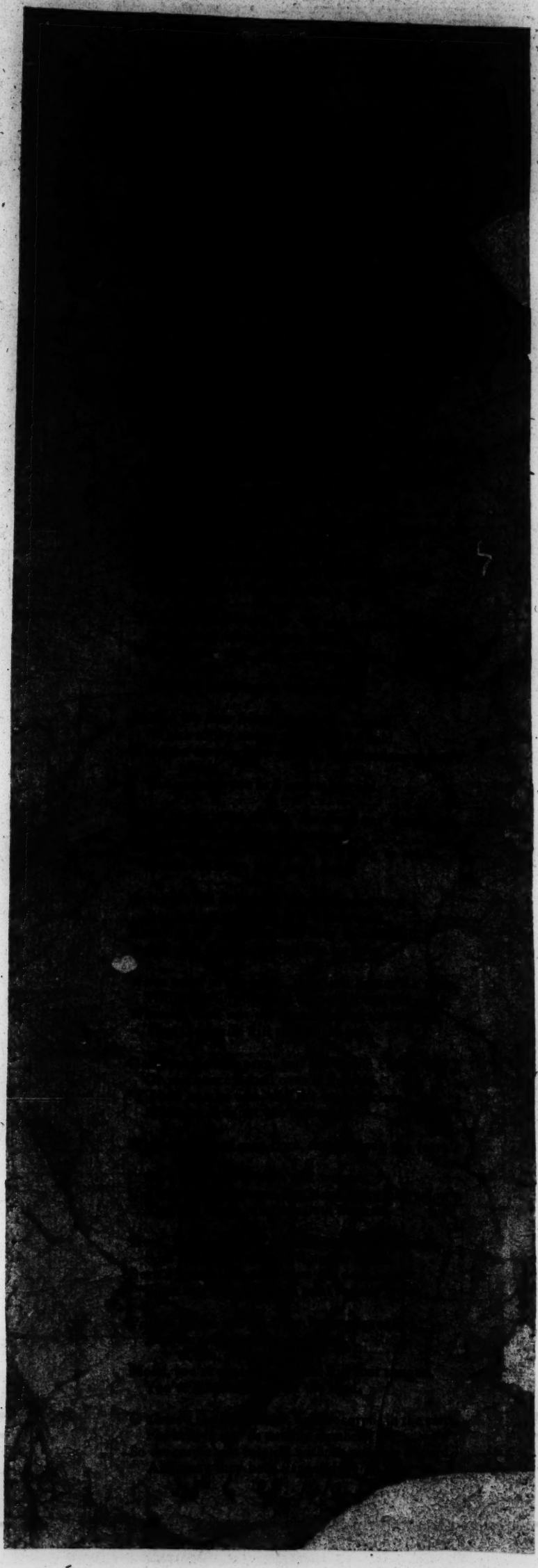
For the proud Queen of Spain we care not a Fart,
For Carthageen she may break her Heart:
Of Don Blas, that cowardly Fool,
Brave Vernon did make an *April* Fool;
For 'twas upon that Day we made him run away,
unto our Noble Admiral's Fame:
Then fill a brimming Glass, and round let it pass
to Admiral Vernon, and Ogle's Name.

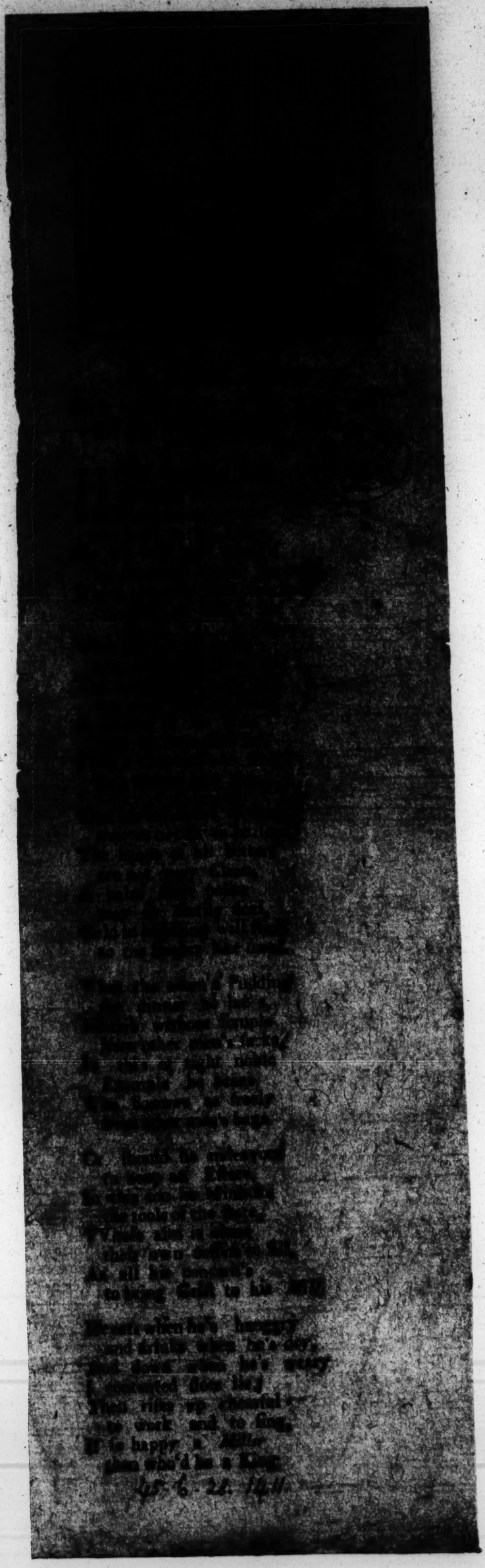
Come brave Boys a Health begin,
and fill your Glasses to the Brim;
A Health to Admiral Vernon brave,
to Sir *Chaloner Ogle* another we'll have;
To each *jolly* Tar and Marine that was there,
whose Courage there was bravely seen;
To *Lestock* Commodore's, and many thousands *more*
who assisted at taking of Cartageen.

Ballads. 26
1409.

Leaf. 313

K





[redacted]

Thanksgiving Day.

O One Solemn united Jubilee Holy Mirth
With Joyfullest Hearts sing Praise to the LORD.
Proclaim it aloud that he reigns over the Earth;
with Vowed Acknowledgments Still Favours record.

He stills him who Still eye Commotion appears,
and Scatters the Crowds that Destroy our Peace,
He Infatuates Traitors, Confounds Treasons,
and Wipes off all the Tears from our Eyes.

Now Rebellion no more Shakes,
when Force any Throne of Power did Invade,
And Invaders as a Deluge from abroad,
O'er flow his Kingdom and Island Borders.

A Prince Mighty in Battle And Still by Land
and Sea Victorious,
A Prince who tenders old Subjects as Sons,
different that their Sun his Beams had withdrawn,
Whilst Britain receives as her Parent appears,
And offers in transport Her welcomed Throne.

The Foes to his Rights to Europe's repose,
against him in vain they Assail and Conspire,
What Gold can debauch, or what Power oppose,
when Providence Favours the Royal Designs!

In Peace he's arriv'd, in triumph he's crown'd,
with Justice and *Truth*, the Sceptre he Sways.
Oh Spread the glad tydings, ye *Britains* around,
Invite all your Neighbours to Join in the Praise.

The praise which you owe to Heaven's High King
who often hath Lived your perishing State,
His praises 'tis fit you should willfully sing,
And every brave Britain with transport relate;

Our Rights are Secured, our Consciences free,
of Violence now no more we're afraid,
But hope that our Holy Religion will be
to dist ant Posterity Safely convey'd,

Let no sullen Gloom one Face overspread,
and flatter the Mirth of this Happy Day
When GOD his such Plenty his Bounties hath shed,
and driven our Fears and our Dangers away.

O Holy Saviour, Propitiate Jehova's Ire,
Stand forth the Peace of Heaven's Throne,
Do as Propitious, As Vouchsafe to Bless,
And with our Annual Hallelujahs Crown our Isle.

From hence Heavenly shou'd the Papal Might
With Lasting Storms of Evangelick Light,
and when the Mists of Error Dispell,
He Smit the Clouds, and Chas'd them Hellward.

Then Slim Cunning Profound and Wise Eyes,
Fell Wolves and Tygers turned Heathens by
Grace Slain by the Almighty power,
The Tygers Savage turn to Wolves Lambs.

The Cursed Serpents, by Spirit Born Infernal,
Will Impostures Sting from Idolatry and Church,
No cruel Fiends have power Sting for Sword,
No Tyrants on their Prostrate Subjects Guilt.

Confederate Hell and Rome their heads unite,
With baffled Craft, with Hellish Spite,
In vain their Arts, in vain their Arms have try'd,
In vain invade us, And in vain Divide.

Whilst God our Great Protector watchful stands,
Eludes their Plots, or Binds their Bloody Hands,
Brings their counsel'd Designs to open Day,
Or blows at once their boasted Schemes away.

We long have his almighty Friendship try'd,
Oft Sav'd by him, when none could Save beside,
And now he Stretches his propitious Hand,
And gently Steers again our Sinking Land.

On gasping Britain this Prince bestows,
Friend to our Rights Religion and our Laws,
(In vain Pretenders Foreign Powers support,
In vain am thinking *Britains* Ruin court.)

Long may he live and reign, of *Heav'n* approv'd,
By Foes rever'd, by all *His* Subjects lov'd,
Whilst we delighted brighten in his Rays,
Pray for our King, and to his King give Praise.

BRISTOL: Printed by W. BONNY.

King John and the Ab
bot of Canterbury.





The True Lover's Joy:

Or, A Dialogue between a Seaman and his Love.

The Maid implores the Aid of Charon's Boat,
That to the gloomy Shades her Soul might float;
With Sighs and Groans, much weary and oppreſt,
At laſt he heard her Moan, and gave her reſt,
From all paſt Dangers, and from future Harms,
She ſafe arriv'd and anchor'd in his Arms.

To a new Tune much in Requeſt.



Maid.

Hark Charon, come away,
bring forth thy Boat and Oars,
And carry me poor heavy'ſt Soul,
unto the Eleizium Shoars.

Charon.

What Charon calls in haſt,
Quick I be ſtirring paſt?
I come, come, come, come, come,
thy Fare ready for aboard me
Come in my Boat and take the pains
me thinks no others ſhall perform this.

Maid.

Now I am ready in the Boat,
I am a weak woman,
ſtorming and fearful almoſt dead,
for my Love he is from me gone.
But as I paſs the Shoars,



4
Mr Mas Hall
July 9th 24th 1703

Saint Bernard's Vision - K
(see Vol. 1. p. 376.)

The Soul speaketh.

...trembled Dives was heard to say,
...one drop of water be to grant'd:
...tenderless body, wanteth reason,
...so is hopeless, out of season.
...and rot in bed of clay,
...great and general judgement day:
...thou rise, and be with me condemn'd,
...not take further with-end.
...here well I will no longer stay,
...the flames of Hell call me away:
...of heavenly joys torments me,
...then all tortures that in Hell can be.

The Devil speaketh.

...come, whom we expected long,
...you sing another song:
...shall hear your note,
...be pointed down your throat.
...servants lead,
...crave dread:

The Writer speaketh.

As I lay slumbring in my bed one night,
A fearful vision did me sore affright,
For straight I saw a soul departed late,
Bye in the body in a poor estate.
Wailing with sighs, the soul aloud did cry,
Upon the body in the Coffin by:
And thus the soul to it did make her moan,
With grievous sobs, and many a bitter groan.

The soul speaketh.

O fearful flesh, which now so low doth lie,
Whose yesterday the world esteem'd so high,
It was but yesterday the world was thine,
The sun to see which yesterday did shine.
Where is thy train that did attend on thee,
Where is thy mirth, where is thy jollity?
Where are thy sumptuous buildings & thy treasure?
Thy pleasant walks wherein thou tookest pleasure?
Gone is thy train, thy mirth to mourning turn'd,
Thou in a Coffin, in a shrine art urn'd:
For thy rich cloaths thou hast a winding-sheet,
Thy high-built roof now with thy mouth doth meet.
But I poor soul was fram'd a noble creature
In likeness to my God, of heavenly feature
But by thy sin while we on earth abode,
I am made fouler then a toad from Load.
O wretched flesh with me that art forlorn,
That well may with thou never hadst been born
Thou wouldst never to any one agree,
For which we everlong shall damned be.
I cry, and mourn for they be in pain,
No tongue can tell the torments I sustain,
But thou and I we must returns to dust,

...thou thy pride, deceit, and luxury,
...brought these torments both on me and thee,
...wife, thy children, friends whom thou didst prize,
...eateth thy entrails lying in the dust.
...the book of God, which is both true and plain,
...witness at large what sinners shall endure,
...you that within the bed of earth are laid,
...rise, and answer to the words I said.

The body speaketh.

I know thee well my soul which from me fled,
Which left my body senseless, cold, and dead,
Cease thou to say the fault was all in me,
...when I will prove the fault was ... thee.
...thou say'st that I hurt thee ... are ...
And from Hell-dooms-dream thee quite away:
But if the deth the spirits power can make,
The fault is thine as I will plainly prove.
God you do know created you most fair,
And of celestial knowledge gave you share:
I was your servant, fram'd of earth and clay,
You to command and I for to obey.
...was in your power for to restrain my will,
And not to let me do these things were ill:
The bodies works are from the soul derived,
And by the soul the body should be guided.
The body of it self no ill hath known,
If I did what thou did'st, the guilt's thine own,
For without thee, the body reketh dead,
The soul commands, it rests upon thy head.
...to conclude, thy guilt exceedeth mine,
...the worms do fare me in my shrine;
And therefore fare thee well poor sinful soul,
...fare mine (though they are foul:

...pain, and full of terror
...since thou did speak to me,
...conceits I should have bidden thee.
But thou through love of pleasure foul and ill,
...me resisted and would have thy will:
...I would thee, O body, have controul'd,
...the worlds vanities did me withhold.
...of me didst gain the upper hand,
...alling me in worldly pleasures band:
...thou and I eternal shall be drawn'd
...when glorious saints in heaven are crown'd.
...flattering fancy did thy mind so please,
...thou never thought'st to dye till death did cease:
...was thy fault, and cursed was our fate,
...which we repent, but now, alas too late.

The body speaketh.

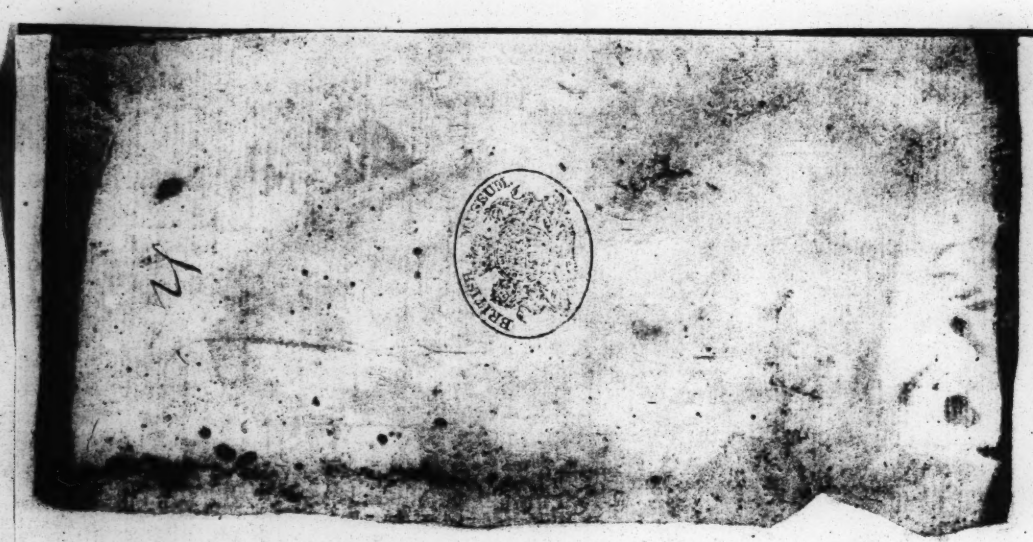
O now I weep, being scourg'd with mine own rod,
...both sad and guilty fore the face of God:
Both are in fault, and yet not equally,
The greatest burthen, soul, on thee doth lye.
No wit to mean, but this for truth it knows,
That where most gifts of vertue God bestows:
There is most due, and ought repayed be,
And unto this there's none but will agree.
But foolishly thou yieldest unto me,
And to my base desires didst soon agree:
But oh, I knew not at the latter hour,
But thou and I shall find a death most sure,
I greatly fear an everlasting fire,
Yet one thing more I do of thee require:
Hast thou been yet among the fiends of Hell,
Is no hopes left that we with Christ may dwell.

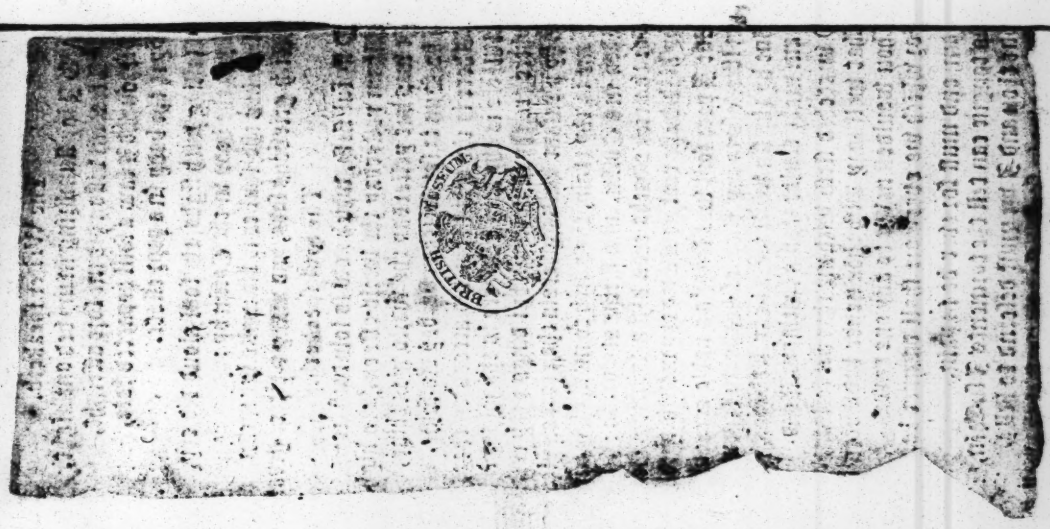
...Printed for J. Wright, J. Cla...

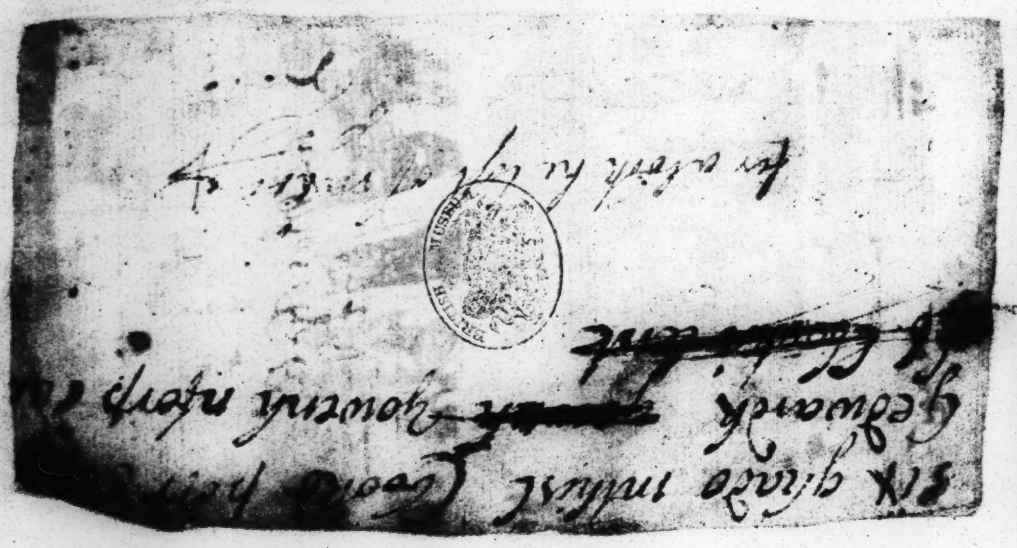
...open the fiends with joy wide
...devils did seem more black than pitch,
...hole hosts shapes did sorely me affright.
...sharp flesh'd forks each in their hands did bear,
...gnash'd their teeth like crooked mattocks were,
...fire and brimstone then they breathed out,
...from their nostrils Snakes crawl'd all about.
...foul filthy horns on their black brows they were,
...their nails were like the tushes of a Boar:
...hole fiends fast bound this wretched soul,
...drag'd him in, who grievously did howl.
...straight methought appeared in my sight,
...beautious young-man cloathed all in white:
...his face did shine most glorious to behold,
...wings like the Rain-bow, and his hair like gold;
...with a sweet voice, All hail, all hail, quoth he,
...rise and write what here thou now dost see:
...most heavenly musick seemed then to play,
...And in a cloud he vanisht quite away.
...waking straight, I took my pen in hand,
...To write those lines the young-man did command,
...And so abroad into the world it sent,
...that each good Christian may in time repent.
...then let us fear the Lord both night and day,
...Preserve our souls and bodies we thee pray:
...God grant we may so run this mortal race,
...That we in heaven may have a resting-place.
...Preserve the King, the Queen, and Progeny,
...The Clergy, Counsel, and Nobility:
...Preserve our soul and bodies I thee pray,
...Amen, with me let all good Christians say.

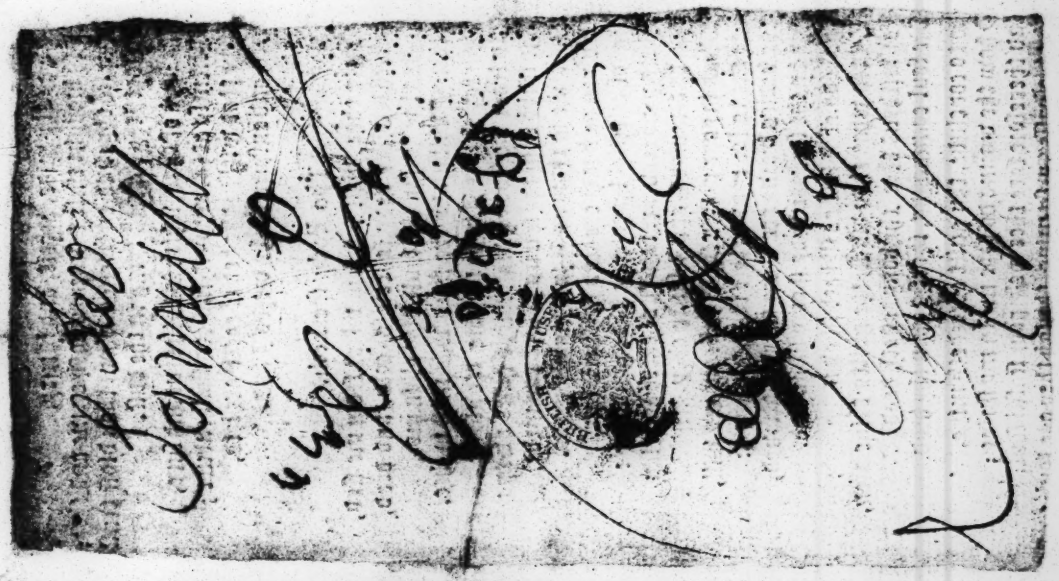
FINIS.

...W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.


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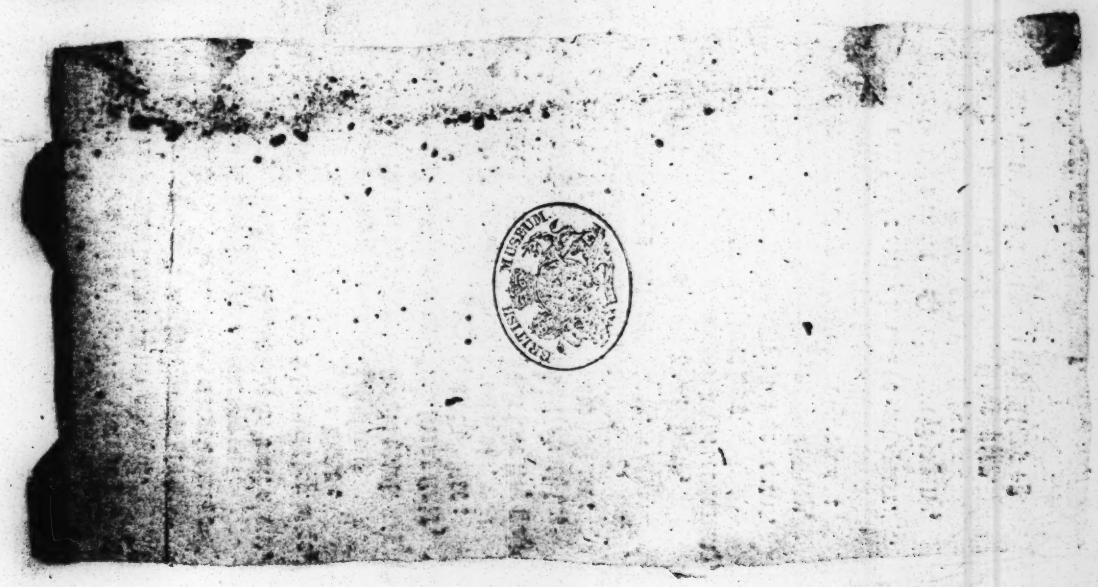

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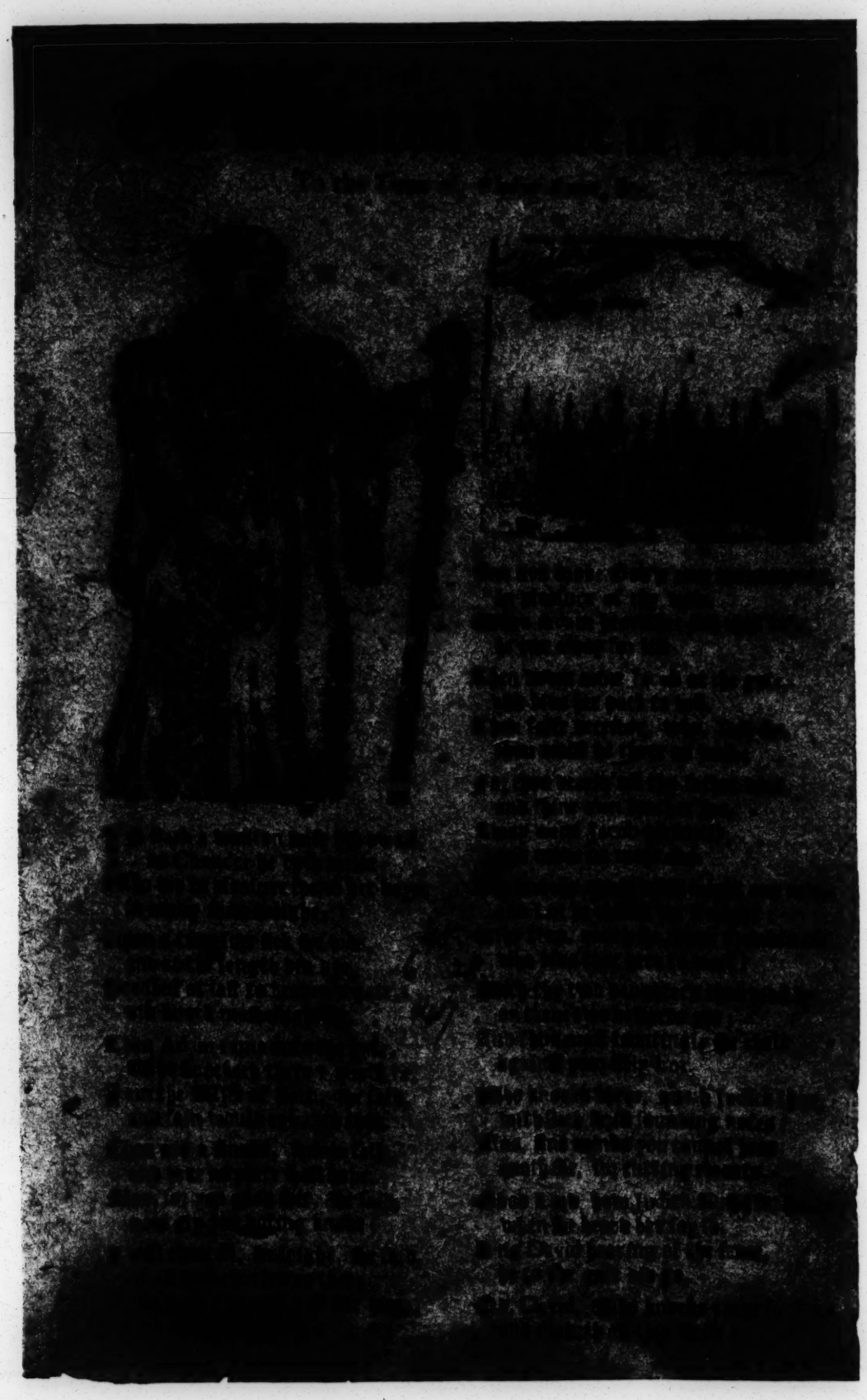

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The Suffolk Miracle:

OR,

A Relation of a Young Man, who, a Month after his Death, appeared to his [illegible] carryed her behind him Forty Miles in two hours time, and was never [illegible] Grave.

To the Tune of, My bleeding heart, &c.







A Wonder strange here was known
Then what I now shall treat upon,
In Suffolk there did lately dwell
A Farmer rich and known full well,

He had a Daughter fair and bright,
on whom he plac'd his chief delight,
Her beauty was beyond compare
For she was vertuous and fair.

There was a young man living by,
who long in charmes with her eye,
That he could never be at rest,
he was with love so nearly prest,

He made address to him, and he
a while and then was unconstantly;
And when her Father came to hear,
he parted her and her poor dear.

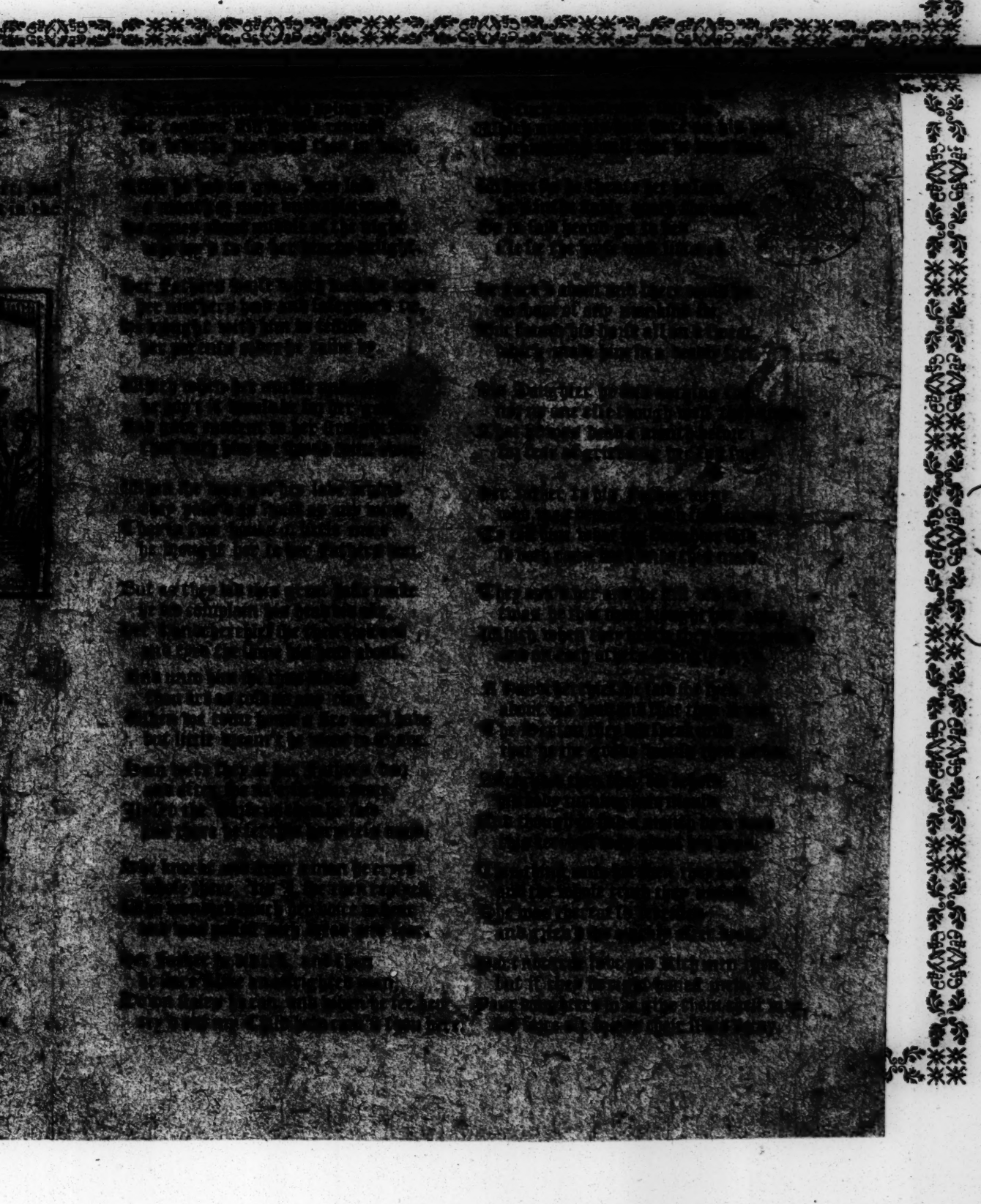
[illegible] Forty miles where they did live
unto his business with intent
[illegible] but the maids there to long remain
till the [illegible] their minds again.

[illegible] seven days more than [illegible]
but never [illegible] to be content,
[illegible] to [illegible]
that was true love he could not [illegible]

[illegible] he was married [illegible]
[illegible] he [illegible]
[illegible] he [illegible]
[illegible] enough [illegible]

[illegible] that [illegible]
[illegible] he [illegible]
[illegible] that [illegible]

Printed by and for [illegible], and sold by the Booksellers of [illegible]

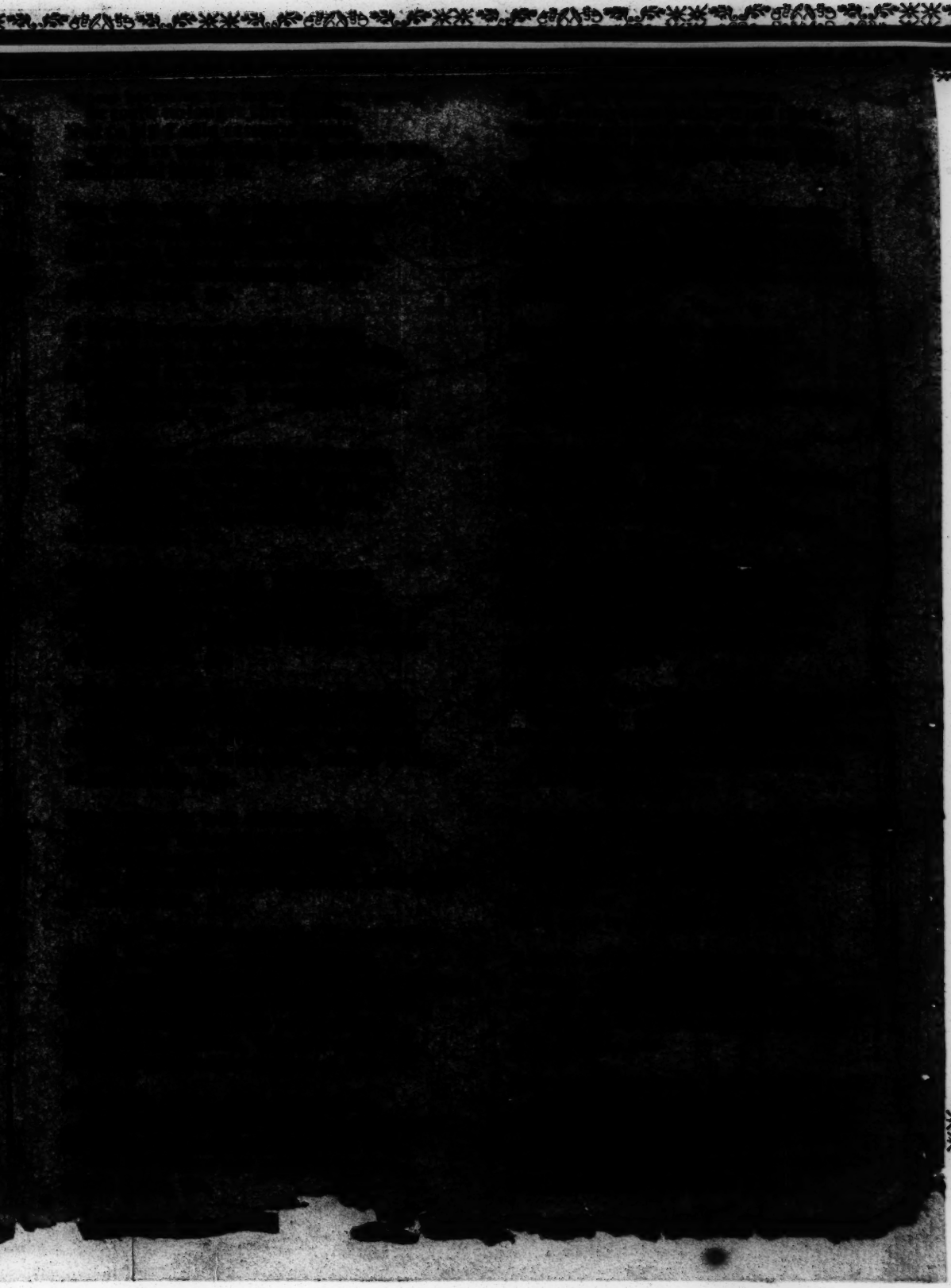


Fair Maid of *Dunf*'s LAMENTA

Lord WIGMORE, [illegible] Honour of Wi[illegible]

[illegible] and true Relat[illegible] Fair Maid of Dunf[illegible]



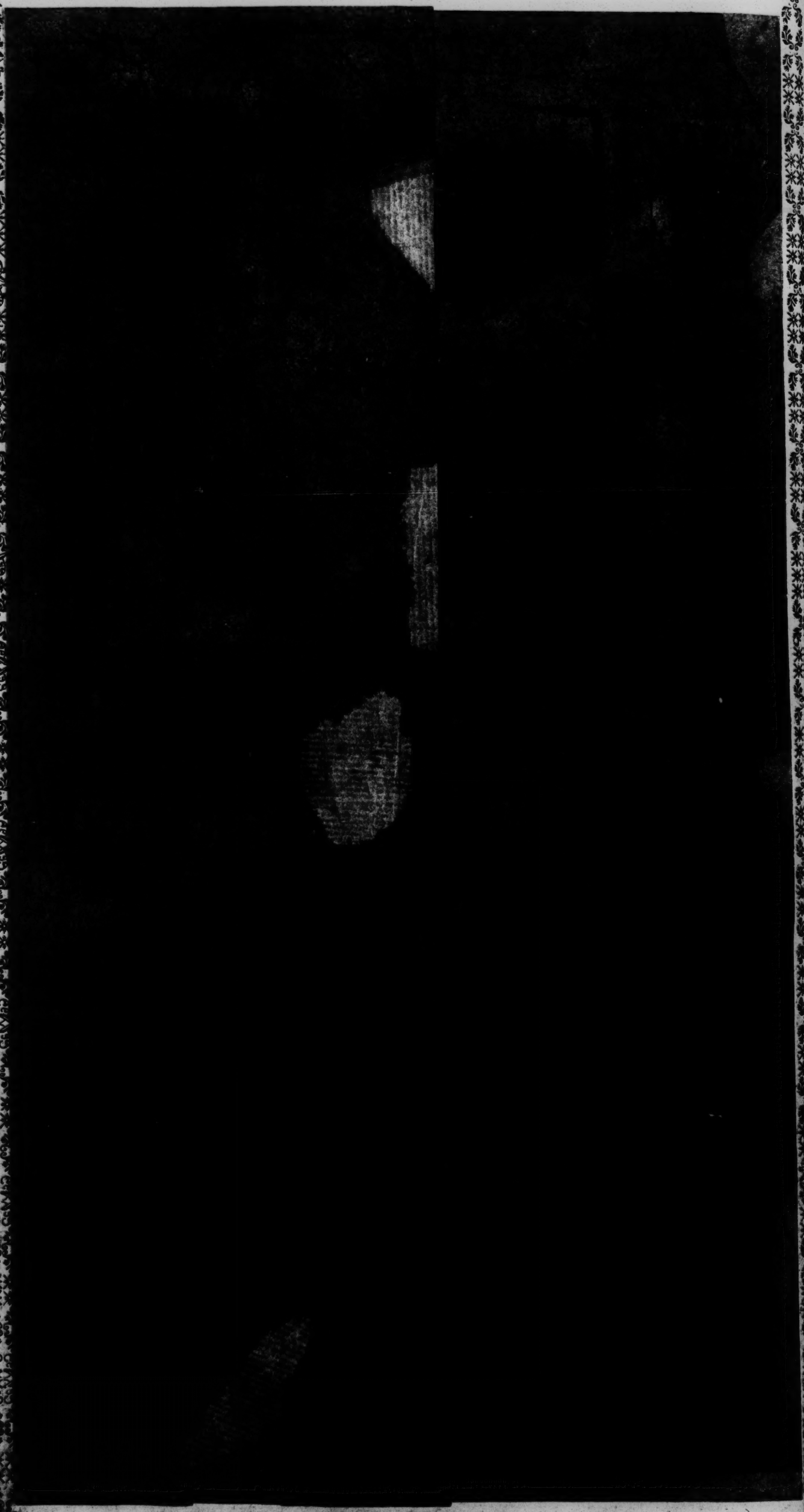


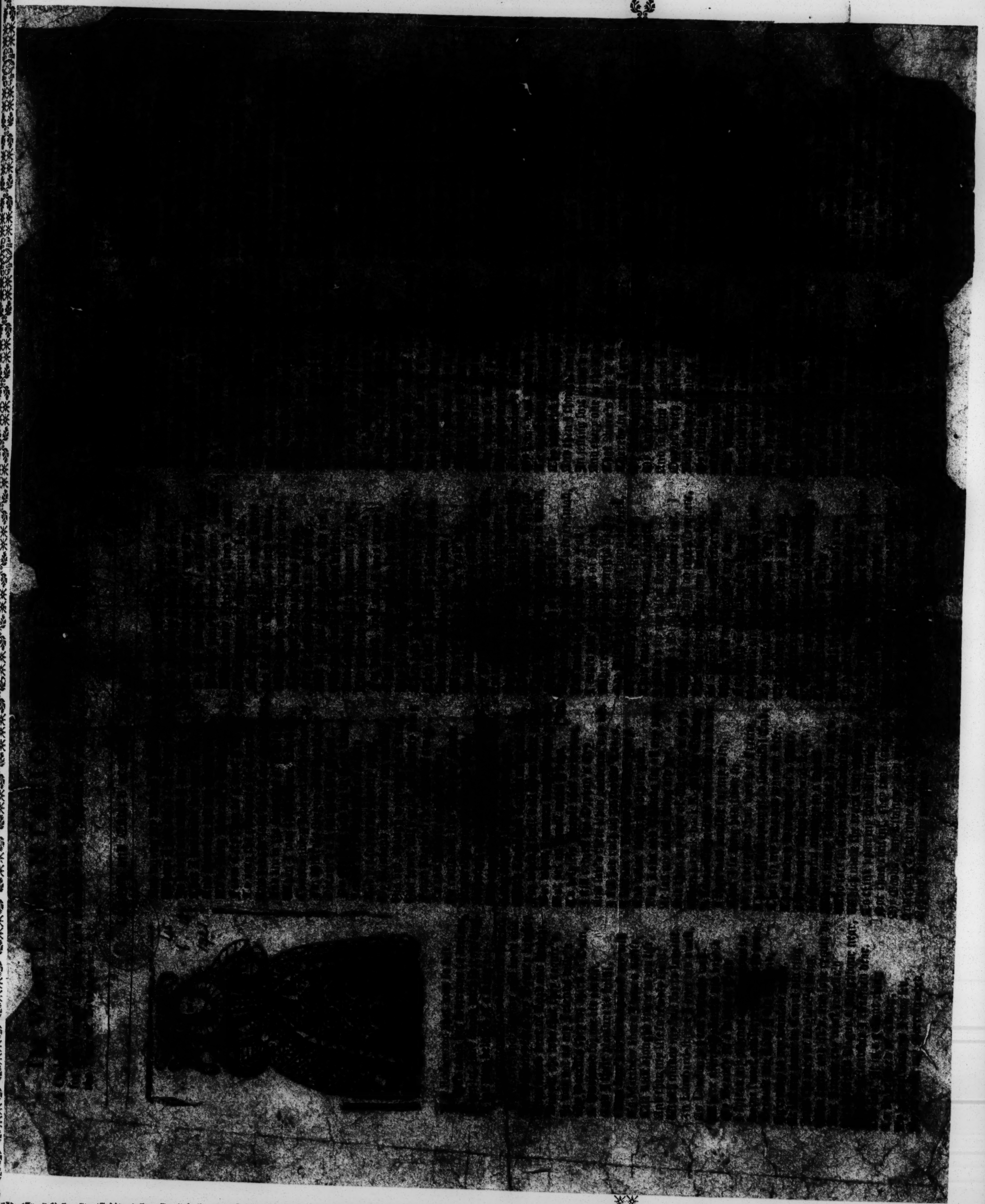
Poor Robin's Dream; Commonly called, Poor [illegible].

I know no reason, but this harmless Riddle,
May as well be Printed, as Sung to a Fiddle.
To a compleat Tune, well know[illegible] Musicians, and many others



(875)





Sir Andrew Barton.

Sir Andrew Barton, [illegible]
[illegible] a number saith,
[illegible] by the heroicus theat he of might,
[illegible] believe me, and by troth,
[illegible] he is a worthy Knight.
Sir Andrew Barton seeing him
[illegible] reasonable to pass by,
[illegible] thought he cared not a pin
[illegible] and all his Company:
[illegible] called he his Men aboard,
[illegible] back our Boller room, quoth he,
[illegible] see this same he comes again,
[illegible] reach him well his rewardie.
[illegible] me my lyon out of hand,
[illegible] the Lord, with rose & streamer high;
[illegible] no pirate a will o'n-hand,
[illegible] that Merchant like I may pass by.
Then bravely did Lord Howard pass,
[illegible] on anchor rite so high;
[illegible] top-sail at mast he sail,
[illegible] as a Foe did him defie.
A piece of ordnance soon was shot,
[illegible] proud Pirate fiercely then,
[illegible] Lord Howard's mizzie deck,
[illegible] cruel shot kill'd fourteen Men.
He called then Peter Simon, he,
Look how thy watch do stand instead,
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,
if thou miss twelve score a shilling breadth.
Then Peter Simon gave a shot,
which did Sir Andrew mickle grate,
[illegible] deck it came so hot
[illegible] fifteen of his Men of war:
Alas, then said the Pirate stout,
I am in danger now I see:
This is some Lord, I greatly fear
that is set on to conquer me.
Then Henry Hunt with rigour hot
came bravely on the other side,
With his chain shot in at his deck,
and killed fifty of his Men beside:
Then out, alas, Sir Andrew cry'd,
Either may a Man now think or say,
Yon Merchant-thief that pierceth me,
he was my Prisoner yesterday.
Then did he on Gordian call,
unto the top-castle for to go,
And bid his Seamans he should set sail,
for he greatly fear'd an overthrow.
The Lord call'd Horsely now in haste,
Look that thy word now stand instead,
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,
if thou miss twelve score a shilling breadth.
Then up main-tree swerved he,
this stout and mighty Gordian,
But Horsely he most boldly
shot him under the coast-bone.
Then call'd he on his Nephew then,
said, Sister's Sons I have no ma,
Three hundred pounds I will give thee,
if thou wilt to the [illegible]
Then [illegible]

[illegible] Lord,
[illegible] see [illegible] arrows [illegible]
Great means we [illegible] I will make
and if thou [illegible] I'll make the Knight
Bid Andrew bid clamb up the [illegible]
with right good will and all his main.
Then upon the [illegible] Horsely he,
[illegible] arrow all rewed again:
[illegible] shot [illegible] a private place,
[illegible] a perilous eye in a secret part,
His arrow forth [illegible] space,
and struck Sir Andrew to the heart:
Fight on, fight on, my merry Men all,
a little I am hurt, yet not slain,
I'll but lye down and bleed a while,
and rise and fight with you again:
And do not, said he, fear English Rogues,
and of your Foes stand not in awe,
But stand fast by St. Andrew's cross,
until you hear my whistle blow.
They ne'er heard his whistle blow,
which made them all full sore afraid.
Then Horsely said, Ay Lord aboard,
for now Sir Andrew Barton's dead,
Thus boarded they this gallant ship,
with right good will and all their main,
Eighteen score Scots alive in it,
besides so many more was slain.
The Lord went where Sir Andrew lay,
and quickly thence cut off his head;
I would forsake England many a day,
if thou were alive as thou art dead.
Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,
with mickle joy and triumphing:
The Pirate's head he brought along
for to present unto our King:
Who hastily then to him did say,
before he knew well whose was home,
Where is the Knight and Pirate gay,
that I myself may give the doom.
You may thank God, then said the Lord,
and your Men in the ship, quoth he,
That we are safely come ashore,
for I never had such an Enemy:
That is Henry Hunt and Peter Simon,
William Horsely and Peter's Son;
[illegible] them for their pains,
[illegible] as their turn.
[illegible] the King, my Lord, you say,
[illegible] from the town
I give to have a ship a day,
Sir Andrew's whistle and his chain:
To Peter Simon a crown a day;
and [illegible] to Peter's Son;
[illegible] Andrew down:
[illegible]
[illegible]
Lord Howard [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] the Seas till they
[illegible] King's high Lord.

[illegible] Ballads in Typography

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Love-sick Maid: Or, *Cordelia's* Lamentation for the Absence of her *Gerheard*.

To a pleasant New Tune.



BE gone
Thou fatal fiery Feador, now be gone,
let Love alone;
Let his Etherial flames possess my Breast:
His Fires
From thy consuming heat no aid requires,
for swift desires
Transports my passions to a Throne of rest:
Where I,
Who in the prime of Health, did
never feel such warmth to move;
By Sickness tam'd and so inflam'd,
I know no Joys but Love.
And he
That trifled many tedious hours
away, my Love to try,
In little space, hath gain'd the grace
to have more Power than I.
Depart
Thou scorching fury, quick from me depart,
think not my heart
To thy dull flame shall be a Sacrifice:
A Maid
Dread Cupid now is on thine Altar laid,
by thee betray'd,
A rich Oblation to restore thine eyes.
B. t yet
My fair acknowledgment will
prove thou hast no craft,
To bend thy bow, against thy Foe,
that aim'd to catch the Shaft:
For if
That at my Breast thy Arrows
thou all at once let flye,
She that receives a thousand Sheaves
can do no more but dye.
No more,
Pon learn'd Physitians, tyre your Brains no more,
pray give me o're,
Mine is a Cure in Physick never read:
Although
Pon skilful Doctors all the World doth know;
pray let me go,
Pon may as well make practise on the Dead.
But if
My Gerheard daign to shew me,
with the Glory of his looks,
I make no doubt, to live without
Physitians and their Books:
'Tis he
That with his balmed Kisses
can restore my latest breath:
What bliss is this, to gain a Kiss,
can save a Maid from Death:
To you
That tell me of another World, I vow
and will allow
Your sacred Precepts, if you'l grant me this;
That he
whom I esteem of next the Deity,
may go with me;
Without whose presence there can be no bliss.
Go teach
Your Lenets of Eternity,
to those that agen be;
And not perswade a Love-sick Maid,
there's any Heaven but he.
But stay,
Methinks an Joy slumber
hath possest my brainy brain:
Pray bid him bye, if you see I
shall never wake again.

The Young Man's Farewel: Or, His Dying Breath, Lamenting for his Fair *Cordelia's* Death.

To a delightful New Tune.





COme on
Thou fatal messenger, from her thats gone,
left I alone
Within that quenchless flame for ever fry:
The lake
Of Love being kindled, wherein none can take
rest, but make,
Where slumber hath no power to close the Eye;
Whilst I,
That by my fair Cordelia
desires to take a sleep,
With line wine strewn upon my bed,
am forc'd a watch to keep.
And she
That waited many tedious hours
my Constancy to try,
Is now at rest, whilst I oppress,
fain would, but cannot dye.
Dispatch,
Thou scorching Fury, quickly now dispatch,
by death I watch,
To be releast from this tormenting flame:
The Dart
Sent from dread Cupid, sticks fast in my heart,
I wanting art,
Pon not the power for to resist the same.
Though he,
Who by her late acknowledgment
proves thou hast no craft;
Yet from thy bow, thou must her know,
what Power lay in the shaft.
Sent then
From last another Arrow,
pierce me of hopes wreath:
Quite like a Foe, to worsen my woe,
by them no cure is left.
Wherefore
Do pon Physitians give my Physicks o're,
pon no more
Experience, but what pon in Books have seen:
Or why
(Pon Learned Doctors) do you cease to try
your skills upon
Might have reviv'd her, if she'd not been slain:
And yet
Suppose that I in Person
had present been to view her,
Is there such grace in any face,
to work so great a Cure:
Pon come too late to kiss her:
which were it not in vain,
After her death, I'de strew my breath
to fetch her back again.
Unto
The fair Elysium, thither will I go,
whereas I know,
She is amongst those Saints most precious:
When I
Shall be admitted for to come so nigh,
pardon I crave,
For my so long absence, wherein I have err'd,
And dare
My her I was afeard
to search my Heart, being here:
Hence for her take no rest I'le take,
till I have found her there.
Be gone,
Farewel I write,
to have my Passing-Bell.
Kind Virgins may lament the day
If Gerheard fall Fancy-sick.

London Printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and J. Wharton.

The SEAMANs Folly

In Marrying One so quickly; and for which he has Cause to Repent at leisure.

Tune of, Cloris awake. Written by Joseph Martin.









There was a stout Seaman
as I understand,
That lately came Sayling
into fair England,
And for to be merry
it was his intent
And now you shall hear
he has cause to repent.

His Wife, Mates and he
all together agree
To go to the Tavern
four pattners so fair,
Where he met with a lass
that pleas'd his mind
This maid being willing
together they went.
Where some hours in pleasure
together they spent.
But at last all the Treasure
of the jolly Seaman
Which this couple in fortune
together had there.

He kindly imbrac'd her
and took to her heels
I greatly do fear

I'le leave all the Seas
the Works of the Storms
And kindly imbrace thee
all night in my arms,
Then pray obey your heart
be upon not to say
For soon thou shalt see
I will get the a boy,

The Maids Answer.

For to marry kindly
I am loath to begin,
For all sorts of Charges
comes tumbling in,
Yet I am resolved
what ever befide
He prove a stout Seaman
as lye by my side.

A Seaman I love him
as dear as my life
And I am resolv'd to be
a obedient wife:
Then why should I stay
now I am in the prime
For we shall be married
now it is high time.

They straightway went
the truth for to try,
But the same day a Seaman
the boy away lay.

He presently sending
for wife a gallies,
He then was resolved
a trick for to try
And straightway secretly packing
up some goods by
He pick'd her up suddenly
in Ratcliff High way.

To the Tavern they went
where full merry they were
But the Host understood
her pretence was there,
Come boys drink a pint
before you do go
For Charles he knows
all the reckoning shall pay.

Her husband at home
in a passion did fret
And with a great stick
he threatned her back,
But when he found
she was gone
He was in a great rage
and swore like a man.

The contented Subjects; Or, the [illegible]

No Power without God's Providence
shall ever fall on Land:
Then God preserve our Illustrious Prince,
and Sovereign of this Land.

The Time is, *Now, now the Fight's done.*

NOw, now the time's come, Noble *Prichard* is chose,
To fright of all People that would him oppose:
The King and His Subjects I hope will agree,
And trouble and dangers, forgotten may be;
Then may London *Citizens merrily Sing,*
God Bless Noble Prichard, *and Prosper our King.*

The difference now, I hope is Compos'd,
And the confidence that in our Prayer's Repos'd;
Do hope will be answer'd in every degree,
That there no Subjects more happy than we;
Then brave London *Citizens merrily Sing,*
God Bless Noble Prichard, *and Prosper the King.*

Our Flourishing *Monarch*, whose Fame doth abound,
The *Dutchman's Fault*, I do hope will be found:
The *Turk* and the *Pope*, both of him stand in fear,
Which *Protestant Principles*, now are so clear;
Then that brave London *Citizens merrily Sing,*
God Bless Noble Prichard, *and Prosper the King.*

Do but mind how the Heavens upon us do Smile,
And the *Pope's* expectations do clearly beguile:
To oblige Sinful Men, from their Sins to refrain,
That in Heaven above, they with Saints may remain;
Then Protestant Subjects be merry and sing,
God Bless Noble Prichard, *and Prosper the King.*

The Divisions of late, that did strangely increase,
I hope will conclude in a Flourishing Peace;
And *England* be freed from the dangers and fears,
Which seem'd for to threaten her several years:
Then may Loyal Citizens merrily Sing,
God Bless Noble Prichard, *and Prosper the King.*

And who can foretell what God's Love will bestow
On us Sinful Men, who Inhabit below?
Since dayly we find that the Powers above,
Sends us dayly Symptomes of Mercy and Love:
But let brave Loyal Citizens merrily Sing,
God Bless Noble Prichard, *and Prosper the King.*

Thrice happy are Subjects, Yea, Blessed are they
Who Honour their Prince, and God's Laws obey;
Upon that Blest Land, and Providence lies,
'Twere happy for *England*, if we could be wise:
Then London brave Citizens merrily Sing,
God Bless Noble Prichard, *and Prosper the King.*

What Prince ever Reign'd in this Nation before
Magnified with Love, that been Mercy in store,
That freely forgives many who do offend,
In hopes to find Mercy himself in the end:
Then brave London Citizens merrily Sing,
God Bless Noble Prichard, *and Prosper the King.*

Then lift up your Souls both in Heart and in Voice,
Bless Heaven so kind, for so happy a Choice,
As lately was made, to the Peoples Content,
Of which I do hope they will never repent:
While the brave London Citizens merrily Sing,
God Bless Noble Prichard, *and Prosper the King.*

You brave *English* Subjects, that Honour your Prince,
Take pattern by me, and let Malice convince
That our King doth endeavour our Love and Advance,
And we keep for like the Poor Servile in *France*:
Then let London *Citizens merrily Sing,*
God Bless Noble Prichard, *and Prosper the King.*

Of *Whigs* and of *Tories*, we hear shall no more,
Those Names of Distinctions did trouble some sore,
But since God and the King, to *England* are kind,
Know, where strife amongst Subjects is found,
Then Citizens thereof merrily will Sing,
But God Bless the Mayor, and Prosper the King.

Do but mind with what joy this Mayor was made,
I would make you admire, 'tis by some not allay'd,
But 'tis certainly sure, give him Credit to me,
That goes not by Here-say, but this I did see:
Then London *brave Citizens merrily Sing,*
God Bless Noble Prichard, *and Prosper the King.*

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, in *West-smithfield*.





1500 ft!
Vol. 1 page 436
and
page 472

A most Excellent song of the love of young Palmus, and fair Sheldra.

To the tune of, Shackley-hey.



YOung Palmus was a Ferry-man,
whom Sheldra fair did Love,
At Shackley where her sheep did graze,
she there his thoughts did prove,
But he unkindly stole away,
And left his Love at Shackley-hey,
fa la, fa la la la.

So loud at Shackley did she cry,
The words resound at Shackley-hey
fa la, fa la la la.

But all in vain she did complain,
for nothing did him move;
Till wind did turn him back again,
and brought him to his Love.
When she saw him thus turn'd by fate,
She turn'd her love to mortal hate,
fa la, &c.
Then weeping to himself did say,
I'le Live with thee at Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

No no quoth she, I thee deny,
my Love thou once did scorn,
And to my prayers wouldst not hear,
but left me here forlorn.
But now being turn'd by fate of wind,
Thou thinkst to win me to thy mind,
fa la, &c.
Go, go, farewel I thee deny,
Thou shalt not Live at Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

If thou dost my love disdain
because I Live on Seas:
Or that I am a Ferry-man,
my Sheldra doth displease,
I will no more in that estate
Be subject unto wind and fate,
fa la, &c.
But quite forsake both Mars and sea
And Live with thee at Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

My Sheldra's bed shall be my boat,
her arms shall be my Mars,
Where Love instead of storms shall float,
on pleasant Downs and shores,
Her sweet breath my pleasant gale,
Through tides of love to guide my sail,
fa la, &c.
Her Love my praise, she is my joy,
To Live with me at Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

Nor Titan shall with me compare,
so fortunate to prove,
Fair Venus never was his Peer,
I'le bear the Queen of Love,
The working water never fear,
For Cupids self our Barge shall steer,
fa la, &c.
And to the shore I still will cry.
My Sheldra's come to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

To strow the boat for thy avail,
I'le rob the flowry shears,
And whilst thou guid'st the silken sail,
I'le row with golden Oars,
And as upon the seas we float,
A thousand Swans shall guide the boat,
fa la, &c.
And to the shore I still will cry,
My Sheldra comes to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

And have a story painted there,
wherein there may be seen,
How Sopho loved a Ferry-man,
being a learned Queen,
In golden Letters shall be writ,
How well in Love himself he quit,
fa la, &c.
Then all the Lasses still shall say
With Palmus we'l to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

And walking easily to the Strand,
we'l angle in the brook,
And fish with the white Lilly wand,
thou knowst no other hook:
To which the fish shall soon be brought,
And strive which shall the first be caught,
fa la, &c.
A thousand pleasures we will try,
As we walk on to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

And if we be oppress with heat,
in the mid time of the day,
Under the willows tall and great,
shall be our quiet bay:
Where I will make thee fans of bows,
From Phœbus beams to shade thy brows,
fa la, &c.
And cause them at the Ferry cry,
My Sheldra comes to shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

A troop of dainty neighbouring girls,
shall dance along the strand,
Upon the gravel all of Pearls,
to wait when thou shalt Land.
And cast themselves upon the ground,
Whilst thou with Garland shalt be crown'd,
fa la, &c.
And Shepheards all with joy shal say,
See sheldra comes to shackley-hey
fa la, &c.

Although I did my self absent,
'twas but to try thy mind,
But now thou maist thy pleasure absent,
for being so unkind,
For now thou'rt turn'd by wind and fate,
Instead of love thou purchast hate,
fa la, &c.
Therefore return thee to the sea,
And bid farewel to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

Then all in vain she did complain,
and no remorse could find,
Young Palmus through his own disdain
made fair Sheldra unkind:
And she is from him fled and gone
He laid him in his boat alone,
fa la, &c.
And so betook him to the Sea,
And bad farewel to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

Then from the happy sandy shore,
into the floating waves,
His Vessel fraught with brinish tears,
into the Main he laves,
But all in vain for why he still
With weeping eyes his boat did fill,
fa la, &c.
And launcht himself into the sea,
And bad farewel to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

Now farewel to my Sheldra fair
whom I no more shall see;
I mean to lead my Life at sea
by thy inconstancy,
Come Neptune come to thee I cry,
With thee He Live, with thee ile dye,
fa la, &c.
Then launcht himself into the Sea,
And bad farewel to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

But far from thence he had not gone
ere Sheldra fair returned,
Whose kind pity made me moan,
such passion in her burned,
But when she to that place arriv'd,
She found the shore of him deprived
fa la, &c.
And her dear Palmus now at sea,
Had bid farewel to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

She then with bitter sighs complain'd,
her grief did so abound,
Oft grieved that she him disdain'd
whom she so Loving found:
But now alas 'twas all in vain,
For he was gone by her disdain,
fa la, &c.
Leaving that place to her alone,
Who now laments that he is gone,
fa la, &c.

O wretched Sheldra then quoth she,
unless what fond disdain
Hath wrath caused to fall on thee,
by this long suffering pain;
By thee alas so soon forgot,
Serve to thy loves strange hateful lot,
fa la, &c.
And thus to lye and for him cry,
whom thou so fondly didst deny
fa la &c.
Who once did truly Love & see
will ever after hate;
As doth too well appear by me
in my forsaken state:
Alas my scorn I mean to prove
By only tryal of thy Love,
fa la, &c.
Now hapless me for I do see
He hath forsaken woful me;
fa la, &c.
Thus all the while in roughest seas
poor Palmus boat was tost;
But more in's mind this did disease
because his Sheldra's lost:
In midst of this he bye forswears,
He rent his coat and tore his hair,
fa la, &c.
Threw hope away, for alas
Could be no more drown'd then he was,
fa la, &c.
Even as his grief had swallowed him
so did the greedy waves,
About his boat and ore the brim,
each billow swiftly raves:
There is no trust to swelling powers,
That what it may it still devours;
fa la, &c.
And the breach the seas may see
The boat felt more the rage then he,
fa la, &c.
Thus wrackt and scattered in the state,
while he in quiet swam;
Through liquid paths to Thetis gate
by soft degree went down;
Whom when the Nimphs beheld the girls
Soon laid aside their sporting pearls,
fa la, &c.
And up they heav'd him as a guest,
Unlookt for now come to the feast,
fa la, &c.
His case they pitied, but when they
beheld his face right fain;
For very Love into the sea
they pul'd him back again:
So were they with his beauty mov'd
For what is fair is soon belov'd:
fa la, &c.
Then with the Nimphs he Lives in Sea
That left his Love at Shackley-hey!
fa la, &c.
Then Sheldra fair to Shackley went,
to end her woful days,
Because young Palmus cast himself
into the floating seas;
At Shackley did fair Sheldra dye,
Young Palmus in the seas doth lye,
fa la, &c.
So as they liv'd so did they dye,
And bad farewel to Shackley-hey,
fa la fa la la la.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, and I. Clark.

Lec. Vol. 1. f. 436 & 472

BRITISH MUSEUM

45
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A [illegible] advice,
[illegible] an excellent Ditty, Concerning the variable Changes in this life.
To plesant new Tune,



What if a day, or a moneth, or a yeare
crowne thy delights, (yeare
with a thousand fold contentings?
Cannot the change of a night, or an houre
crosse thy delights (houre
with as many fold tormentings?
Fortune in her fairest birth
are but blossoms dying,
wanton pleasures doting mirth,
are but shadows flying;
All your joyes are but toys.
idle thoughts deceiving,
None hath power of an houre,
in our lives bereaving.

What if a smile, or a beck, or a look,
feed thy fond thoughts
with many a sweet conceiving?
May not that smile, or that beck, or that look
tell thee as well (look
they are but vain deceiving?
Why should Beauty be so proud,
in things of no surmounting?
Her wealth is but a shrowd
of a rich accounting;
[illegible] in this, repose no blisse.
[illegible] is so vain and idle,
[illegible] Flowers, have their houres,
[illegible] doth hold the Wisdome.

What if the World with allures of love
raise thy desires, (wealth
to a place of high advancing?
May not the World by a check of that
put thee again (wealth
to a low despised chancing?
Whilst the Sun of wealth doth shine,
thou shalt have friends plenty,
But come want then they repine,
not one abides of twenty;
Wealth and Friends, holds and ends,
all your fortunes rise and fall,
Up and down, rise and frown,
certain is no state at all.

What if a grief, or a strain, or a fit,
pinch thee with pain,
or the feeling pangs of sickness?
Doth not that gripe, or that strain, or
shew thee the form (that
of thy own true perfect likeness?
Health is but a glimple of joy,
subject to all changes.
Birth is but a silly toy
with mishap estranges,
Tell me then silly Man,
why art thou so weak of wit,
As to be [illegible]

The second part to the same Tune

Then if all this, love declare's thine
take it from me (amiss
as a gentle friendly warning;
if thou refuse, and good counsel abuse
thou mayst perceive,
shortly why too late,
till to despair that we have,
there is nothing living,
Days of pleasure are like dreams,
though fair Seasons gliding,
Wealth as woe, Time doth go,
there is no returning,
Secret Fates, guides our States,
both in mirth and mourning.

Man's but a blast, or a smoak, or a cloud
that in a thought
or a moment be is dispersed:
Life's but a span, or a tale, or a word,
that in a trice,
our fashion is rehearsed,
Days are changed, & thy thoughts are
still nor still prevaileth (cross
though we laugh and live at ease,
change of thoughts affrighteth,
though a while, Fortune smile,
and her comforts frowneth,
Yet at length, fails her strength
and in fine she frowneth.

Thus are the joys of a year in an hour,
and of a moneth,
in a moment quite expired;
But in the night, with the word of a
cross in the sky (noyse,
of an ease our hearts desired;
Fairest Blossoms soonest fade,
withered, foul and rotten,
And through greatest joyes,
quickly are forgotten:
Seek not then (mortal men)
earthly fleeting pleasure,
But with pain, strive to gain
the heavenly lasting Treasure.

Earth to the Earth, as Man to [illegible]
hath but a point,
and a power is [illegible]
Flesh to the Dust, as Flowers to [illegible]
that in a Spring
or a Tempest is disgraced;
Fortune map the busy pursuits
which is only carnal,
But if will the Soul withstand,
that is still immortal.
Earthly joys are but toys,
to the Souls election,
Worldly grace, doth deface,
Pure Divine perfection.

Fleshly delight to the Earth that
may be the cause (
of a thousand sweet contentings;
But the defaults of a fleshly desire
brings to the Soul
many thousand sad tormentings.
Be not proud, presumptuous man,
sith thou art a point to vade,
Of the least and lowest Element,
which hath least and lowest place,
Mark thy Fate, and thy State,
which is only Earth and Dust,
And as Grass, which alas
shortly surely perish must.

Let not the hopes of an Earthly [illegible]
barr thee the joys,
of an earnest contentation,
Nor let not thy eye on the world be [illegible]
to hinder thy heart
from unfeigned recantation;
Be not backward in that course
that may bring thy Soul delight,
Although another way may seem
farre more pleasant to thy sight,
Do not go, if he says so,
that knows the secrets of thy [illegible]
Follow this, thou shalt not miss,
an endless happiness to have.

London, Printed by E.C. for F. Coles, T. Vere, and [illegible]

The Loyal Tories Delight,
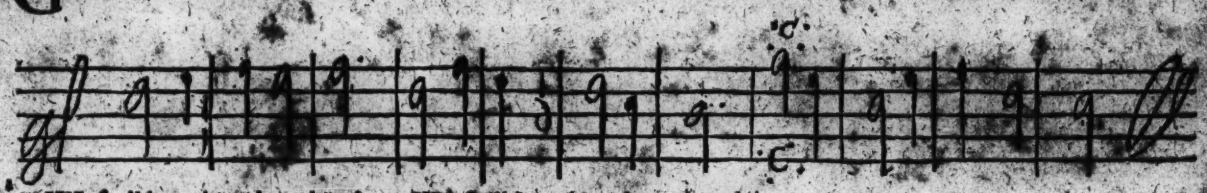
Or, A Pill for FANATICKS.

Being a moſt pleaſant and new Song.

To the Tune of, *Great York has been debar'd of late, &c.*



GReat *York* has been debar'd of late, from Court by ſome accurſed Fate; but e're long we do not fear,



We ſhall have him, have him here, We ſhall have him, have him here.

(2)

The Makers of the Plot we ſee,
By damn'd Old *Tony*'s treachery,
How they would have brought it about,
To have given great York *the rout:*
To have given &c.

(3)

God preſerve our gracious King,
And ſafe tydings to us bring,
Defend us from the *ſmutty black Box,*
And all damn'd Fanatick *Plots,*
And all damn'd &c.

(4)

Here *Charles*'s Health I drink to thee,
And wiſh him all Proſperity;
God grant that he long time may Reign,
To bring us home great York *again:*
to bring us home &c.

(5)

That he in ſpight of all his Foes,
Who Loyalty and Laws oppoſe,
May long remain in health and peace,
Whilſt Plots and Plotters all ſhall ceaſe:
Whilſt &c.

(6)

Let Whigs go down to *Erebus,*
And not ſtay here to trouble us
With noiſy Cant, and needleſs fear,
Of Ills to come they know not where.
Of Ills to come &c.

(7)

When our Chief trouble they create,
For plain we ſee what they'd be at:
Cou'd they but puſh great *York* once down,
They'd next attempt to ſnatch the Crown.
they'd next attempt &c.

(8)

But Heaven preſerve our gracious King,
May all good Subjects loudly ſing;
And Royal *James* preſerve likewiſe,
From ſuch as do againſt him riſe,
From ſuch as do &c.

6. 28
1575
BRITISH MUSEUM

(9)

Then come again fill round our Glaſs,
And Loyal Tories let it paſs,
Fill up, fill up unto the Brim,
And let each Boule with Nectar ſwim,
And let each Boule &c.

(10)

Though *Cloakmen* that ſeem much preciſe
'Gainſt Wine exclaim, with turn'd-up eyes,
Yet in a corner they'l be drunk,
With drinking Healths unto the RUMP,
With drinking &c.

(11)

In hopes that once more they ſhall tear
Both Church and State, which is their Prayer
But Heaven does ſtill protect the Throne,
Whilſt Tyburn *for ſuch Slaves does groan.*
Whilſt Tyburn &c.

(12)

For now 'tis plain, moſt men abhor
What ſome ſo ſtrongly voted for:
Great *York* in Favour does remain,
In ſpight of all the Whigiſh train.
In ſpight &c.

(13)

And now the *Old Cauſe* goes to wrack,
Sedition Mauger Cloath in black,
Do greatly dread the Triple Tree,
Whilſt we rejoyce in Loyalty.
Whilſt we &c.

(14)
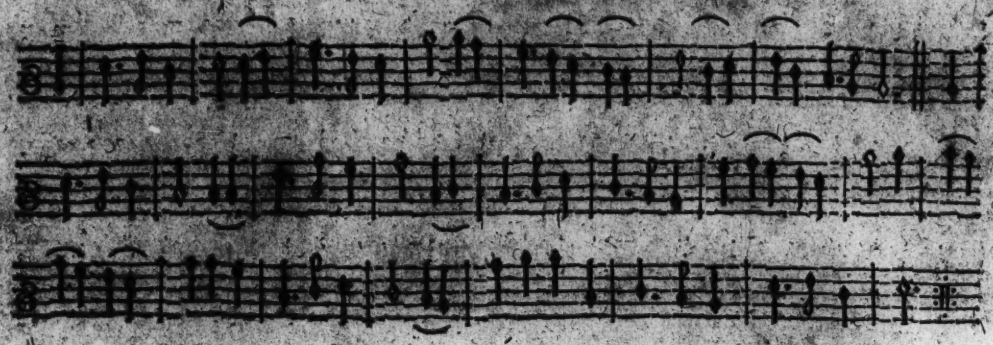
Then come let's take another Round,
And ſtill in Loyalty abound,
And wiſh our King he long may Reign,
To bring us home great York *again,*
To bring us home great York *again.*

LONDON

Printed for *R. Shuter.*

VIENNA'S Triumph;
WITH THE
Whigg's Lamentation
For the Overthrow of the TURKS.

To the Tune of, *Now now the fight's done.*



NOw now's the Siege rais'd,
and the numerous Train
Of the *Turks*, *Jove* be prais'd,
are Defeated again:
Their *Mahomets* aid,
they in vain did implore,
And they swear they'l not trust
the dull God any more:
The Sham of the *Load-stone*,
at last they have found,
And their God is Condemn'd
to be laid under ground.

II.

Let the *English* give praise,
let all *Christendom* joyn,
In singing of Lays,
to the Powers Divine,
Vienna once more
hath the Victory won,
And the *TURKS* though so mighty
are put to the run:
The Gyant *Goliah*
by *David* was slain,
Thus who fight against Heaven,
do fight but in vain.

III.

The *Grand Vizier*'s fled,
in vain he did boast,
And 'twill cost him his Head,
since the Battle he lost:
His many of Thousands,
he Invincible thought,
Yet they by few hundreds,
to Confusion were brought;
To the great King of *Poland*,
let the Honour redound,
Whose actions with Credit,
and Fame do abound.

IV.

To the Duke of *Lorrain*,
great praises are due,
Who had Fought but in vain,
if proud words had prov'd true:
At the Emperor's Threats,
he laught in his sleeve,
And all his great proffers,
he scorn'd to believe:
But Great as he was,
he withstood all their Charms,
Chusing rather to dye
in his Country-mens Arms.

V.

His Loyalty true
all the World doth admire,
But the *Whiggs* who look blue,
and Commotions desire:
Ruine and strife is
Whiggs Element still,
They'r an obstinate People,
if crost in their Will:
And what their Will is,
is as hard to be known,
As it is to find out
the Philosophers Stone.

VI.

No Devotion but theirs,
all others they say,
Of the Devil are Snares,
for to lead us astray:
The *Pope* to avoid,
they'l do what they can,
And instead of an Image,
they'l Worship a Man:
To the *Turks* they no Martyrs
but Converts would be,
But in time we may see
them all dye by the Tree.

BRITISH MUSEUM
46. 6. 28.
157.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Sign of the Angel in Guilt-spur-street. 1683.

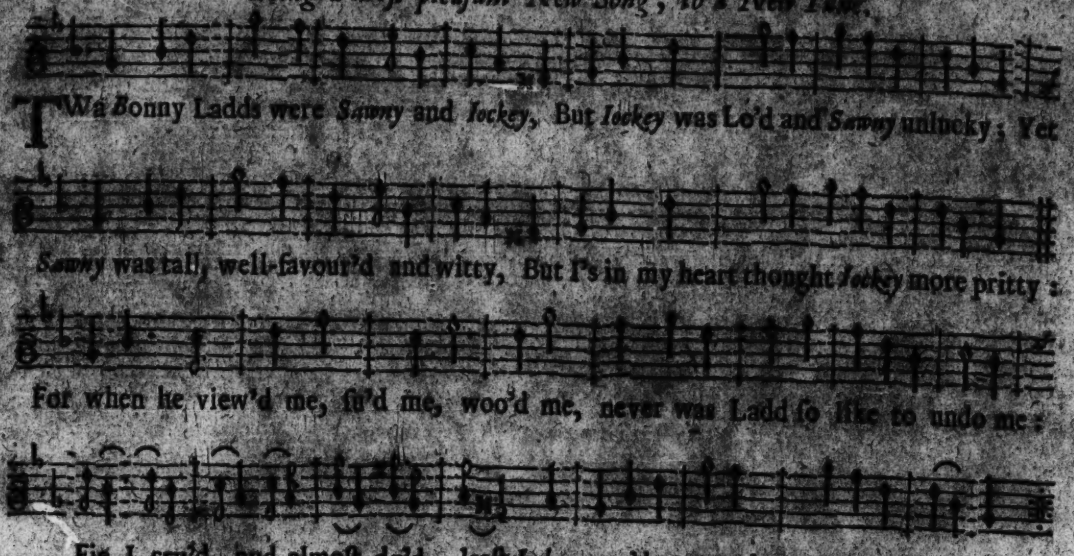
The Scotch Lasses Constancy:

OR,

JENNY's Lamentation for the Death of JOCKEY.

Who for her sake was Unfortunately Kill'd by SAWNY in a Duel.

Being a most pleasant New Song, to a New Tune.



'Twa Bonny Ladds were *Sawny* and *Jockey*, But *Jockey* was Lo'd and *Sawny* unlucky; Yet *Sawny* was tall, well-favour'd and witty, But I's in my heart thought *Jockey* more pritty: For when he view'd me, su'd me, woo'd me, never was Ladd so like to undo me: Fie I cry'd, and almost dy'd, least *Jockey* wou'd gang and come no mere to me.

(2)

Jockey would Love, but he would not Marry,
And I was afraid that I shou'd miscarry;
For his cunning Tongue with Wit was so guilded,
That I had a dread my heart wou'd a yielded:
Dayly he prest me, blest me, kist me,
Lost was the hour methought when he mist me;
Crying, denying, and fighting, I woo'd him,
And mickle adoe I had to get from him.

(3)

But unlucky Fate robb'd me of my Jewel,
For *Sawny* would make him fight in a Duel;
Then down in a Dale with Cyprus surrounded,
Oh! there in my sight poor *Jockey* was wounded:
But when he thrill'd him, fell'd him, kill'd him,
Who can expres my grief that beheld him?
Raging, I tore my Hair to bind him,
And vowed and swore I'de ne'r stay behind him.

(4)

I'so shriek'd and I'se cry'd, wae's me so unha[illegible]
For I'se now have lost mine nene sweet *Jockey*,
Sawny I curst, and bid him to flye me,
I vow'd and *I* swore he shou'd ne'r come nigh me,
But I'd spight him, hate him, fight him,
And never again wou'd *Jenny* like him:
Though he did sigh and almost dye,
He cry'd fie on me, cause I did slight him.

(5)

And from me I'se bid him straightway be ganging,
When with arms a cross, and head down hanging:
Whilst that my poor *Jockey* was a dying,
He to the Woods then departed sighing:
And his breath wanted, panted, fainted,
Whilst that for him my tears were not scanted:
I'se beat my breast, and my grief expressed,
Wae's me that Death my joy has suppressed.

(6)

At which my *Jockey* a little reviving,
And with Death as it were he lay then striving,
Open'd his Eyes and looked upon me,
And faintly sigh'd, Ah! Death has undone me:
Jenny my Honey I'se must part from thee,
But when I'm dead, sure there's none will *wrong thee*,
I did love thee, and that did move me
To Fight, that so a man I'se might prove me.

(7)

But ah cruel Fate to Death I am wounded,
Oh! and with that again he then swounded,
Whilst for to dress his wound I apply'd me,
But wae alas his Life was deny'd me:
Death had appaul'd him, gaul'd him, thrall'd him,
So that he dy'd, with grief I beheld him:
And left poor *Jenny* all a mourning,
And cruel *Sawny* cursing and scorning.

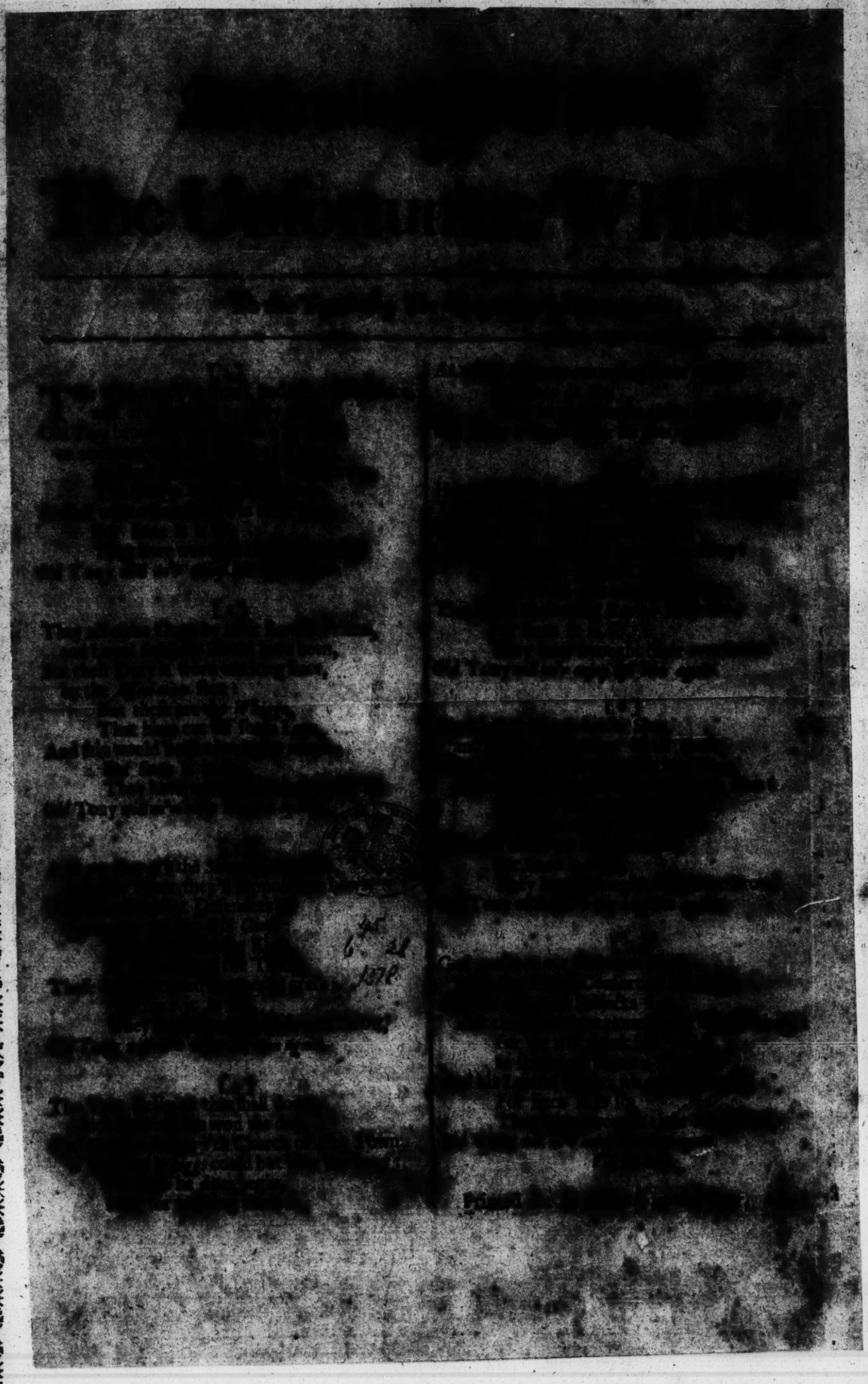
(8)

From *Jockies* cold Lips I often stole Kisses,
Which whilst he lived were still my blisses:
A thousand times I did sob, sigh it,
And mickle ado I'se had to be quiet:
For as I ey'd him, spy'd him, ply'd him,
Never a thought could then pass beside him:
I'se bann the Fates that Life denying,
Had robb'd me of *Jockey*, and long I sat sighing.

(9)

Till I'se at last with Cyprus crown'd him,
And with my tears I'se almost drown'd him:
The Turtles about us then came flying,
And mourning, coo'd, to seem a sighing:
I'se view'd him, ru'd him, with flowers strew'd him,
And with my love to the last pursu'd him:
Resolving that I'se not stay behind him,
But sighing, dye, and seek for to find him.

Printed for P. Brooksby, in West-Smithfield. 1687.



BOREALE,
OR,
Tyburn in Mourning
For the Loss of a
SAINT.

A New Song, To the Tune of, *Now the Target that Glories.*

Written by J. D. k

I.

BEhold Great Heavens Protection,
Jehovah Frowns for to see,
Pretended Zeal Claim Election
In Rights of Monarchy.
Great *Charles* in Spight of all Treason,
Preserves his Kingdoms in Peace;
He Rules by Law and by Reason,
Whilst *Whigg* melts in his own Grease;
Tantivy is out of Doors,
Hyp, O hyp, the Sons of Whores,
Talbot or *Fitzharris* will hide many Boors,
Who Rebellion have Sown;
For nothing but Loyalty,
Shall in our Ile be known.

II.

The *Be*——*ellites* are in mourning,
To see their Syre so Cold;
Zounes, who thought of adjourning
A Zealot so Factious bold:
To Prayers ye Penitent *Whiggs*,
The Devil may hear you in time:
What think you by *Olivers* Jigg?
Gad, 'brings my Song into Rime.
Hamlegh once again take thy own,
Tyburn long for thy Son doth Groan;
Cromwel's disbuth'd with her making moan,
Curses the Sins brought him there:
Then let us be Merry, drink Sherry,
The Zealots no longer fear.

III.

Whine Louder ye Priests of the Zealots,
For Heaven is Deaf to your Prayers:
Why do ye Deceive us, and tell us,
You Travel in Heavens Affairs?
What Saint e're came, or Professor
From Grave, to teach to Dethrone
Your Lawful King and Successor?
Whom next to Heaven we own.
If these be Tracts of your *whipping* Tribe,
No Saint will ever the Devil Chide;
Though in the bottom of Hell he Hide:
Such Lovers of Kings the wrong way.
Then Hey Boys Trounce it and Bounce it,
For Monarchy gets the Day.

IV.

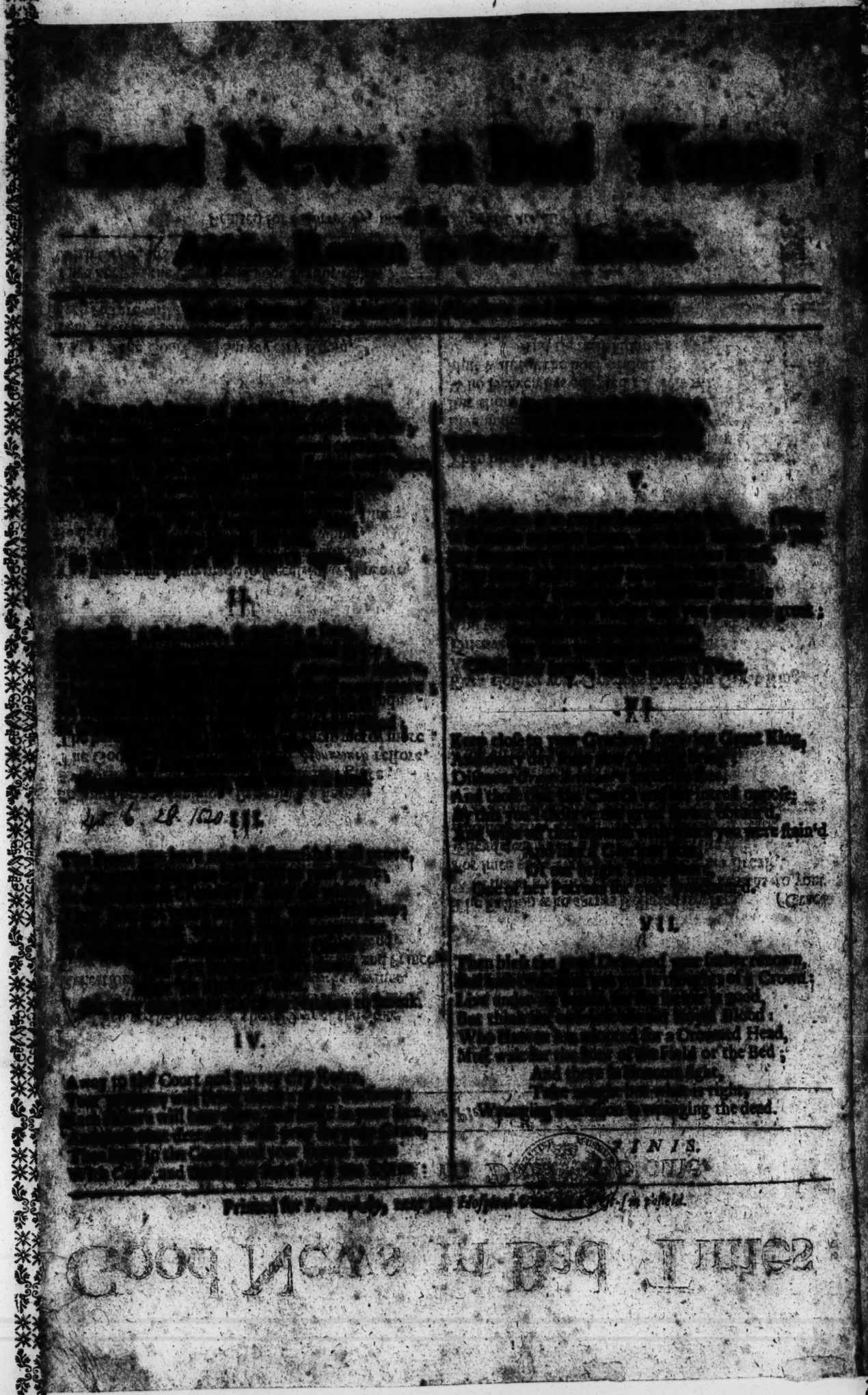
Must Nine-penny Esquire be forgotten;
O! do not to memory bring
Those *Heathenish* Sayings, where hot ones;
Damn'd Rogue didst thou Murder the K——?
Must still the Zealous o't rule us;
Shall Council Gowns be above
Majesty, Sword, Mace, then tell us
Who better then *Moor*—— can Love.
Loyalty burneth within his Breast,
Religion is his chief Interest;
The City he would with Peace Invest:
Was they not blinded with Zeal.
Then Hey Boyes Laugh it and Quaffe it,
Let *Moor*—— to the King Appeal.

V.

Be gone base Sons of the Nation,
That Love not the Power of Kings;
Go seek Dad *Be*——*el*'s new Station,
'Twill hold Ten thousand such Things:
Go Mourn the Sin of Rebellion
You would set up in the City;
Take with you, your New Friend *Pe*——
The rest of the Old Committee.
Let Love and Loyalty once more Reign
Within your Breasts, for great *Charlemain*,
And for the Prince, that's come home again,
Who our Peace will support.
Then Hey Boyes Drink it, ne'r Shrink it,
Here's a Health to the King and Court.

45. 16 28
1679.

LONDON, Printed for *C. Tebroe*, *Anno Dom.* 1682.



Good News in Bad Times;

[illegible]

[illegible]

II.

[illegible]

III.

[illegible]

IV.

[illegible]

V.

[illegible]

VI.

[illegible]

VII.

[illegible]

FINIS.

[illegible]

Printed for [illegible], near the Hospital-Gate [illegible] Smithfield.

GOOD NEWS IN BAD TIMES

JEMMY & ANTHONY.

To the Tune of, *Young Jemmy*.

(1)

MONMOUTH is a Brave Lad,
the like's not in our City;
He is no [illegible] Blade,
give ear unto my Ditty;
Long may he live in happy Years,
Victorious may he be;
And prosper long those Noble Peers,
Monmouth and *Shaftsbury*.

(2)

We care not for such Sots,
as are the Crew of Papish;
They with their Cursed Plots
and Treasons, are so Apish;
But all our City knows them well,
bad Subjects for to be;
Then prosper long those Noble Peers,
Monmouth and *Shaftsbury*.

(3)

Some say they was bad Men,
that Swore against the Earl;
Which hath to *England* been
a costly precious Pearl:
But may they be convinced, that
their Errors do not see;
And prosper long those Noble Peers,
Monmouth and *Shaftsbury*.

(4)

Some say the Papists think
to work their overthrow;
And they so closely link,
and Plotting was also;
But God, who brings all things to light,
his Eyes still open be;
Then prosper long those Noble Peers,
Monmouth and *Shaftsbury*.

(5)

If that their Popish Plots
had not soon come to light,
Then all Good Protestants
had been put to the flight;
But God does bring them all to light,
as you may plainly see;
Then prosper long those Noble Peers,
Monmouth and *Shaftsbury*.

(6)

Great *Monmouth* they've Abus'd,
and like wise *Shaftsbury*;
And with their Tongue misus'd,
have said they Traytors be:
But they that answer to the Laws,
the Subjects good and free;
Then prosper long those Noble Peers,
Monmouth and *Shaftsbury*.

(7)

And now the simple Men,
they are at it again;
They are not like to Men,
they are more like to Swine:
And now they think they are to prove
self-Murder of *Godfry*;
Then prosper long those Noble Peers,
Monmouth and *Shaftsbury*.

(8)

And now methinks 'tis strange,
that he himself should Murder;
No, no, 'tis but a Shamm,
that came from *Rome*, or further:
For *Godfry* was a Loyal Man
to his King and Country;
Then prosper long those Noble Peers,
Monmouth and *Shaftsbury*.

(9)

But these they know it well,
it was their Popish Crew;
By some of them he fell,
for this Good Man they slew:
But yet for all their cursed Plots,
we fear not Popery;
But prosper long our Noble King,
Monmouth and *Shaftsbury*.

(10)

And now for to Conclude,
I think it is no matter,
If the Popish Plotting Crew
was Hang'd up in a Halter;
Which maketh strife in this our Land,
as you may plainly see;
Then prosper long those Noble Peers,
Monmouth and *Shaftsbury*.

FINIS.

Printed for *R. Shuter*, Anno MDCLXXXII.

Animadversions on the Lady M[illegible]

OR,

Properties [illegible]

[illegible]

The La[illegible]s and her gang,
[illegible] favour seen;
With Coach and Men on them to tend,
as if she were a Queen:
But if she be, 'tis of the Sluts,
for all her fine Array,
Whose Honour reaches to the Skies,
But the clear contrary way.

The [illegible] of Musick fro[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]